Redbook

25 Cents

April 1930

The Auctioning of Mary Angel
by Coningsby Dawson

NO MARGIN—*by* Mary Synon

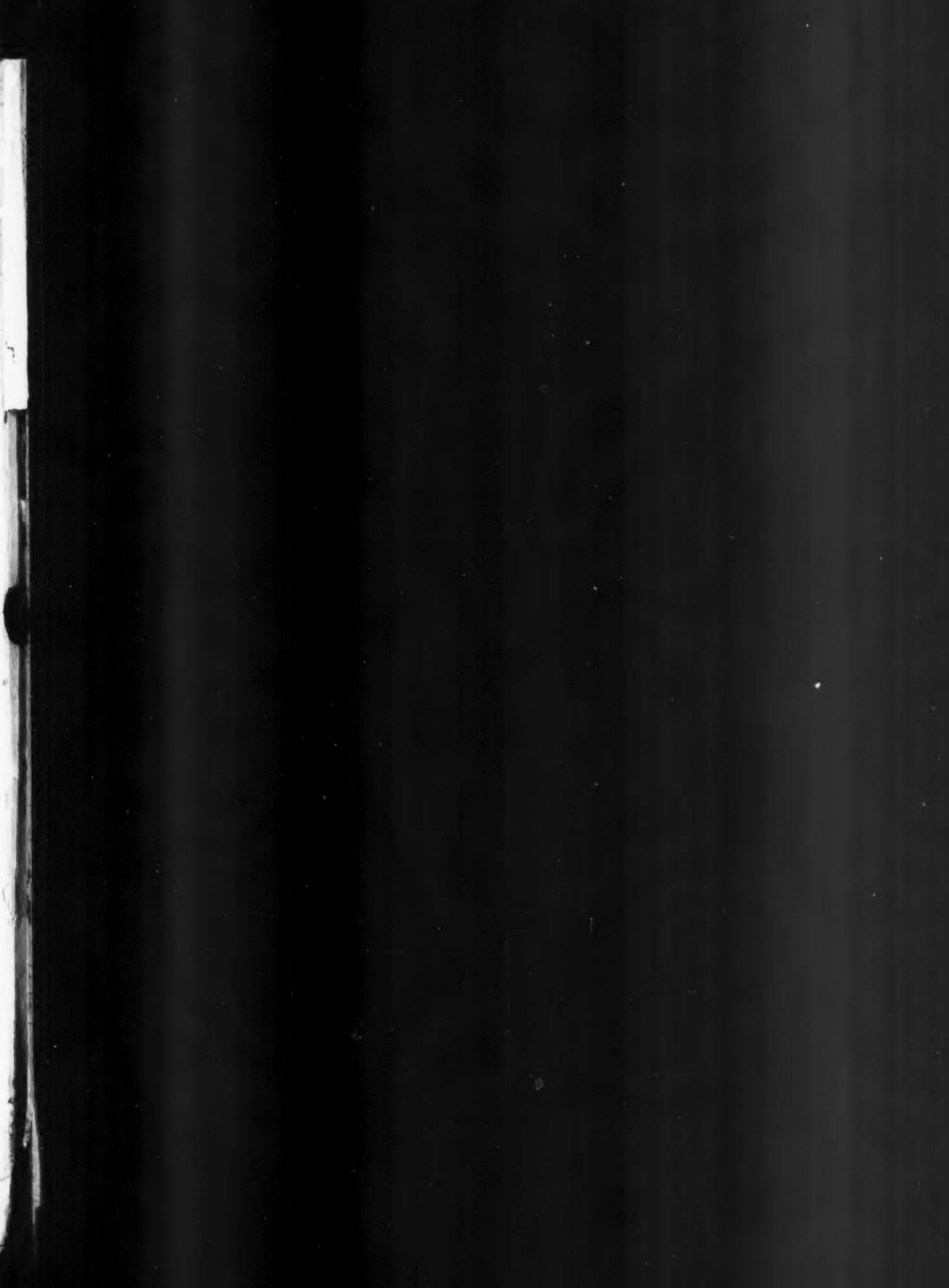
BABES IN THE WOOD—*by* Courtney Ryley Cooper

THE NEW FORD COUPE

An Admired Grace of Line and Contour

SEEING the new Ford as it speeds along the broad highway or parked proudly beside the cool green of the Country Club, you are impressed by its flowing grace of line and contour. . . . There is about it, in appearance and in performance, a substantial excellence which sets it apart and gives it character and position unusual in a low-priced car. . . . To women especially, its safety, its comfort, its reliability and its surprising ease of operation and control have put a new joy in motoring.

Ford



You and Yourself

or, Beat "Pink Tooth Brush"

A PLAYLET IN 1 ACT

A DIALOGUE IN WHICH YOU PLAY BOTH OF THE PARTS

YOU: *H'm——"pink tooth brush." That's the first time I've ever noticed that.*

SMALL VOICE WITHIN YOU: You might have known. You've really been expecting to see it for some time.

YOU: *Nothing of the sort. I take good care of my teeth.*

SMALL VOICE: True enough, but you like to forget about your gums.

YOU: *I don't. I keep my mouth clean and fresh and my teeth white. What more can you ask?*

SMALL VOICE: Plenty. What's the good of white teeth, if your gums aren't healthy?

YOU: *No good, I suppose.*

SMALL VOICE: Of course not. This soft, modern food that you are eating doesn't give the gums enough exercise to keep them in a fit condition. The circulation of the blood through them grows sluggish and before you know it they have become soft and spongy and tender.

YOU: *I know. I heard about that somewhere.*

SMALL VOICE: You bet you did! Ipana has been telling it to you often enough. What's more, if you aren't careful, you're likely to find yourself fighting gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even—

YOU: *Wait a minute! Don't let's think about pyorrhea.*

SMALL VOICE: Maybe you've *got* to think about it and the sooner the better. What's the use of sticking your head in the sand? "Pink tooth brush" isn't going to kill you. It won't take long to clear it up. Not if you massage your gums with Ipana.

YOU: *I might try it some time. But why the massage?*

SMALL VOICE: Might! Might! Don't put it off until it's too late. Don't you know that massaging the gums is the most beneficial thing in the world for them? It tones them up, puts new life into them and starts the blood coursing through the tiny veins in a healthy, invigorating flow. And massage with Ipana is even better.

YOU: *But I don't have to use Ipana. There are plenty of other good tooth pastes.*

SMALL VOICE: That's true, there are many pleasant tooth pastes made. But Ipana not only tastes good, it does good, too. It contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic that has an extremely beneficial effect on the gum tissue. Why, dentists have been using ziratol for years.

YOU: *I think I'll send for a sample of Ipana and give it a trial.*

SMALL VOICE: Go ahead. They'll be glad to send it to you, but is this the time to be looking for a ten-day sample? If you are going to clear up "pink tooth brush", the thing to do is to go right down to the corner drug store and buy a full-size tube. That's the only way to get the good result that comes with the steady use of Ipana. It'll last you a month and at the end of that time you'll know what it is to have hard, rosy gums as well as shining white teeth.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G40
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

What makes a girl "ALLURING"?

CLARA BOW, *the girl whose Beauty and Personality have made her World-Famous, explains how any girl can be Captivating*

"THERE'S one thing that stands out above all others in making a girl really alluring," says Clara Bow, the scintillating little Paramount star whose vivid beauty and personality have won her world-fame in motion pictures. "*It's lovely skin.* You may have marvelously appealing eyes—and a lot of charm—and a beautiful figure. But just notice the way people cluster around a girl who has lovely skin!

"I got my first chance in the movies partly, at least, because of what my father calls my 'baby-smooth' skin. You see, motion picture directors found out long ago that unless a girl has marvelous skin she can never make millions of hearts beat faster when she appears in a close-up.

NANCY CARROLL *has lovely skin.*

"Several years ago, some of us began using Lux Toilet Soap, and were enthusiastic about it. It wasn't long before almost every important actress in Hollywood was using it."

9 *out of* 10 *Screen Stars use it*

"Take Nancy Carroll, for instance," Clara Bow continues. "She keeps her fair skin delectable as an apple blossom with Lux Toilet Soap. And Mary Brian. Jean Arthur, too, keeps her skin lovely with Lux Toilet Soap.

"In fact, nearly every girl I know in Hollywood uses this soap. And aren't we glad we *have* kept our skin in good condition—the talkies have even *more* close-ups than silent pictures.

"When I get letters from girls all over the country—saying nice things about my skin—I long to answer every one of them, and tell these girls that they can keep *their* skin just as smooth as we screen stars do—by using Lux Toilet Soap."

JEAN ARTHUR *always uses Lux Toilet Soap.*

MARY BRIAN'S *skin shows flawless in a close-up.*

There are now 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars. Of these, 511 use Lux Toilet Soap. Moreover, all the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms. So essential is it that every girl in motion pictures, from the world-famous star down to the newest "extra," shall have the very loveliest skin!

Lux Toilet Soap, as you know, is made by just the same method as the finest toilet soaps of France.

If you aren't one of the millions of girls and women who are already devoted to this daintily fragrant white soap, do try it—today. It will keep your skin as charmingly fresh and smooth as it keeps the beautiful screen stars'!

Use Lux Toilet Soap for the bath, too—and for the shampoo. It lathers ever so generously, even in the hardest water!

Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood

CLARA BOW *says: "People cluster around the girl with lovely skin! . . . Lux Toilet Soap is such a help in keeping the skin in perfect condition!"* Clara Bow

Lux Toilet Soap

First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway —and now the European Capitals . . . 10¢

Tee off with golf balls your tooth paste pays for

Intelligent people, recognizing the remarkable cleansing powers of Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c, buy it instead of dentifrices in the 50c class. The average saving is $3 a year. Spend it as you please. Golf balls are merely a suggestion.

See teeth whiten!
Feel your mouth grow healthier!

EVEN those whose teeth are hard to whiten comment on how swiftly, yet how gently, Listerine Tooth Paste performs this task. Such action is due to a new type of polishing agent.

And regular users assert that this dentifrice definitely improves mouth hygiene. The gums grow firmer. The entire mouth seems fresher, exhilarated, and healthy.

Buy a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste and give it a thorough short trial. Compare it with any paste at any price—and judge by results alone. After such tests, more than a million people have switched to Listerine Tooth Paste. We can think of no greater tribute to the product.

Incidentally, Listerine Tooth Paste saves you about $3 per year, over dentifrices in the 50c class. Lambert Pharmacal Company.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Redbook

SPECIAL NOTE: Each issue of Redbook is copyrighted. Any republication of the matter appearing in the magazine, either wholly or in part, is not permitted except by special authorization.

VOL. LIV, No. 6 Published monthly. On sale the 12th of each month preceding date of issue. APRIL, 1930

Special Notice to Writers and Artists:
Manuscripts and art material submitted for publication in this magazine will only be received on the understanding that the publisher and editors shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while such manuscripts or art material are in the publisher's possession or in transit.

Table of Contents

Photo by G. Maillard Kesslère

DOROTHY WALWORTH CARMAN

has written a novel which takes you into an enlightening and thrilling intimacy with the trials, loves, hopes and despairs of three young couples living on the fringe of the most extravagant city in the world.

High hopes and divine disregard of consequences, fine renunciation and very human sinning mingle in this stirring story of young people trying to find happiness.

"They Thought They Could Buy It!"

begins next month.

SERIAL NOVELS

THE AUCTIONING OF MARY ANGEL—*A novel narrative of courtship and marriage.* — *Coningsby Dawson* — 32

THE MURDERS ON THE SHIP—*A detective seeks to meet crime halfway.* — *Rufus King* — 46

HEART OF THE NORTH—*The stirring climax in this drama of the wilderness.* — *William Byron Mowery* — 66

HIS SIDE OF IT—*How a "different" marriage worked out.* — *Margaret Culkin Banning* — 76

SHORT STORIES

BABES IN THE WOOD—*They weighed a ton apiece; and they ran away and got lost.* — *Courtney Ryley Cooper* — 38

NO MARGIN—*The story of two whose surplus of love was drawn against heavily.* — *Mary Synon* — 42

KITCHENETTE—*She made a second marriage—and did not forget her first husband.* — *MacKinlay Kantor* — 52

HOTEL WOMAN—*A professional hostess discovers the real guest of her heart.* — *A. deFord Pitney* — 58

PURELY AN ACCIDENT—*This boxer beat his inferiority complex, but took the count.* — *Sam Hellman* — 62

THE LIPSTICK STAIN—*A rouge mark, a poisoned glass, and an intriguing mystery.* — *Virginia Dale* — 72

SEA GODDESS—*Wherein a lovely actress makes a comedy stage of a seashore colony.* — *Bernard De Voto* — 84

LUMBAGO ON THE LEFT—*Cupid referees a four-handed game.* — *Arthur K. Akers* — 90

THE SPIRIT OF OUR TIME

METROPOLIS—*A great artist's interpretation of Manhattan.*

AXIOMATIC—*Intrepid verses on a difficult theme.* — *Berton Braley*

DISTANT AND NEAR—*A kindly philosopher shares an illuminating vision.* — *Angelo Patri*

WOMEN AMERICA REMEMBERS—*Peggy Shippen, wife of Benedict Arnold.* — *A. D. Howden-Smith*

THE SPIRIT THAT WILL NOT QUIT—*A significant common-sense editorial.* — *Bruce Barton* — 29

LIVING IN THE WIDE HOUSE OF THE WORLD—*Feeling is more vital than fact.* — 31

HOW TO DO YOUR BEST AT GOLF—*Our woman champion gives valuable advice.* — *Glenna Collett* — 54

WE NEED A RULES COMMITTEE ON MARRIAGE—*Can wedlock shift its laws?* — *Heywood Broun* — 82

IN TUNE WITH OUR TIMES—*About six people well worth knowing.* — 88

COVER DESIGN — *J. Knowles Hare*

THE McCALL COMPANY, PUBLISHER, Redbook

JOHN C. STERLING, *Vice-President* — WILLIAM B. WARNER, *President and Treasurer* — FRANCIS HUTTER, *Secretary*

Copyright, 1930, by The McCall Company, in the United States and Great Britain. Published monthly at 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Entered as second-class matter April 25, 1905, at the post office at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879: Application for entry as second-class matter at Dayton, Ohio, is pending. Subscription Price, $2.50 Per Year. Canadian postage none; foreign postage $1.00. For change of address, give us four weeks' notice and send old address as well as new.

Editorial and Executive Offices—230 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. Subscription Offices—919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., and Dayton, Ohio.

Home, safe home

We are apt to think of scientific laboratories when prevention of disease is mentioned. Conquerors of plagues spring into our mind's eye . . . hospitals . . . clinics . . . the glorious drama of medicine.

Yet, one of the chief reasons why life is healthier and safer today is our enlightened, intelligent homes. Here the campaign against disease never stops . . . here the discoveries of medicine are eagerly accepted . . . here are carried out *daily* the thousand-and-one little things that make us a people resistant to disease, whose homes are the most healthful of any period in history.

E. R. Squibb & Sons have co-operated with four generations of parents in the practice of prevention at home. While serving scientific medicine through the development of vaccines, sera and preparations of the utmost purity, the House of Squibb has also served the home by preparing products for the medicine cabinet that meet the same high standards.

Squibb Products contain in generous measure the Priceless Ingredient, the Honor and Integrity of the Maker. Keep them in your medicine cabinet . . . and when emergencies arise, and to meet the common needs of everyday life, you can turn to them with full assurance that they are the finest and purest that can be made.

Squibb's Home Necessities

SQUIBB'S COD-LIVER OIL—a pure, refined product, exceptionally rich in Vitamins A and D.

SQUIBB'S VITAVOSE—a milk modifier, exceptionally rich in Vitamin B and assimilable iron salts, delicious in taste.

SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA—universally known as a safe, effective antacid and gentle laxative—free from any suggestion of earthy taste.

SQUIBB'S CASTOR OIL—special Squibb processes of refining and manufacture make it tasteless, and it stays that way.

SQUIBB'S LIQUID PETROLATUM—a safe, internal lubricant . . . odorless, tasteless—non-habit-forming, non-fattening.

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM—made with over 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—neutralizes acids, protects as it cleans. Guards The Danger Line.

SQUIBB'S NURSERY POWDER—an unusually fine, impalpable powder, prepared from the best Italian talc. Pure and non-irritating. Fragrant and soothing.

SQUIBB'S TOILET LANOLIN—delicately perfumed. Lanolin is recognized as the nearest equivalent of the skin's own pliant lubricants—unexcelled for chapped skin.

SQUIBB'S OLIVE OIL—a pure, rich oil pressed from the finest quality hand-picked olives. You will prefer its crystal-clear body and its delightful flavor.

SQUIBB'S BORIC ACID POWDER—excellent as a dusting powder—exceptionally pure.

SQUIBB'S BICARBONATE OF SODA—refined to an unusual degree of purity, hence more palatable and efficacious.

SQUIBB'S EPSOM SALT—entirely free from impurities and therefore free of the usual bitter taste of ordinary epsom salt. Easy to take.

SQUIBB'S SHAVING CREAM—a double-action cream that restores the protective, natural oils of the skin. The result of many experiments by the Squibb Laboratories.

Copyright 1930 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

E. R. SQUIBB & SONS, New York *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858

A Father Makes a Discovery About Camps

MY experience with camps is undoubtedly typical. I knew almost nothing about them.

I had presumed they were not for me because I was having no particular difficulty with my children, and we had in the family a very pleasant summer place which all the children loved. Therefore summer presented no conscious problem; and I had supposed camps appealed to those parents either who had children whom they could not themselves control, or who lacked a suitable place to send them or take them for the summer.

Then a summer came when I could not get away, and when the usual summer place was not available. I sent my boy to camp; and at the end of the summer, when he came back, I was amazed as well as greatly gratified with the result. He was not only healthier and stronger than ever before, but he had gained abilities the lack of which I had not previously felt; especially an agreeable ease and aptitude of companionship in a group; especially also a feeling for the rightness in regularity and responsibility; and a love of the outdoors to a more pronounced degree.

Before he stepped from the camp train, on his return, he asked me: "Can I go back to camp next summer?"

And the first look at him was enough to make me promise then that he could. He did. And the next summer his sister, two years younger, went to a girls' camp for the first time.

If the camp was so very good for my boy, I could certainly risk one for her; and the benefit of that summer for her was as great as had been the first for the boy.

I am completely sold on camps for boys and girls.

Camps not only accustom them to their proper places in the company of others; camps are able to drill and accustom children to self-restraints and self-disciplines which are singularly difficult to teach in the home.

I was talking the other day to another parent who has children of ages similar to mine, and who sends them all to camps.

I said to him: "Don't you believe in the superiority of home influences?"

He replied: "I do—when the children are busy at school most of the day; but under the conditions of tremendous distractions and the offer of opportunities everywhere for more or less questionable entertainment, how do you get the home influence to working, as against the movies and entertainment places, and the temptation to keep going in some speeded-up motor car?"

The answer is: you can't; the camp seems to me an almost necessary refuge for children from the everywhere-offered opportunities for machine-made and more or less deleterious recreation.

Editor's Note—The father who wrote the above is a well-known author and editor.

Redbook's CAMP DIRECTORY

NEW ENGLAND STATES

TEELA-WOOKET

Roxbury, Vermont

"THE HORSEBACK CAMP" 300 acres in heart of Green Mountains. *Famous for its fine saddle horses, free riding and thorough instruction in horsemanship.*

Happy girls canter along shady trails. Sleep under starlit skies. Dive, swim and learn to play well the games they love best. *Beautiful golf course* with free instruction. Homey bungalows. Showers. Delicious food in abundance. "No extras." Booklet. **Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Reys, 10 Bowdoin St., Cambridge, Mass. Camp Idlewild for Boys. Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H.**

THE LUTHER GULICK CAMPS

SOUTH CASCO. MAINE.

SEBAGO WOHELO. GIRLS 15-18
LITTLE WOHELO. GIRLS 8-13.
TIMANOUS. BOYS 8-14

J. HALSEY GULICK, DIRECTOR
CLAPP MEMORIAL BUILDING
PORTLAND, MAINE

WAUKEELA CAMP

FOR GIRLS—CONWAY, N. H.

All land and water sports. Horseback, canoe and hiking trips a specialty. Skilled instructors and completely equipped camp. *Booklet on request.*

Miss Frances A. Davis, *Director*
30 Bay State Road Boston, Mass.

NESHOBE *for* GIRLS

"The Camp of Happiness" on Lake Fairlee, Ely, Vermont. Attractive sleeping bungalows. Horseback riding featured. All water and land sports. Excellent food and personal care. Limited enrollment. *For booklet write the Directors,*

MR. and MRS. E. G. OSGOOD
18 No. Main Street Bradford, Vermont

ADEAWONDA

WEST OSSIPEE, N. H.

Ideally situated in the White Mountains. Limited enrollment. Selected group of girls. Complete modern equipment. Screened bungalows, electric lights. Varied program of activities. All land and water sports. Horseback riding. Hikes. Mountain and Canoe trips. Nature lore. Tutoring. Dancing. All arts and crafts. Junior and Senior camps conducted separately.

HELEN ATWOOD, 74 Fenway, BOSTON, MASS.

The TALL PINES

For girls on beautiful lake in fragrant pine woods. All sports, crafts. Delicious meals. **The Club,** Separate camp for teachers, business women. Catalogs. **Miss Evelina Reaveley, Box R, Elmwood, N. H.**

LOCHEARN

CAMP FOR GIRLS
On Fairlee Lake, Vermont

14th Season. Three Camps—Junior, Senior and Clan for Business and College Girls. Illustrated Booklet on Request.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. CHUBB
5603D Wexford Road
Mt. Washington, Maryland

KINEOWATHA

On Beautiful Lake in Maine

A recreational camp for girls with separate tutoring unit. Booklet of either sent on request

ELISABETH BASS, Box R, WILTON, MAINE

CAMP LYNNHOLM

Winnipesaukee in N. H.

Glorious location, all kinds of sports, personal supervision competent councilors, excellent equipment. Very moderate tuition. Booklet with full details and pictures. Mrs. G. W. Osgood, 37 Baltimore Street, Lynn, Mass.

WIHAKOWI

FOR GIRLS. In the Green Mountains. Attractive, well-equipped buildings. Experienced counselors. Land and water sports. Fresh vegetables, milk. Catalog. **Prof. and Mrs. A. E. Winslow. Box 3, Northfield, Vermont.**

CAMP MERIDEN

NEW CAMP FOR GIRLS

In one of the most healthful and beautiful spots in New England. Rate $175, no extras. Horseback riding and auto trips to the White Mountains. Write for circular.

Rev. & Mrs. N. O. Bowlby, Meriden, New Hampshire

FRENCH CAMP FOR GIRLS — ECOLE CHAMPLAIN

Provides sound recreational program of land and water sports. Carries unique French training into every phase of camp life. Special division for Juniors. Address

MISS RUTH COLLINS, Sec'y, Middlebury, Vermont

BENDITO

A CAMP *for* GIRLS

HARRISON, MAINE. Water Sports. Riding. Hiking. Fee $275. *Illustrated booklet.*

Miss Phoebe R. Haskell - Rochester, Mass.

HILLSBORO

CAMP FOR GIRLS 8 TO 18.

On Peace Lake, near Hillsboro, N.H. Established 1927. 120 acres. Log cabins, electricity. Careful supervision. Riding included in fee. Water, land sports. Dramatics, handicrafts. No extras. Booklet.

MR. and MRS. HARRY NISSEN
779 Beacon Street Boston, Mass.

SWASTIKA

Girls 7-15 *Granite Lake, Munsonville, N. H. Mt. Monadnock region.* Screened cabins, modern sanitation. All activities. Motorboat, gymnasium, riding and trips included in $200 season fee. Counsellor training course for girls over 18 years. Fee $100. No extras.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Hodgdon, 436 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.

T-LEDGE Camp

"Seashore Camp for Girls"

ORR'S ISLAND, MAINE

On wooded Maine Coast in lovely Casco Bay. All sports. Archery, Tennis, Canoeing, Boating, Swimming, Life Saving, Crafts, Dramatics, daily Horseback Riding, included in a reasonable tuition. Booklet on request.

Mrs. N. B. Knorr, Director, Box 240, Orr's Island, Me.

CAMP CARTER

For Girls 10-18 Years

ANDOVER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

In the White Mountain region. The rate, $250, includes horseback-riding and mountain trips which are featured. No extras. 11th season. Illustrated booklet.

Mr. and Mrs. Maynard L. Carpenter, 18 Kimball St., Lebanon, N. H.

WAIMEA for GIRLS,

RUMNEY, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Ideally located. All land and water sports, including horseback riding. Special Trips. Excellent food. Careful supervision. Affiliated with Camp Wamindi for Boys. Mrs. Vera Clarke Lawson, 21 Rockland St., Melrose Highlands, Massachusetts.

McLLLOCKETT

FOR GIRLS 10-18

Camp for individual development, Fryeburg, Me. Mountain, river, lake trips. Riding, dancing. Screened cabins. Christian clientele. Booklet. **Principal and Mrs. Rudolf Sussmann, Owner Directors, High School, Reading, Mass.**

GREGGMERE

A Camp of individuality which Respects the individuality of the Camper. Antrim, N. H. For 65 girls of refined Jewish families. No hay fever. Well planned equipment and program. A counselor to 3 campers. Tutoring. Riding. 10th Season.

Mrs. Morris Klein, 176 W. 87th St., New York City
Miss Lena Seitlen, 572 Blue Hill Avenue, Roxbury, Mass.

CAMP SEBOWISHA

For Girls.

Indian Lake, Greenwood, Maine

Real Camp Life. All land and water sports, specializing in swimming, dramatics, and canoeing. Complete equipment. Excellent supervision. Resident nurse.

Miss Ernest B. Hoose, Director
416 Cedarhurst Ave. Cedarhurst, L. I., N. Y.

OGONTZ

WHITE MOUNTAIN CAMP FOR GIRLS

ANSWER the bugle call to a summer of fun at Ogontz. Rustic cabins on mountain lake. Golf, hockey, archery, riding. Three rides a week under West Point cavalry officer included in tuition. Swimming, canoeing, sailing, aquaplaning. Handicrafts, nature study. French at table if desired. Tutoring. Physical examination, corrective exercises. Under the direction of the Ogontz School for Girls. Counselor positions filled.

Ogontz School P. O. Pennsylvania

SARGENT SCHOOL CAMPS

FOR GIRLS — PETERBORO, N. H.

19th season. Junior and Senior Camps. Class A equipment and sanitation. Skilled supervision. All activities including swimming, boating, tennis, hockey, riding, dramatics, crafts. On Half-Moon Lake. Booklet.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Hermann, 66 Everett St., Cambridge, Mass.

CAMP NAIDNI

Lake Dunmore, Brandon, Vt. 8th year. For 60 Christian girls 6-19 from well recommended families. $250 fee. All activities. Separate units. For booklet write

MRS. G. C. BRITTEN, *Director*, 275 E. Main St., Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

CAMP ACADIA

Girls 8 to 16 — 21st Season

Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H.

All sports—Gypsy Trips—Dramatics—Dancing

Dr. and Mrs. S. Grant Quinby
Lakeport, N. H.

WYNONA *Camp for Girls*

On Lake Morey, Fairlee, Vermont. 17th year. Unexcelled facilities for water sports. 18 hole golf course. Expert riding instruction.

These camps invite requests for catalogues and information. In writing for catalogues, please mention REDBOOK.

NEW ENGLAND STATES

Camp Forest Hills, Inc.
GROTON, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Situated in a picturesque valley of the White Mts.
Enrollment limited to 50. Ages 7-14.
A Christian camp for boys from refined families.
Supervised program with sufficient freedom for individual development.
Modern equipment: electricity; visiting doctor; excellent food.
Overnight canoe trips. Climb Mt. Washington and the Presidential Range. Circular.
ARTHUR J. FLINT, 92 Beechknoll Road, Forest Hills, L. I.

CAMP CHEQUESSET
the Nautical Camp for Girls
on Wellfleet Bay, Cape Cod

A varied life of water and land activities in the atmosphere and tradition of the old Cape. Gypsy trips in the camp cruiser. Many Crafts. Limited number of girls 12-21. 17th Season.
Write for booklet and photographs to
Lucile Rogers, 20 Parkside Road, Providence, R. I.
Bonnie Dune, the Nautical Camp for Boys 25 miles away, is affiliated. Booklet.

SEAPINES *Camp for Girls*

Personality development. Crafts. Art. Dancing. Dramatics. Tutoring. Horse-back riding. Safe water sports. 300 acres. Half mile shore. Bungalows. Junior unit. Training school for counselors.
Faith Bickford, Director, W. T. Chase, Treasurer, Box 2, Brewster, Mass.

CAMP COWASSET *for* GIRLS
ON BUZZARDS BAY

Healthful location. All salt water sports.
Rate includes horseback riding. Illustrated booklet.
Miss Beatrice A. Hunt, 22 Plymouth St., Holbrook, Mass.

Camp Cotuit
For girls 8 to 18. Woodlands, lake, high elevation on Cape Cod. Fresh and salt water swimming. Tennis, canoeing, riding, archery, and field sports. Catalog. **Emma Louise Schumacher, Physical Director Miss Beard's School. P. O. Box 924, New Rochelle, N. Y.**

CHAPPA CHALLA, Inc.
Duxbury, Mass.

A Cape Cod Camp for Girls and a Day Camp for Boys and Girls 5-18. Variety of Sports, emphasizing sailing and water sports.
Write The Directors for booklet.
Elizabeth M. Carleton and Ramona I. Davis.
118 Bradshaw Street, Medford, Massachusetts

MRS. NORMAN WHITE announces the opening of
CAMP MAYFLOWER ON CAPE COD
for its 18th consecutive season on July 2nd. Detailed information and booklet on request. Personal interviews arranged in Boston, Philadelphia or New York. MRS. NORMAN WHITE, 70 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, N.Y.

MON-O-MOY
The Sea Camps for Boys CAPE COD

Superb bathing, sailing, canoeing, deep sea fishing, land sports. Horseback riding. Cabins. Tutoring. Camp Mother. Nutrition classes for underweights. Senior, Intermediate, Junior Camps. **Booklet.**
H. R. DODD, WORCESTER ACADEMY, WORCESTER, MASS.

BOB-WHITE
ASHLAND MASSACHUSETTS

A camp for boys 5 to 15, grouped according to age. 160 acres. **Riding and forestry featured.** Careful instruction in swimming, life-saving, paddling, tennis, baseball and shop work. Frequent overnight horseback and mountain trips according to boy's ability. Councillors mature college men. Large, airy, screened cabins. Resident nurse. Meals ample and well cooked. 16th season. *Catalogue.*
Directors, Mrs. S. B. Hayes, Box 4, Ashland, Mass. & Ralph R. Hill, Dalton School, New York City

---

CADAHO for Boys. JUANITA for Girls.

Distinctively separate camps on Gardner Lake, Conn. 616 acres of land. Rates $200 including all land and water sports. Horseback riding and tutoring are optional. Illustrated booklet.
Milo R. Light, Teachers' College, West Chester, Pa.

WICANHI

In the Berkshires on lovely Pottapaug lake. Comfortable cabins. Wholesome country food. Careful attention to health. Free riding. Tennis, archery, swimming, water sports. Handicrafts, photography. Orchestra, folk dancing, pageants. Counselor's Training. Booklet.
MR. AND MRS. A. H. CARROLL Box R WARE, MASS.

CAMP FERNWOOD
In the Berkshire Hills

For Girls 9-18. For illustrated booklet write the director, Caroline T. Sullivan, 32 Charlotte Street, Dorchester, Mass.

CAMP MYSTIC
15th Season. At Mystic, Conn. Midway between New York City and Boston.

Mrs. Carl Akeley's salt water camp for girls 5-13. All camp activities. Booklet. Address
The Secretary, 877R Eighty-fifth Street, Jackson Heights, New York

---

CBC CRYSTAL BEACH

A salt water camp for 50 boys, 6-14. On Long Island Sound. Horseback riding. Swimming, canoeing, fishing, hiking, nature study. Cabins. Wholesome food. Illustrated Catalogue.
MR. & MRS. C. C. McTERNAN
McTernan School, Waterbury, Conn.

LANTERN HILL CAMP

For boys. Near Old Mystic, Conn. On lake—5 miles from ocean. Riding and tutoring in fee. Catalog. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Farnham, Box R, 2943 Macomb St., Washington, D. C.

WENECHE-AG
Lake Winnekeag, Ashburnham, Mass. For Boys

All usual sports. Interesting features. Riding. Model boat building and forestry are outstanding activities. Individual care. Modern Equipment. Fee $225.
Harold W. Williams, 20 Cedar St., Hempstead, N. Y.

SKYLARK The Junior Camp of Horsemanship

For Boys under 16. Experienced counselors. All land and water sports. 20 miles from Boston, secluded yet accessible. For Catalog, address **A. H. Mitchell, Director, Mitchell School, Box R, Billerica, Mass.**

CAMP WINNECOWETT *For Boys*

Lake Winnekeag, Ashburnham, Mass. All Land and Water Sports. Horseback Riding without extra charge. Good food, good care, sleeping cabins. Limited number of boys 8-16. ***For booklet write to***
Mr. and Mrs. WALTER L. MIREY

CAMP WEQUAQUET

The Cape Cod Camp for Boys. West Barnstable, Mass.
Boys 8-15. All land, salt and fresh water sports. Riding. Trips. *Model airplane assembling.* Resident nurse. **Mr. J. Fred Hicks, Director, Beaver Country Day School, Brookline Mass.**

Wätatic For Girls *The Camp of Happiness*
14th Year On Lake Winnekeag, Ashburnham, Mass.

MODERN SANITATION. Near New York and Boston. 1200 feet above sea level. Invigorating air. All water sports under careful supervision. Sleeping cabins. Individual attention. Excellent staff. Divisions: Ages 6-8; 8-12; 12-16. FREE Horseback riding. Moderate rate.
Catalog. **Miss A. R. Roberts, Director, 135 Mamaroneck Rd., White Plains, N. Y.**

GLENBROOKE for BOYS
On Lake Memphremagog, Near Newport, Vermont

Progressive individualized camping for a limited number of boys of all ages.
H. R. Dane, Pomfret, Conn.
Harvard Graduate School of Education

COCKERMOUTH

Boys 8-16. 18th Season. Groton, N. H. Come to a real camp full of fun and good fellowship, wonderful trips, interesting sports and exciting campfires. Illustrated Booklet.
GEORGE K. BANBURY, Director
Instructor at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

CAMP PINNACLE FOR BOYS 14th Year

A progressive camp — teaches good sportmanship and right living. Program 100% efficient. Literature.
The Pinnacle Camp, Lyme, N. H.

PENACOOK
Lake Keyser, N. H. 32d Year

Boys 8-16 Booklet
Mr. R. B. Mattern
Scarborough School, Scarborough, N. Y.

CAMP WINAUKEE For Boys

On Lake Winnepesaukee, White Mountains, N. H. Perfect sand beach; fine equipment. Selected boys, predominantly Jewish; ages 7 to 18. Eleventh year. Fee $250. Address: **Secretary, Apt. 6A—176 W. 87th St. New York, N. Y.**

LITTLE SQUAM LODGES

Camp for 25 boys, age 11-15. Experienced men in charge; no boy counselors. July-August, or July alone. Little Squam Lake, Ashland, N. H. Equipment first class. Catalog.
F. H. Aldrich, Worcester Academy, Worcester, Massachusetts.

Sunset Camp for Boys
Greenfield, N. H., on Sunset Lake in Mt. Monadnock Region

Equipment modern and complete. All Land and Water Sports. Nature Study and Manual Training. Overnight Hikes to Monadnock and other peaks. Charles S. FitzGerald, Teacher-Coach of Boston Latin School, Director. For Booklet address
Mrs. M. AGNES BOYLE, 64 HARTFORD ST., DORCHESTER, MASS.

CAMP CHEEMAUNA

For Boys 7-16 at Sharon, Vt. Alt. 900 ft. "The Camp of Personal Care." All sports, trips and laundry included in $250 fee July and August. Shorter term rates. Write for illustrated booklet.
THE DIRECTOR, SHARON, VERMONT

OSSIPEE FOR BOYS 28th YEAR
On Lake Ossipee, White Mountains, New Hampshire

"Far ahead one of the best camps."
For catalogue address
Principal J. C. Booker, Box R, Peekskill, N. Y.

WASSOOKEAG SCHOOL-CAMP

School Program — 16 College and School teachers for 50 older boys. **Camp Program**—Riding, Tennis, Sailing, Golf, Aquaplaning, Trips, Special Sports Staff. Catalog on Request.
Lloyd Harvey Hatch, Director, Lake Wassookeag, Dexter, Maine.

CAMP IDLEWILD

Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H. 40th yr. A dependable camp with a long and enviable record. Christian boys 6-16. Three divisions. Doctor and Nurse. Fee includes Golf instruction and all trips. Speed boat. Sailing. No Extras. Booklet.
L. D. ROYS 334 OTIS ST. WEST NEWTON, MASS.

CAMP PASSACONAWAY

Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H. For Christian Boys 6-18. Four sections. 22nd year. A progressive camp with an enviable reputation. 60 activities. Extraordinary equipment. Fee includes AVIATION GROUND WORK, golf and sailing. $10,000 speed boat.
Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Carlson, Box 507, Scarsdale, N. Y.

PASSUMPSIC for BOYS

On Lake Fairlee, Ey, Vt. 17th Season. A summer after a boy's heart. Every land and water sport. Mountain trips. Booklet. **Mr. and Mrs. David R. Starry, 27 Drummond Ave., Chevy Chase, Washington, D. C.**

CAMP NOKOMIS BOYS 8-17

Long Lake Harrison, Maine
Ideal summer for 40 Christian boys. Tents, cabins. Mature counselors. Swimming, riding, dramatics, riflery, archery, shopwork. Canoe, auto trips. Mountain climbing. Catalog.
Price R. Engle, 4699 Castor Road, Philadelphia, Pa.

These camps invite requests for catalogues and information. In writing for catalogues, please mention REDBOOK.

NEW ENGLAND STATES

GENTLEMEN

7 to 17 enjoy the benefits of CAMP ZAKELO. They follow the teachings of nationally known educators and athletes. Every provision is made—lavish equipment, expert dietetics, selected clientele. Private instruction in athletic and non-athletic activities included in daily program. Tutoring.

CAMP ZAKELO

LONG LAKE, HARRISON, MAINE

For information write to
I. Zarakov, Hotel Commander, Cambridge, Mass.

SOKOKIS

A SMALL CAMP FOR BOYS
Long Lake, Bridgton, Maine

15th season. Cabins. Modern equipment. Spring water. Fresh vegetables from camp garden. Health and safety expertly supervised. For booklet E, address Lewis C. Williams, Hotel St. George, Brooklyn, New York.

MARANACOOK

Camp for Boys 7-17. Readfield, Me. 21st year. Mature counselors. Cabins. Elective daily program. Riding. Mountain, canoe, ocean trips. All sports.
Wm. H. MORGAN, Director Hotel Mayflower, 1138 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Camp Winnecook

On Lake Winnecook, Unity, Me. In beautiful, high on-shore grove. Activities that delight every real boy—riding, riflery, tennis, water sports. Counselor for 5 boys. 28th year. Salt water camp on Penobscot Bay. Booklet.
Herbert L. Rand, 12 Hemenway Road, Salem, Mass.

CAMP NÄGÄRDÀ AT NÄGÄRDÀ FARM

Libson, Maine. Where Home and Camp are One. Boys 4-14. Class A rating. Catalog on request. Rates reasonable.
Ethel W. Wagg, Kindergarten, Primary Supervisor
Public Schools, 116 N. Allen St., Albany, N. Y.

HEALTHLAND CAMPS

Crescent Lake, Me. 3 separate camps, well equipped and personally supervised by two doctors.

Moosehead Camp for boys 8-16. Riding, sailing, mountain and canoe trips.

Three Pines Camp for girls 8-18. Campcraft, trips, daily riding, sports.

Tree Tops For boys and girls 3-8. Special care and program. Many brothers and sisters.

Height and weight charts, postural classes in all camps. Owned and directed by Dr. Arthur W. and Dr. Marjorie M. Johnson, 359 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

SOUTHERN STATES

Junaluska, N. C.

Girls' Camp, in the "Land of the Sky"

On beautiful Lake Junaluska. Cool, dry climate. Swimming, canoeing, riding, hiking, archery, handicraft, pageants, orchestra. Modern equipment. Skilled leadership. Tutoring if desired. 23 states represented.
Miss Ethel J. McCoy, Dir., Virginia Intermont College, Bristol, Va.

EAGLE'S NEST

BREVARD, N. C. In the Heart of the Blue Ridge
Fun and good care for girls 4 to 16. Land and water sports suitable for each age. Horseback without extra charge. A-1 sanitation: excellent food; registered nurse.
CAROL OPPENHEIMER, 620 E. 40th St., Savannah, Ga.

YONAHLOSSEE

Program Centered About Life in the Open
Camp for girls over 10—Blowing Rock, N. C.
4000 ft. above sea level, mountain setting, swimming; riding, dramatics, riflery, canoeing. $225. No extras.
Dr. and Mrs. A. Kephart, Greensboro, N. C.

Lake Pocahontas Camp for Girls

Located in the mountains of Southwest Virginia. Delightful climate, pure spring water. Swimming, boating, archery, and other outdoor sports under careful Supervision. Excellent table board. Girls from 22 states.
S. W. EDMONDSON, M. A., Box 305, Glade Spring, Virginia

Camp Highland Lake

Boys 8 to 18
America's Most Splendidly Equipped Camp
Crest of Blue Ridge in the Sapphire Country of Western North Carolina, near Hendersonville.
For Catalog, Address Georgia Military Academy, College Park, Ga.

SHA-WA-NO-GI Boys 7-18

Near Hot Springs, Virginia. High in ALLEGHANY MTS. Virginia's oldest boys' camp. Matron for younger boys. Graduate dietician; resident physician. All land and water sports. Golf, riding. Accredited academic department available. Cabins, tents. Catalog.
EDWARD H. SMITH, Headmaster, NORFOLK ACADEMY, NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

WESTERN STATES

Arbutus

CAMP for girls. All water sports, trips by land and water, land sports. Nature, crafts, dancing, dramatics. Glorious, healthful days on Lake Arbutus in the beautiful lake region of Michigan. Comfortable, well-screened cabins on pine-covered ridge. Electricity, modern sanitation. Planned diet. Close attention to health and safety. *Booklet.*
Edith A. Steere, 449 Packard Rd., Ann Arbor, Mich.

CAMP NEECARNIS

For girls 10-16. Located on one of the most beautiful inland lakes in Northern Michigan. Riding, swimming and all outdoor sports. A friendly camp with carefully selected membership. Season July 2nd to August 27th. Fee $350, no extras. Illustrated Catalog. Miss Edith N. Holt, 39 Fifth Place, S.E., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

BRYN AFON

For Girls 13th Season Roosevelt, Wis.
All Sports. Craft Studio. Screened Cabins. Kentucky Horses. Staff of 35 College Graduates. Booklet.
Lulu R. Broadbridge, 1801 E. Jefferson, Detroit, Mich.

WOODEND TOWER CAMP FOR GIRLS

A Real Lighthouse converted into a summer playground for real girls. In the Straits of Mackinac, Mich. 700 acres virgin evergreen. Special attention to underweight children. Season $175. WOODEND TOWER, 915 E. 2nd St., Royal Oak, Mich.

BURR OAKS

CAMP FOR JEWISH GIRLS 7 TO 16 YRS.
90 Miles from Chicago on Beautiful Lake Beulah, Wis.
Ultra modern Thruout—Unusual Camp Program—Thoroughbred Horses—Individual Instruction—Personally interviewed and selected enrollment.
Miss Yeta Baron, Director—804 No. Clark Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

CAMP INTERLOCHEN

"A Friendly Camp for Friendly Girls." Interlochen, Michigan. Ages 6-20. All land and water sports, games and interests. Affiliated with Paton Hall. The Pennington School for Girls. For booklets write
Direct to MRS. P. O. PENNINGTON, PATON HALL, Box R, HOMER, MICHIGAN

WE-AA-KEE

Camp for Girls
Modern equipment. Carefully supervised activities. Nature study, crafts, riding. 8 hours ride from Chicago on Green Bay Fee $250.
Sister David, Rosary College, River Forest, Ill.

CAMP CARRINGTON

For Girls, 7 to 16 years. On beautiful Portage Lake, Mich. Safe sand Beach. Usual sports and *Riding*. Best of food. No tents. Careful oversight. 8 weeks' term $200. References required. CATALOG, address: Dr. & Mrs. F. R. Carrington, KNOXVILLE, ILL.

KAMP KAIRPHREE

For Girls 8-20 On Beautiful Lake Charlevoix
In Northern Michigan. Perfect location. Excellent equipment and staff. All water and land sports including riding expertly supervised. No positions open. For information write
Mrs. George R. Swain, 713 E. University Ave., Ann Arbor, Mich.

ORCHARD HILL

is The Children's Camp GIRLS 3-10 BOYS 3-10
Directed by specialists in the treatment of children. Sun baths, swimming, rest and play supervised at all times. Selected diet suitable for children. For further information or booklet address Dr. Edith B. Lowry, St. Charles, Ill.

CAMP HALCYON

P. O. Holland, Mich.
180 acres on Lake Michigan.
Land and water sports, tennis, riding, arts and crafts; dancing, archery, dramatics. Booklet.
Directors [Ann O. Watt, 3622 Pine Bd.
Mimi H. Garesché, St. Louis, Mo.

SOUTHERN STATES

CAMP TERRA ALTA

Terra Alta, West Virginia
LEARN to build model airplanes. Ride, fish, swim, explore, Scout Craft, Wood Craft, play in a region unsurpassed for health and beauty. 2800 feet above sea level. Six hours from Washington. Boys 10 to 18. Address LT. COL. T. G. RUSSELL, Box 261E, Staunton, Va.

CAMP WHOOPPEE

Summer camp of Junior Military Academy. Excellent staff and equipment—especially suited for youngsters 5 to 14. Home care. Swimming, ponies, hiking, tennis, baseball, archery and boxing. Write for full information.
Address MAJOR ROY DEBERRY, Headmaster, Box H, Bloomington Springs, Tenn.

THERE'S HEALTH in a summer's dose of Wisconsin's outdoors. Learn to make model airplanes and boats. Land and water sports. Horseback riding, golf, fencing and rifle. Competent, companionable instructors. Tutoring if desired. Cottage tents—running water and electric lights. Separate camp for small boys. 28 acres. *Catalog.*

St. John's Military Academy
Box 401, Delafield, Wisconsin

ST. JOHN'S SUMMER CAMPS

FOXBORO FOR RANCHES BOYS

Flagstaff, Arizona
Ride your own cow pony. Learn Roping. Help herd cattle. Pack trips—Rodeo at Prescott—Visit the Grand Canyon and the Indian Reservations. Native cowboys and Eastern college men in charge. Booklet. Eastern Mgr., J. Watson Hayden, 20 East 39th Street, New York City.

FAIRWOOD

A Blue Ribbon Camp for Boys
On magnificent Torch Lake, Grand Traverse Bay, (Mich.) region. Site, staff, ideals, program have won national recognition. 18th Season. For book of 46 views address,
MR. and MRS. M. R. EDER, 5691 Belmont Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

CAMP MIAMI for Boys

In great oak woods on Great Miami River. Direction Miami Mil. Inst. All sports that boys love. Competition medals. Radio. Tutoring if desired. July 1-August 23. $200. Booklet.
Col. Orvon Graff Brown, Pres., Box 340C, Germantown, O.

CAMP INDIANOLA on Lake Mendota

Departments
Cavalry, Navy, Scoutcraft
50 Boys in Each
Beautiful Location, Complete Equipment, All Land and Water Sports. Expert Councilors. Send for Catalog.
F. G. MUELLER, Director, Madison, Wisconsin

KEE-MO-SAH-BEE

Mullet Lake Michigan
A pioneer summer camp for boys from eight to fifteen years of age with an up-to-date equipment. Unlimited features for boys of this age. Christian leadership. Non-Sectarian. Address: Lieutenant Charles William Yeager, 2624 Hurlbut Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

Camp De-La-Warr

Eagle River Wisconsin
A naval camp nestled in the Northern woods. Physical instructors. Staff from U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis. Scientific body and health building. All sports. Read our booklet, "Your Boy and Summer's Opportunity." Ages 8 to 17.
John Mora, Director, 248 Pearson St., Chicago

THE LAKE HUBERT MINNESOTA CAMPS

Camp Lincoln for Boys . . . . Camp fee $325
Lake Hubert Camp for Girls . . . Camp fee $325
Camp Lincoln Prep for Boys . . . Camp fee $250
Horseback, sailing, rifle range, swimming, canoeing, all athletics. Founded 1909. Specify booklet desired.
R. F. B. COTE, director, Lake Hubert, Minn.

Kuggaho for Boys "K" KAMPS Kickapoo for Girls

Separate recreation camps for boys and girls on beautiful Lake Taneycomo in the heart of the Missouri Ozarks. Camps limited to fifty. References required. $250. No extras. July 1st, to August 26th. Chas. L. Ford, 5614 Mercedes Street, Dallas, Texas.

CAMP ROOSEVELT

Senior—Boys 14 to 17 Junior—Boys 7 to 13
7 weeks—unexcelled camp site in northern Wisconsin, near Mercer. Excellent equipment. Staff of experts. Unusual opportunities for school, music, horsemanship, sports. Low cost. Information on request.
COMMANDANT, CAMP ROOSEVELT
460 South State St. Chicago, Ill.

MANITOU

"SPIRIT OF YOUTH"
GEORGIAN BAY COUNTRY
60 selected boys. 15 trained counselors. Doctor-Nurse. All activities directed by nationally known leaders—Sleeping lodges.
John Franklin Pruitt, Owner and Director,
1001 East Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Michigan

MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES

DAN BEARD ★ WOODCRAFT CAMP

PIKE COUNTY, PA. Live with Dan Beard, famous wilderness man, author. Boys 11-18. Swimming, riding, canoeing, tomahawk throwing, lassoing. Make knife sheaths, buckskin shirts, bows and arrows. Lindbergh club boys make model airplanes. Activities build character. *Booklet.*
Dan Beard, Box 218, Suffern, New York

DICK VICTOR'S CAMP

EXPERT masseurs help correct physical deficiencies. Systematic exercise 3 times daily keeps boys in excellent trim. Swimming, riding, canoeing, archery. Open-air dramatics. Woodshop activities. Study and record made of each boy. 63 instructors. Modern equipment—cabins, hot and cold showers, electric lights. 160 acres in Slippery Rock Valley, Western Pennsylvania. *Booklet.*
2521 Oliver Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

POCONO

Junior Camp
Senior Camp

11th Season. Boys 8-18. On largest lake in Pocono Mts. Staff of experienced leaders for all sports. Resident physician. Fee includes unlimited horseback riding.
C. R. Paxson, 113 Kenilworth Rd., Merion, Pa.

Camp Cedar Hill for Boys, Sumneytown, Penna.

35 miles from Philadelphia. A fully equipped camp for boys 8 to 18, featuring all modern camp activities, including Horsemanship. Competent Leadership, Permanent Bungalows, Attractive rates. Write for Booklet.
PROF. PAUL GIES, Camp Director, Bucknell University
109 S. Third Street LEWISBURG, PA.

WYOMISSING

2 Hrs from New York in the Blue Ridge

"The Camp For Regular Boys"

Superb equipment, 24 camp-owned horses, own truck gardens, permanent buildings, correct sanitation.
Write for catalogue. **W. R. Transue, North Water Gap, Pa.**

PARADISE CAMP

BOYS 7 to 16

In the heart of the Poconos, on private lake. 4 hours from Phila. and N. Y. City. Cabins and tents. Expert handcraft, all sports, including riding. Individual care and training. $250. Booklet. Mr. and Mrs. Ellis R. Johnson, 587 E. Conarroe St., Roxborough, Phila.

SUSQUEHANNA

In Susquehanna Mountains, New Milford, Pa. 12th Season. For boys 8-16. **Unlimited horseback riding,** under expert supervision, is **included** in $175 fee. Other interesting land and water activities. Personal development is paramount. Illustrated catalog.
ROBERT T. SMITH, MALBA, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

SHOHOLA for BOYS in the Poconos

Greeley, Pennsylvania

On Private Lake. College-trained Counselors. Excellent Equipment. Water Sports under Safe Conditions. Tennis, Golf, Basketball, Manual Arts, Horseback Riding—No extra charge. Tutoring if desired. Moderate Rates. Good Roads—Accessible from any point in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania.

Write for New Illustrated Catalog. Address:
A. R. Brucher, Jr., 1419 Palm Street, Reading, Pa.

CAMP CARSON

Under control of Carson Long Institute. In the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Just a plain old-fashioned camp to build red-blooded Americans. Military. Rates: 10½ weeks, $160. Limited to 40 boys. Address
Director, Camp Carson, New Bloomfield, Pennsylvania

Ocean Wave

PEERMONT (Cape May Co.) New Jersey

A Seashore Camp for inland boys. Director trained psychologist and hygienist. Surf and still water bathing. Sun baths. $185 for 2 months. Part time rates. Tenth season. Catalog:
W. Fuller Lutz, M. A., College Hall, University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

TON-KA-WA

"Stick Together"

On Lake Chautauqua, New York

Limited to 75 boys, ages 6-18. 1500 ft. elevation. Splendidly and completely equipped. Land and water sports, riding, fishing, boating, hiking, handicraft. High moral influence. Personal supervision and character-building. Write the Director for illustrated booklet.
J. H. NYENHUIS, Box 24 Williamsville, N. Y.

CUSTER

"The Camp That's Different"

SEMI-MILITARY camp for boys 7 to 15. On Metedeconk River, Adamston, N. J. Complete equipment. Safe water sports. Sandy beach. Matron and nurse in attendance. Philadelphia 67 miles, New York 69 miles.
Major Duncan, Box 418, Freehold Military School, Freehold, N. J.

POK-O-MOONSHINE

Adirondacks. 25th year. 25 Counsellors. 300 acres. Boys, 8-18. 4 distinct sections. *Catalog, state boy's age.* Address
DR. C. A. ROBINSON, Box R-4, Peekskill, N. Y.

FIRE PLACE LODGE

For Boys—110 miles from N.Y.C., East Hampton, finest beach on Gardiner's Bay. Special attention to Juniors. Bungalow equipment. All sports including golf. Fee 250. For catalog write: **Ray Gales Perham, MD., Hasbrouck Heights, N.J.**

CHIPPEWA

14th Season

America's Finest Catholic Camp for Boys
Hague on Lake George New York
Select Clientele - Resident Chaplain
Stephen Jackson, Director, 347 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.

St. Ann's Camp

FOR CATHOLIC BOYS (39th Season)

On Lake Champlain (Vermont)—Conducted by the Marist Brothers. Ages 7-16—Limited to 130 boys—Rate $225.00—Illustrated catalogue.
Brother Principal, St. Ann's Academy
153 East 76th Street - - - New York, N. Y.

LITTLE BEAR CAMP

For boys 6 to 14. Land and water sports. Limited enrollment. Individual attention. Trained nurse. 78 miles from New York in Orange Co. Mts. *Catalog.*
Mr. and Mrs. James R. Morrow, Directors
15 Miller Street Caldwell, N. J.

CAMP PENN

For boys on Lake Champlain. 2 miles of shore; 350 acres. Fishing and canoe trips. All land and water sports. *Catalog.* **Wm. R. Shuttleworth, Director, Chestnut Hill Academy, Chestnut Hill, Pa.**

MT. PLEASANT HALL

SUMMER CAMP FOR BOYS 7-16

Healthful location in beautiful Westchester County, one hour from New York City. Well planned and supervised recreation. Tutoring if desired. Low rates. **Wm. F. Carney, Director, Box R, Ossining-on-Hudson, N. Y.**

Camp Tonde

for Boys, Adirondacks. Porter Corners, N. Y.

Select Clientele. Limited group 4 to 18. Ideal Camp Life. Mature guidance. Separate quarters for boys 4 to 7.
MR. & MRS. G. J. LAVENDER,
Hotel Chatham, 33 East 48th St., New York City

BLUE MT. LODGE

In the Adirondacks

For Boys 9-16 yrs. Unique program. Land and naval sports. Limited enrollment. References exchanged. Address
RICHARD H. LOTT, Peekskill, N. Y.

KYLE CAMP, Catskill Mts.

The Paradise for Boys, 6 to 16. Est. 1905

Bungalows—no damp tents. Safe bathing. Saddle horses and ponies. Movies. Nature lore. 48 buildings.
Dr. Paul Kyle, Kyle School for Boys,
Box 90, Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y.

CAMP SENECA

Select Jewish Boys 5 to 17

On a beautiful Berkshire lake—1100 ft. Altitude
100 boys enjoy all land and water sports.
10th Year. Careful Supervision. Excellent Food.
2½ hours from N. Y. City.
Special Junior Camp (Ages 5 to 8.) Booklet Sent.
R.L.Howard, 19 Kensington Ave., Jersey City, N.J.

TICONDEROGA CAMPS

FOR BOYS FOR GIRLS
ON LAKE GEORGE IN THE ADIRONDACKS

Separate Camps. Fee $250. Established 14 years. All camp activities including horseback riding. Write for booklet. Personal interview may be had with the director.
ARTHUR S. FRENCH, Director, *Telephone Hasbrouck Heights 85*
262 Springfield Ave. Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.

Philadelphia Turners' Camp

For boys and girls. Eddington, Pa., (on the Delaware. Land, water sports. Canoe trips, hikes. Riflery. Health-building food. $200, campers aged 5-7. $175, 8-16. Endowed by Philadelphia Turngemeinde. Catalog.
MR. and MRS. G. R. MINEMAN, 1705 No. Broad Street, PHILA.

CAMP FENIMORE

On Beautiful LAKE OTSEGO at Cooperstown, N. Y. A small exclusive riding camp for boys 6 to 12, from cultured Christian homes. Prince Obolensky Instructor in Horsemanship. Write for catalogue. **M. R. AND MRS. C. G. BRAIDER**
237 East 20th St. New York
Also Companion Camp for Girls

TECUMSEH CAMP FOR GIRLS

NORTHWESTERN PA. 4th SEASON. ALTITUDE 1365 FT.

Emphasizing character, health, and sportsmanship. All land and water sports. 20 horses, gardens and dairy camp owned. Excellent food. Fine equipment. Arts, crafts and nature study. Superior counselors. Tutoring. Catalog.
MRS. LYNN C. DUNDON, EDINBORO, PENN.

PINE TREE

For Girls. On beautiful Naomi Lake, 2000 feet above sea in pine-laden air of Pocono Mts. Four hours from New York and Philadelphia. Experienced councilors. Horseback riding, tennis, canoeing, all sports. *Pine Tree Club for older girls.* 10th yr.
Miss Blanche D. Price, 404 W. School Lane, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

POCH-A-WACHNE

Girls' Camp in Pocono Mountains
Private lake: Screened sleeping cabins.
Booklet. CHARLES R. PROHASKA, M. D.
State Director of Physical Education
424 Fairfield Ave. Hartford, Conn.

POCAHONTAS

for Girls 8-18

On Lake Champlain, N.Y. Bungalows. All land and water sports. Music, dancing, dramatics. Horseback riding. Fee $250 eight weeks. Excellent food. Selected camp staff. Trips Lake Placid—Montreal, Canada. *Write for booklet.*
Lewis H. Davenport, M. D., 270 Washington Terrace, Audubon, N.J.

MILLS ADIRONDACK

For Girls 5-20 yrs.

CHESTERTOWN, NEW YORK

Riding. Dancing. Water sports. Over-night trips. Experienced supervision. Exceptional table.
Mrs. W. HOUGH MILLS, 1074 W. Genesee St., Syracuse, N. Y.
Affiliated with Skon-O-Wah-Co for younger brothers.

SEA CREST

CAMP FOR GIRLS (6-16)

Avalon, on South Jersey Coast

Near ocean and bay. Surf bathing, swimming, boating, archery, tennis, handicrafts. Wholesome food. Dormitories. Overnight hikes on beach. 8th season.
Mrs. M. R. Ingram, Box 6, Andalusia, Bucks Co., Pa.

TIMBER POINT

Adirondack Mountain Camp at Keene, New York. Girls 4-12. Where individual care is foremost. Heated cabins. Standard plumbing. Rich milk. Vegetable garden. 160 acres. Alt. 2000 ft. $200 fee, all inclusive.
MISS M. F. KAVANAGH, Hudson View Gardens, NEW YORK CITY

CORNUCOPIA CAMP

For Girls 6-15. 31 miles from New York City. Salt water sports and all camp activities. All inclusive fee July and August. Special rates June and September. Write to.
EDWARD F. BIGELOW, DIRECTOR.
ARCADIA, SOUND BEACH, CONNECTICUT.

CAMP CARILLON

On Lake George. In the Adirondacks

Girls: Aquaplaning on America's most beautiful lake. Horseback riding included in $300 fee. Write for catalogue.
MISS MAE I. NALLY 25 East 67th St. N. Y. C.

CAMP RHOD—ARLINE

FOR GIRLS 5 to 18

GREELEY, PIKE CO., PENNA. Rate $225. All sports, swimming, dancing, dramatics, arts & crafts. Competent leadership and excellent food. Write for catalog. **HALLIE R. FRAADE, 3675 Broadway, N. Y. C.** *Bruckurst 4474.*

LILLIPUT

A camp for 4 to 10 year olds

a successful, new idea.

Expert professional care and guidance. Resident nurse and physician. Limited to 40. Ideal. Booklet. 1880 University Ave., N. Y. C.

MONTESSORI

Modified recreational program. Scientific individual direction.
Children 2 to 13 years
Bus from N. Y. C. 70, from Philadelphia 20.
Established 1914. Rate $300 July-August.
St. Anne Point Ryan, Wyncombe, Bucks County, Pa

These camps invite requests for catalogues and information. In writing for catalogues, please mention REDBOOK.

Redbook's SCHOOL DIRECTORY

CAMPS—CONTINUED MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES

THE TWA-NE-KO-TAH CAMPS
On Beautiful Chautauqua Lake, N.Y.
For Girls
Cultural and Character training Camp. Ideal location, 1500 ft. elevation. All land and water sports. Golf, riding, hiking, boating, canoeing, dramatics, dancing, handicraft. Separate camps grouped into four units, Ages 8 to 20.
REV. & MRS. R. CARL STOLL
25 College Hill Snyder, N. Y.

CAMP TEGAWITHA
For GIRLS Mount Pocono, Pa.
2000 ft. above sea. 3 hours from New York. 4 hours from Philadelphia. All land and water sports, golf, horseback riding. Electric light, running water. Cathedral 1272—2221.
MISS MARY A. LYNCH, 300 Riverside Drive, N. Y. CITY

OWAISSA
Camp of Happiness For Girls—15th Season
On Lake in Pocono Mountains, 100 miles from New York. Individual care and development. All activities including horseback riding. Mature Guidance. Junior and Senior Camps. Limited Enrollment. Dr. and Mrs. O. H. Paxson, Directors,
6327 Lancaster Ave., Overbrook, Philadelphia, Pa.

SILVER LAKE CAMP FOR GIRLS
In Lake Placid region of the Adirondacks.
All the sports making for a happy outdoor life.
References required For catalogue address:
The Director, 157 E. 72 St., N. Y. C. Apt. 14J
Tel. Rhinelander 7302

COWHEY CAMPS Rip Van Winkle for Boys On-Ti-Ora for Girls
In the Catskills. One mile apart. All land and water sports. Catholic Chapel. Booklets.
A. M. Cowhey, Director Rip Van Winkle
Josephine Cowhey, Director On-Ti-Ora
730 Riverside Drive New York, N. Y.

IN--CA--PAH--CHO For 30 girls 6 to 18 years
Unsurpassed location on Long Lake, Adirondacks, under constant supervision of experienced Phila. surgeon, insuring health, safety. All land and water sports. Log buildings, tents. For Booklet, Address The Secretary, Camp In-Ca-Pah-Cho, 2018 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

CAMP CARVEL on the Chester
An exclusive camp for girls. Enrollment limited to 25. Horseback riding a specialty. All land and water sports. Golf course in vicinity. Address
Mrs. Richard Carvel, Chestertown, Maryland

PATHFINDERS' LODGE
Otsego Lake
COOPERSTOWN
New York
A Woodland Camp for Girls
All out-of-door sports. Riding featured. Thirteenth season. For Brochure.
Valerie Deucher, Chestnut Hill, Wilton, Conn.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN STATES

The Rocky Mountain Boys Camp
Estes Park Colorado
Forty selected boys under trained leaders. Ride horseback with real cowboys. Attend Cheyenne Rodeo and see all phases of Western frontier life. Reasonable tuition. Address: Mr. D. B. Primrose, 1587 Portland Av., St. Paul, Minn.

CAMP COLORADO— Heart of the Rockies
Green Mountain Falls, Colo.
Horseback riding, mountain climbing, trout fishing, boating, all outdoor sports. Associate camp Kinnikinnik for Girls. Booklet.
LaMAR WHITWORTH, Director, Wewoka, Okla.

KINNIKINNIK Foot of Pikes Peak, Manitou, Colo.
Rocky Mountain Camp, girls 6 to 18. Violet rays in every hour of sunshine. All outdoor sports. Riding, Pikes Peak motor trip included in camp fee, $275. Twelve successful seasons. Associate Camp Colorado for Boys. Booklet.
Judge and Mrs. Samuel A. Wilkinson, Wewoka, Okla.

NEW ENGLAND STATES—GIRLS

Abbot Academy
1828-1930

For a Century One of New England's Leading Schools for Girls.
Advanced Courses for High School Graduates. College Preparation. Exceptional Opportunities in Art and Music.
Outdoor Sports.
For Catalog Address
Bertha Bailey, Principal
Box F Andover, Mass.

TENACRE *Preparatory to Dana Hall*
For Girls, 10 to 14 Years of Age
Carefully selected pupils.
Attractive home surroundings.
One Home Center where the French Language is spoken.
Address Miss Helen Temple Cooke, Box F, Dana Hall Wellesley, Mass.

MACDUFFIE
GIRLS. College Preparatory, 1-year Intensive, General and Domestic Science Courses. Art, Music. Sports. DR. and MRS. MACDUFFIE, 181 Upper Central St., Springfield, Mass.

WHITTIER A New England School for Girls
College Preparatory and Elective Courses. One Year Intensive Review. Music, Physical Education, Outdoor Sports. Attractive Home Life. 87th Year. Also Junior School. Address:
Mr. and Mrs. William C. Russell, Principals, Box R, Merrimac, Mass.

WESTBROOK SEMINARY
and Junior College
College Preparatory, Boarding and Day School for Girls; also Two Year College Course.
Agnes M. Safford, *Prin.*, Maude P. Thayer, *Dean*, Box R, Portland, Maine.

GODDARD
A GIRLS SCHOOL IN VERMONT
College Preparatory, Secretarial, Science, and Music Courses. Healthful Outdoor Life. Modern Dormitory, Low Tuition.
THE PRINCIPAL, GODDARD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, BOX 36, BARRE, VERMONT

The COLBY SCHOOL for GIRLS
College Preparatory and Junior College
Music, Art, Secretarial, Journalism Courses. Lake and Mountain Region. All sports. Moderate Cost.
H. LESLIE SAWYER, Prin. Box 17 New London, N. H.

CANADIAN CAMPS

FRONTENAC— FOR GIRLS
Thousand Islands Camp—Kingston, Ont.
All activities, ideal climate, horseback, trips. Guest cottage, limited number—7-20 years. Dept. R.
CLAIRE L. LOOFBOURROW
583 N. Oak Park Avenue, Oak Park, Ill.

OWL HEAD CAMP FOR BOYS
On Lake Memphremagog in Canada
A Camp That Is Decidedly Different. Specializes in Horsemanship. $275.00. No Extras. Address
Harry B. Salman, Northfield, Vt.

Canadian Canoe Cruise 700 miles of canoe trips through Northern Canada. Personally conducted. Wild game photography—fishing. Limited to 12 boys, 15-20. 17 years' experience in boy leadership.
W. W. KIRKLAND, Room 1229, Federal Reserve Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Mount Ida School and Junior College
For GIRLS
6 miles from Boston
All studies except English elective
Accredited Preparatory, Finishing school. Elective Courses for high school graduates. College Certificate. Boston advantages. Fully equipped. Piano, Voice, Violin, Pipe Organ, with noted men. Home Economics. Gymnasium with pool. Costume Design and Home Decoration. Secretarial Course. Athletics. Horseback riding. Delightful home life. *Catalog:*
114 Bellevue Street
NEWTON, Mass.

Lasell Seminary
A LONG-ESTABLISHED, modern school for young women. Ten miles from Boston. Two-year courses for high-school graduates. Home Economics, Secretarial, College Preparatory, Art, Expression courses. Excellent Music. Sports. 30 acres. Delightful home life. Separate Junior School. Catalogs. GUY M. WINSLOW, Ph.D., Prin., 149 Woodland Road, Auburndale, Mass.

ROGERS HALL *A Modern School With New England Traditions*
Facing Rogers Fort Hill Park. 26 Miles from Boston. College Preparatory, Academic and Special Courses. Two-year Graduate Course. Gymnasium. Swimming Pool. Outdoor Sports.
Miss Olive Sewall Parsons, Lowell, Mass.

KENDALL HALL for Girls
On the seashore. *50 minutes from Boston.* Accredited College Preparatory without examinations. JUNIOR COLLEGE. Int. Decorating, Music, etc. Riding, skiing, skating, swimming, tennis. Catalog. Box 75. Pride's Crossing, Mass.

The Mary A. Burnham
School for Girls. *Opposite Smith College campus.* Est. 1877. College Preparatory and Special courses; also One Year Intensive College Preparation. Outdoor Sports.
Miss Climena L. Judd, Principal, Box R, Northampton, Mass.

HOUSE IN THE PINES
Near Boston. Thorough College Preparation. Two Year Graduate Course. Art. Music. Household Arts. Fine Riding Horses. Separate Junior School.
GERTRUDE E. CORNISH, Principal, 10 Pine St., NORTON, MASS.

BANCROFT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
30th Year. Complete College Preparation. Individual Attention to carefully selected group in Boarding Department of Progressive Day School. Summer and Winter Sports. Dramatics, Art, Music. *Address*
Hope Fisher, Principal, Worcester, Massachusetts.

CRESTALBAN Country School for Girls 6-14
Small enrolment, carefully selected. Home training and care. 200 acres in healthful Berkshires. New York 4½ hrs. Pittsfield 15 min. Outdoor classes, open air sleeping porches. Supervised sports, riding. Write for booklet.
Miss Margery Whiting, Principal, Box 47, Berkshire, Mass.

HOWARD SEMINARY FOR GIRLS
Where New England Traditions Count. 53th year. In the country near Boston. Preparation for all colleges. Accredited. Intensive Review. General courses. Individual attention. Junior College. Home Ec. Secretarial. All Sports. Music. Art. Expression. Aviation. Endowed. Moderate rates.
Lynn H. Harris, (Ph. D., Yale), President, Box 30, W. Bridgewater, Mass.

These schools and camps invite requests for catalogues and information. In writing for catalogues, please mention REDBOOK.

NEW YORK CITY AND VICINITY—GIRLS

What for Your Daughter?

Mount Regis Christi—exclusive School solves that problem. Academic, College Preparatory, Secretarial. Music. 400 acres in the heart of the famous Shwangunk Mountains, only 100 miles from New York City. Write:
SISTER DIRECTRESS, Box R, Warwarsing, Ulster Co., N.Y.

SCUDDER SCHOOL

Day and boarding. Approved and chartered by Regents. High school and college preparatory. Secretarial and executive training. Social service course including supervised field work. Catalog.
Miss R. B. Scudder, 66 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The Mason School for Girls *and Junior College*
The Castle
Box 349, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.

BRIARCLIFF *Mrs. Dow's School*

For girls. General, college preparatory, and junior college courses. Music, art, household arts, secretarial studies. Outdoor life in Westchester hills, with N. Y. advantages. Swimming, riding, skating, golf. Catalog. **Registrar, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.**

Ossining *School for Girls*

College Preparatory. Junior College. Separate Lower School. Clara C. Fuller, William F. Carlson, Principals, Box R, Ossining, N. Y.

Highland Manor

Country boarding school and Junior College for girls. Fully accredited. Non-sectarian. All grades. College preparatory, general, special courses. Music, art. Camp and summer school in Maine. EUGENE H. LEHMAN, Director, Box R, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.

MARYMOUNT

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS **COLLEGE FOR WOMEN**

Courses: Four Years College, Two Years Finishing, Academic, Secretarial, Domestic Science, etc. Branches: Fifth Ave., N. Y. City, and Paris. Write for catalogue G-1 to The Reverend Mother.
Tarrytown-on-Hudson **New York**

EDGEWOOD

Appeals to the Modern Parent Who Wants Progressive Education. Develops Imagination and Initiative. Prepares Efficiently for College. Coeducational.
L. E. Langley, Prin., 45 Rock Ridge, Greenwich, Conn.

COLLEGE of ST. ELIZABETH

Catholic college for women, two miles from Morristown, N. J. A.B., B.S., B.M. degrees. Teacher-training. Attractive, well-equipped buildings. Home Economics, Music. 400-acre campus. College farm. All sports. Catalog.
ADDRESS DEAN, BOX R **CONVENT STATION, N. J.**

MISS BEARD'S SCHOOL

College Preparation. Cultural and Special Courses. City and Country Advantages.
Lucie C. Beard, Box R, Orange, N. J.

Centenary Collegiate Institute

College Preparatory and Junior College for Girls
Full information on request
R. J. TREVORROW, D.D., *Pres.*
Box 70, Hackettstown, N. J.

MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES—GIRLS

St. FAITH'S SCHOOL

A Country School for Girls
In the foothills of the Adirondacks
COLLEGE PREPARATION
General Courses. Home Economics. Music. Lower School. Modern equipment. Athletics.
Board, Tuition, Laundry, $550
REV. CHARLES H. L. FORD, *Headmaster*
Box 18, SARATOGA, NEW YORK

Penn Hall *for* GIRLS

ACCREDITED. Preparatory School, **Junior College. Conservatory of Music.** Int. Decoration, Art, Dramatics, etc. Part of Month of May spent at Ocean City. All Athletics including Riding. Rooms have connecting baths. ***Entrance permitted this month.*** Catalog. **F. S. Magill, A. M., Box R, Chambersburg, Penn.**

PUTNAM HALL

COLLEGE PREPARATION FOR GIRLS. General course. Music, Art. Small classes. Experienced faculty. Graduates successful in 18 colleges and universities. Attractive campus. Spacious buildings. Supervised athletics. Riding, tennis, swimming. *Catalog.*
ELLEN R. BARTLETT, A.B., Prin., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

DREW *Seminary for Girls and Young Women*

On Lake Gleneida, near New York City
College Preparatory. General and Special Courses. Fully Accredited. Small classes. Moderate rates. 54th year. Junior School.
HERBERT E. WRIGHT, D. D., Pres., Box R. CARMEL, N. Y.

The Mary Lyon School

SWARTHMORE, PA. College preparatory, general. *Wildcliff;* graduate school. Art, music, secretaryship. *Seven Gables,* girls 6-12. **Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Crist, Principals, Box 1532**

HIGHLAND HALL

Modern educational standards. College preparatory. General courses. Advanced work. Music, Art, Domestic Science, Secretarial. Outdoor life. School camp in the Alleghenies for week-ends. Fine horses.
MISS MAUD van WOY, A. B., Principal, Box 900, Hollidaysburg, Pa.

BIRMINGHAM SCHOOL

"College Boards" held at school. Certifies without examinations. General courses for girls. Music, Home Ec., Int. Decorating. Gymnasium; Pool. Riding. Rooms with connecting baths. *Mountain location. Outdoor life.*
Catalog: ALVAN H. GHIER, President, Box 155, BIRMINGHAM, PA.

Roberts-Beach School

Genuine Preparation for College, so that your daughter will pass College Board Examinations and also be equal to the responsibilities and freedom of choice in Wellesley, Vassar, Mt. Holyoke, and Smith.
Lucy George Roberts, Ph.D. and Sarah M. Beach, Ph.B., *Heads of School.*
Catalogue. **Box R-4, Catonsville, Md.**

MARYLAND COLLEGE

FOR WOMEN. Near Washington. 10 miles from Baltimore. Literary, Dom. Sc., Secretarial, Kindergarten, Int. Decorating, Physical Ed. Music, Art, Drama, Expression—all leading to DEGREES. Fireproof buildings. Private baths. Swimming pool. Riding. Athletics. Est. 1853.
CATALOG, *Write:* Box R, LUTHERVILLE, MD.

BEAVER COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

ACCREDITED. 77th year. 23 minutes from all Philadelphia advantages. Courses lead to A.B. and B.S. degrees. Standard college courses. New Chemistry, Biology and Physics laboratories. Home Economics, Kindergarten-Primary, Commercial Education, Health Education, Music, Fine Arts, Speech Arts, Secretaryship. Teachers' certificates. 16 buildings. Dormitories with private baths. *Catalog.*
W. B. Greenway, D.D., Pres., Box R, Jenkintown, Pa.

DARLINGTON

For young women. Junior College and College Preparatory. Cultural and practical courses. Philadelphia advantages. Athletics. Gym, swimming pool. *Unique feature*—Motor tour, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, West Point, Hudson Palisades, many points of interest—included in fee. **Registrar, Box R, Darlington, West Chester, Pa.**

Moravian FOR GIRLS EST. 1742

SEMINARY AND COLLEGE
Courses include Preparatory, Advanced, Secretarial, Art, Expression, Music, All Sports, Riding. Write for Seminary or College catalog.
Edwin J. Heath, M.A., President, Box R, Bethlehem, Pa.

CEDAR CREST COLLEGE

Attractive suburban site, new dormitories, wholesome environment. A.B. and B.S. Degrees. Majors in Liberal Arts, Music, Expression, Education, Social and Secretarial Sciences, Home Economics and Religious Education.
Dr. Wm. R. Curtis, LL. D., Pres., Allentown, Pa.

LINDEN HALL 125 GIRLS 185TH YEAR

Large Campus. 4 Bldgs. New Gym and Pool. Endowment permits Moderate Tuition. Beautiful Location. Courses: Academic, Preparatory, Secretarial, Cultural, Music, Post Graduate. Separate Junior School. Attractive Home Life. Riding. All Sports. Catalog
F. W. Stengel, D. D., Box 137, Lititz, Pa. (1½ hours from Phila.)

Bishopthorpe Manor

Home Economics, Costume Design, Secretarial, Expression, Art, Music, College Preparatory. New Gymnasium and Pool. Horseback Riding. Congenial School Life. *Catalog.*
Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Wyant, Principals, Box 247, Bethlehem, Pa.

SCHOOLS FOR SMALL CHILDREN

Mrs. Burt's School *For Tiny Tots 1 to 12 years*

Busy, happy family life for young children, under expert, loving care of specialists. Thorough schooling to 6th grade. Supervised outdoor recreation. 3 acres shady play space.
Box R, 1120 Constant Ave., Peekskill, N. Y. Phone 1139.

HALE MANOR Girls 3-8 School and Camp

Individual instruction, French, Music, Kindergarten thru 4th grade. 90 acre playground, gardens, orchard, woods, stream. Open all year. Summer School with camp features. Booklet.
Elvyian Delorez Hale, Principal, Box 207, Souderton, Pa.

The Boarding Schools

and Camps announced in these pages are personally known to us through years of systematic school and camp visiting. They are glad to answer letters from parents. If you have difficulty in finding a school or camp which meets your ideals or requirements, let us help you. State clearly all the factors that will govern your choice. Address

The Director,
Department of Education
Redbook Magazine
230 Park Avenue, New York

NEW ENGLAND STATES—GIRLS (CON'T.)

The LARSON SCHOOL CULTURAL SECRETARIAL

Excellent residential accommodations. Thorough instruction for the better secretarial and executive positions. One and two year courses. Sports and Club activities. *Address*
THE REGISTRAR, 291 Whitney Ave., New Haven, Conn.

GRAY COURT on-Sound School for Girls

Homelike Atmosphere. Suburban to N. Y. C. College Preparatory. General. Secretarial. Arts and Crafts. Music. Riding. Beach. All athletics. Catalog.
JESSE CALLAM GRAY, Box 12, Stamford-on-Sound, Conn.

LOW AND HEYWOOD A COUNTRY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Emphasizing college preparatory work. Also general course. One year intensive college preparation. Separate Junior School. Tennis, riding, hockey. 63rd year. *Catalogue on request.*
Shippan Point, Stamford, Conn.

HOWE-MAROT

COLLEGE PREPARATORY
Marot Junior College Two year College Course
MARY L. MAROT, Principal, Thompson, Conn.

Westlister

TWO-YEAR college and secretarial course for young women. One year prepares college graduates for interesting positions. Near New Haven. **Mrs. Marian W. Skinner, M.A., Miss Louise H. Scott, Box E, Milford, Conn.**

HILLSIDE

FOR GIRLS. College preparatory. General high school courses. One-year intensive review. Two-year post-graduate department for high school graduates. Music, art, dramatics. One hour from New York. Riding. Separate Junior School. *Catalog.*
Secretary, Hillside School, Box R, Norwalk, Conn.

These schools invite requests for catalogues and information. In writing for catalogues, please mention REDBOOK.

WESTERN STATES—GIRLS

Lindenwood College

LEADING college for women in the Southwest. Thorough scholarship. Standard four-year college. Degrees. Journalism, home economics, secretaryship and physical education. Special opportunities in music and art. 138 acres overlooking Missouri river. 50 minutes from St. Louis. Golf, swimming. 104th year. Catalog. John L. Roemer, D.D., Pres., Box 1030, St. Charles, Mo.

ILLINOIS WOMAN'S COLLEGE

A standard college. A. B., B. S., B. M. degrees. Combined 5-year college and nurse training course. Music, Art, Public Speaking, Domestic Science, Secretarial, Physical Education. Catalog. Address Illinois Woman's College, Box 140, Jacksonville, Ill.

STARRETT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Fully accredited. 46th year. Academic, College Preparatory, Junior College and Special Courses. Music conservatory. Free Catalog, Book of Views. Box 24 4515 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago

TUDOR HALL

School for Girls. *Accredited.* "College Boards" held at school. Also Course for H. S. graduates. Music, Art, Riding. Modern fireproof buildings. Catalog: Florence J. Morgan, TUDOR HALL, Box R, INDIANAPOLIS

CHICAGO NORMAL SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION

FOR YOUNG WOMEN ------ ACCREDITED

2 year diploma. 3 year B. P. E. degree courses. Dormitories. Placement bureau. Modern equipment. Fall term Sept. 17th. Catalog. Box 240 5028 Greenwood Ave. Chicago, Ill.

St. MARY'S HALL

Faribault, Minn.

For Girls 12 to 19. Junior College. College Preparatory and General Courses

Modern Progressive Methods. Music, Art, Gymnasium, Outdoor Sports. *Address* Miss Norah E. Matheson, B. A. Box R, Faribault, Minnesota

Frances Shimer

For girls and young women. 2 years College, 4 years Academy. Music, Art, Speech, Home Economics. 78th year. New gymnasium and swimming pool. Outdoor sports. Catalog. Wm. P. McKee, A.M., B.D., Pres., Box 653, Mount Carroll, Illinois.

JENNINGS SEMINARY

Ideal Suburban Location. 37 Miles from Chicago.

Accredited preparation for College. Small Classes. Domestic Science. Secretarial, Art, Music, Expression. Physical Education Courses. Outdoor Sports. Unusual advantages at moderate cost. *Address* MISS ABBIE PROBASCO, Box R, AURORA, ILLINOIS

FAR WEST—GIRLS

Cumnock

Junior College and Academy for Girls. Day and resident. Departments of Speech, Music and Art. Hostess Course. Academy prepares for all colleges. Accredited. Junior School third grade up. Buildings of Old English architecture—five-acre campus. Tennis, riding, swimming, archery. Other outdoor sports. Founded 1894.

MISS DORA LEE NEWMAN, Director, 5339 West Third Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

EL PASO SCHOOL

FOR GIRLS

THOROUGH college preparation. Fully accredited. Catalog. Lucinda deL. Templin, Ph.D., Principal 4304 Austin Terrace, El Paso, Texas

WASHINGTON, D. C.—GIRLS

FAIRMONT

For Girls. 32nd Year. College Preparation. Eight 2-Year Junior College diploma courses. Educational advantages of National Capital. Address 1711A Massachusetts Ave., Washington, D. C.

Arlington Hall For Girls

High School. Junior College. Music, Art, Dramatics, Home Ec., Secretaryship, Journalism, Phys. Ed. 100 acres, 15 min. from White House. New buildings. Swimming, riding, tennis. Catalog. W. F. Martin, Pres., Box 618-R, Fonss. Ave. Sta., Washington, D. C.

SOUTHERN STATES—GIRLS

W-B WARD-BELMONT

FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN

Offers 4 years preparatory, 2 years college work. Fully accredited. Music, Art, Literature, Physical Training, Expression, Domestic Art, Secretarial. All sports including Riding. References required. For "*The Story of Ward-Belmont*," address Belmont Heights Box 602 Nashville, Tenn.

Ashley Hall

School for girls in atmosphere of southern culture and colonial tradition. Accredited. College preparatory. Normal Dept. Kindergarten-Primary course. Outdoor sports all winter, riding, pool. Catalog. Mary V. McBee, M. A., Prin., Box R, Charleston, S. C.

CATHEDRAL SCHOOL For Girls

Episcopal. College preparatory and general courses. Invigorating outdoor life in Florida's healthful, sunshiny climate. Basketball, tennis, swimming. 7 buildings. Music, domestic science. For catalog address Mrs. Alice Bartlett Stoddard, Box R Orlando, Florida.

BRENAU COLLEGE FOR YOUNG WOMEN

Select patronage 35 states; in Blue Ridge Mts. Accredited. A. B. Degree. Conservatory Music, dramatics, art domestic science, physical culture Swimming, boating, horseback riding. 10 National sororities. High School. For CATALOGUE, address BRENAU, Box F, GAINESVILLE, GA.

SALEM ACADEMY

For girls. Entirely new plant opening September, 1930. Founded 1772. Four-year college preparatory. Domestic Science, Music, Physical Education. Complete sports program. You will enjoy reading "A Day at Salem Academy," illus. Dr. H. E. Rondthaler, Box R, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Bethel Woman's College

Fully accredited. Junior College, 2 years; High School, 4 years. Musical advantages. Home ec., business, teacher training courses. Gym., golf, riding. Catalog. J. W. GAINES, M. A., LL. D., Pres., Box R, Hopkinsville, Kentucky

HAMILTON COLLEGE

High school and two years college for girls. Art, music, expression, secretarial, home economics and physical education courses. Program providing for well-rounded development of each girl, emphasizing health, character, scholarship. Dean Hilda Threlkeld - - - 451 North Broadway, Lexington, Ky.

MANCH COLLEGE and Seminary

B. A. DEGREE COURSE

Combines practical courses with cultural. B. Mus. and A. B. Courses, Commercial Art, Languages, Costume Design, Interior Decorating, Swimming, Riding, Golf, All Athletics. CATALOG; address New York Office 1212 Times Bldg., N. Y. C.

Fairfax Hall

For girls. Among the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, overlooking the Shenandoah Valley. College preparatory, one-year college, elective courses. 50-acre campus. Riding, sports. Catalog. JOHN NOBLE MAXWELL, Pres., Box R, Park Station, Waynesboro, Va.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—GIRLS

NATIONAL PARK SEMINARY

Junior College. College Preparatory, Elective Courses. Riding. Sports. For booklet address: The Registrar (Box 76), Forest Glen, Maryland.

Chevy Chase

Junior College and Senior High School at Washington. 37th year—12 Acre Campus. Academic Courses. Home Economics, Secretarial, Music, Art, Dramatic Departments. Athletics. Riding, Swimming. Write for Catalog. F. E. Farrington, Ph. D., Box R, Washington, D. C.

Marjorie Webster

SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION AND PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Offering 2 and 3 year Normal courses leading to a Degree. Teachers in demand. Dormitories. Send for catalog. Box R, 16th & Kalmia Rd., Washington, D.C.

Gulf-Park

BY-THE-SEA

ACCREDITED Junior College for Girls. 4 years high school. 2 years college. Music, Art, Expression, Home Economics. Outdoor sports all the year. Riding. *Address:* Box W, Gulfport, Miss.

Mary Baldwin College

The college with a background of culture and scholarship.

A.B. degree. Music, Art, Spoken English, Secretarial Courses. Educationally efficient, socially selective, spiritually sincere. Gymnasium, sports. Catalog. L. Wilson Jarman, Pres., Box R, Staunton, Va.

Martha Washington College

For young women. Accredited Junior College. Music, Art, Domestic Science, Physical Education. Secretarial. 77th year. Catalog. C. D. CURTIS, Pres., Box R, ABINGDON, VA.

Virginia Intermont For Young Women

47th year. 30 states. Accredited H. S. and Junior College. Music, Home Ec., Secretaryship, Expression, Art. Gym. Pool. Mod. rate. H. G. Noffsinger, Pres., Box 145, Bristol, Va.

SOUTHERN SEMINARY

A School of Character for Girls — Blue Ridge Mts of Va. Preparatory. Junior College. Music, Art, Expression. Home Ec. Phy. Ed. Secretarial. Swimming Pool. Robert Lee Durham, Pres., Box 971, Buena Vista, Va.

SULLINS COLLEGE Bristol, Virginia

For Girls. Accredited High School and Junior College. Music. Expression. Home Economics, etc. New buildings; every room connecting bath. Mountain climate. 100 acre campus with beautiful lake. Riding. *Washington, D. C., advantages optional.* Catalog-write Box E, W. E. Martin, Ph. D., Pres.

Southern College For Girls and Young Women

ACCREDITED High School and Junior College. Diploma Courses in Music, Dramatic Art, Home Economics, Journalism, Secretarial. Horseback Riding, Golf, Swimming, Tennis, Country Club Privileges. Rate $800. Catalog. Arthur Kyle Davis, A.M., Litt. D., Pres. 240 College Place, Petersburg, Va.

RANDOLPH MACON School for Girls

College preparatory and Special Courses. Accredited. Special advantages in Music, Art, Expression. Limited to 100. Gymnasium, Golf, Riding, Tennis, Basketball, Cotillion. John C. Simpson, A. M., Principal, Box R, Danville, Va.

COLLEGE preparatory and cultural courses. Superior advantages in music. Attractive buildings. Separate cottage for younger girls. French, language of the house. Riding, sports. The school, in the beautiful Piedmont Valley near Washington, is planned to teach girls how to study, to bring them nearer nature, and to inculcate ideas of order and economy. It offers a fixed rate.

MLLE. LEA M. BOULIGNY, *Principal*
Box 85 Warrenton, Virginia

Warrenton Country School

These schools invite requests for catalogues and information. In writing for catalogues, please mention REDBOOK.

MIDDLE ATLANTIC STATES—BOYS

THE HUN SCHOOL

Successful preparation for all colleges.

National patronage. Boys directed by faculty of ability and wide experience. All athletics, new gymnasium. Write for catalog.

JOHN G. HUN, Ph.D., 101 Stockton Street, Princeton, N. J.

BLAIR ACADEMY

A Widely-recognized School for 300 Boys.

Beautiful Location 65 Miles from New York. Graduates in 42 Colleges. Thorough Preparation for College Board Examinations and Certificates. Junior School for 7th and 8th Grades.

Excellent Equipment. 310 Acres. Gymnasium, Pool. Athletics for all Boys.

For Catalog Address: Headmaster,

Charles H. Breed, Ed. D., Box A, Blairstown, N. J.

PRINCETON PREPARATORY SCHOOL

GRADUATES enter all colleges. Limited to 100 boys. Individual attention. Modernly equipped buildings. 60-acre campus. Gymnasium, athletic fields. Catalogue.

HARRY B. FINE, Headmaster, Box R, Princeton, N. J.

PEDDIE

Preparation for College Entrance Board Examinations. Six Forms including two grammar grades. Boys from 30 states. Modern buildings. 150 acres. Athletics for every boy. 9-hole golf course. 65th year. Summer session July 14-August 30.

Box 4-F. Hightstown. N. J.

NEWTON ACADEMY

In the healthful attractive high hill country of northwestern New Jersey. Individual attention. Successful college preparation. All athletics. 79th year.

L. W. DeMotte, Headmaster, Newton, New Jersey

RUTGERS PREPARATORY SCHOOL

Accredited. College Preparatory. Cottage dormitories. All athletics. 30 miles from New York. 164th year.

William P. Kelly, Headmaster, Box R, New Brunswick, N. J.

KINGSLEY SCHOOL

Day and boarding. College Preparatory for boys. 22 miles from N.Y.C. Junior School. Summer camp—Maine. Catalog.

THE HEADMASTER BOX R ESSEX FELLS, N. J.

DEVITTE MILITARY ACADEMY

$80 monthly. Boys 7 to 16. Military training. Primary through High School. Summer camp. Open 12 mos. 32 miles to N. Y. C. Catalogue.

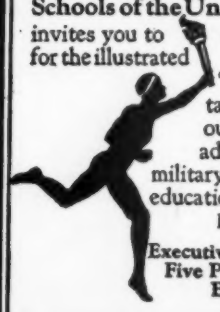
Maj. L. Devitte, Box B, Morganville, N. J.

BORDENTOWN MILITARY INSTITUTE

College preparation. Small classes. Boys taught how to study. R.O.T.C. 46th year. Summer Session. Catalogue.

Col. T. D. Landon, Drawer C-28, Bordentown, N. J.

The Association of Military Colleges and Schools of the United States



invites you to send today for the illustrated booklet, "The Military School," outlining the advantages of military training in education. *Address* Box 33,

Executive Secretary
Five Park Street
Boston

One Instructor for Every 12 Boys

At Kiski, your boy can have all the personal help he needs to prepare him for college or for life. 200-acre campus; golf course; a famous history in athletics. An equally famous history scholastically. Tuition, $1100. Send for "The Kiski Plan."

KISKI

KISKIMINETAS SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Box 924 Saltburg, Pa.

FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL ACADEMY

A Widely Recognized, Moderately Priced Preparatory School. Wholesome School Life and Sports. Unusual Equipment and Location. 1300 Boys Prepared for College in the last 30 Years.

E. M. HARTMAN, Ph. D., Principal, Box R, LANCASTER, PENNA.

TOME

National School for Boys. 12-20. Endowed. Accredited. College Prep. Courses in Business and Shopwork. Ground School in Aviation. Address. Box 60, Port Deposit, Md.

SWARTHMORE

College preparatory with certificate privileges. Located in educational center 12 miles from Philadelphia. Lower school. Modern buildings. Gymnasium, swimming pool. Every boy in some sport. Catalog.

M. ROGER COLEMAN, Headmaster, Box 420, Swarthmore, Pa.

CHESTNUT HILL

Attention to the individual needs of each boy by experienced masters. Enviable College Record. Excellent health record. Complete equipment. Junior and Senior Schools. Near Philadelphia.

T. R. HYDE, M. A. (Yale), Box R, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

HARRISBURG ACADEMY 146TH YEAR

Prepares for all colleges; experienced teachers; small classes; ideal location; Junior, Middler and Senior Departments. Large campus, fine playing fields and courts, gymnasium, swimming pool. Write for catalog.

Arthur E. Brown, Headmaster, Box R-117, Harrisburg, Pa.

QUAKER GEORGE SCHOOL

EST. 1893 COLLEGE PREPARATORY

Fully Accredited College Preparation. Cultural Courses. 227 Acre Campus. Endowment. Coeducation that meets the Approval of the Most Careful Parent. *Address:*

G. A. Walton, A. M., Principal, Box 301, George School, Penna.

CARSON LONG MAKER OF MEN

How to learn, how to labor, how to live.

Rate $500 94th year

A Military School, 5th Grade to College. In the mountains midway between New York and Pittsburgh. Individual instruction. Camp and Summer Session, 10½ weeks, $150. Box 18, New Bloomfield, Pa.

PERKIOMEN A SCHOOL OF OPPORTUNITY

For the Boy who wants to Make Good.

Spirit of Hard Work and Fair Play in School Work and Athletics. 125 Perkiomen Boys in 50 different colleges. Junior School with home care. Moderate rates.

Oscar S. Kriebel, D. D., Principal Box 129, Pennsburg, Pa.

Keystone Academy

College preparatory. Certificate privileges. Junior school. Enrolment limited to 100 boys. In healthful Poconos 15 miles from Scranton. Modern conveniences. All athletics. Catalog.

EARLE R. CLOSSON, Head Master, Box R, Factoryville, Pa.

VALLEY FORGE MILITARY ACADEMY

New, fireproof buildings. R. O. T. C. unit, Class M, regular Army Officer detailed by War Department. All major sports. Moderate rates. *For catalog address* Superintendent, Wayne, Pa.

PENNINGTON

More than 150 Boys Training for College and for Life. Accessible—Near Trenton and Princeton. Certificate Recognized. Modernized Equipment. New Athletic Field. Gymnasium, 60 foot Pool. All Student Organizations. Enthusiastic School Spirit. Moderate Rates. Grades 5 to 8 in Separate Junior School. *Catalog*

FRANCIS HARVEY GREEN, Litt. D., Headmaster
Box 20, Pennington, New Jersey

IRVING SCHOOL FOR BOYS

In beautiful, historic Irving country, 93rd year. Long record of successful preparation for College Board Examinations. Certificate privilege. Accredited N. Y. State Regents. Modern equipment. Catalog. Box 932. Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y. Rev. J. M. Furman, L.H.D., Headmaster.

Under Lake Placid Club Education Foundation

NORTHWOOD

In the Heart of the Adirondacks

Unusual success in college preparation. Modern methods. Widest sports. Address: Ira A. Flinner, Ed. D., Box R, Lake Placid Club, New York

COOK ACADEMY

College preparatory and commercial courses. In scenic Finger Lakes region. Small classes. Limited enrolment gives every boy chance to develop initiative and leadership. All sports and student organizations. New Gymnasium. Golf available. 56th year. Catalog.

The Principal, Box R, Montour Falls, N. Y.

MANLIUS FOUNDED 1869

College preparation. Sound academic, military and physical training. Prospectus: General William Verbeck, Pres., Box 184, Manlius, N. Y.

Scarborough School

FOR BOYS. 17th year. 29 miles from N. Y. C. Progressive. Honor ideals. Accredited. Special Preparation for "College Boards." Athletics. *For catalog address*

F. Dean McClusky, Box R, Scarborough-on-Hudson, N. Y.

MOHEGAN LAKE

Forty-Five miles from New York City

A home school on a beautiful lake. College preparation. Military Training. Junior Department. Directed athletics. Sports for every boy. Moderate rates. Catalog.

REV. PAUL STEVENS OLVER, Headmaster
Box R Mohegan Lake, New York

St. John's School

Prepares Boys for College and Business. Military Training. Supervised Study and Athletics. Separate school for boys under 13. *Fully Accredited.*

William Addison Ranney, Principal, Ossining, N. Y.

NEW YORK MILITARY ACADEMY

A SCHOOL OF DISTINCTION
Cornwall-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Stony Brook School

Well-balanced academic, recreative, character training for boys. Prepares for college or business. Christian influence. Accredited. Six modern buildings on 35 acre campus. 2 athletic fields, gymnasium, swimming. Catalog.

The Headmaster, Box R, Stony Brook, Long Island, N. Y.

DONALDSON

An Episcopal School on an estate of 180 acres. Near Baltimore and Washington. Preparation for all colleges. For Boys 10-18. Supervised athletics. New fireproof dormitory. Richard W. Bomberger, M. A., Box 35, Ilchester, Md.

WENONAH MILITARY ACADEMY

12 miles from Philadelphia. College entrance, business and special courses. Horsemanship under instructor of Equitation. Special school for Juniors. For Catalog and View Book write to the Registrar, Box 404, Wenonah, New Jersey.

FREEHOLD MILITARY SCHOOL

The School with the Personal Touch

Boys 6 to 15. A modified military system stressing obedience, orderliness and self-reliance. Summer Camp Maj. C. M. Duncan, Principal, Box 418, Freehold, N. J.

NEW ENGLAND STATES—BOYS

RIDGEFIELD

An Accredited College Preparatory School limited to 60 boys. In foothills of the Berkshires. 50 miles from New York. *For information write:*

Theodore C. Jessup, Ridgefield, Connecticut

RIPPOWAM BOYS' SCHOOL

has given years of service in solving problems for Perplexed students and their parents. Primary to College. Athletics. Catalogue or conference on request. Summer School at Lovely Spring Lake, N. J. Applications received now. Stamford, Conn. Tel. 3857

These schools invite requests for catalogues and information. In writing for catalogues, please mention REDBOOK.

NEW ENGLAND STATES—BOYS

WORCESTER ACADEMY

Where 250 boys, preparing for college, are being given constant friendly help by experienced masters. 96th year.

Excellent equipment. Full program of athletics and school activities.

For Catalog Address

Station 74 Worcester, Mass.

WILLISTON ACADEMY

Superior College Preparation. 59th year. Moderate rates. Modern equipment includes new gymnasium and pool. Junior School. Catalog.

Archibald V. Galbraith, Principal Box R Easthampton, Mass.

CUSHING 55TH YEAR 200 STUDENTS

Character—Health—Scholarship

A Famous New England Academy. Graduates in 60 colleges. Moderate cost. Modern Equipment. College Preparatory, General, Commercial, and Music Courses. Sports for all.

James W. Voss, Principal, Box 20, Ashburnham, Mass.

WILBRAHAM

Modern, progressive school adapted to individual needs of each boy. College preparatory and general courses. Suburban to Springfield. Excellent health record. Athletics and all sports. Write for Illustrated Catalog.

Ralph E. Peck, M.A., Pd.D., Box R, Wilbraham, Mass.

Dean Academy, Franklin, Massachusetts

64th Year. Young men and young women find here a homelike atmosphere, thorough and efficient training in every department of a broad culture, a loyal and helpful school spirit. Liberal endowment permits liberal terms. $500 to $600 per year. Special course in domestic science. For catalogue and information address:

ARTHUR W. PEIRCE, Litt. D. - - BOX J.

STEARNS FOR BOYS

Preparation for Colleges and Scientific Schools. Rapid advancement. In New Hampshire Hills. Year-round indoor and outdoor sports. Lower School. Catalog.

A. F. STEARNS, PRIN., Box 68, MT. VERNON, N. H.

New Hampton

109th year. *A New Hampshire School for Boys.* Six Modern Buildings. Thorough College Preparation. Intensive Course in Business. *Athletics for Every Boy.* Moderate Tuition. Address

Frederick Smith, A. M., Box 1196, New Hampton, N. H.

CLARK SCHOOL HANOVER, N.H. Seat of Dartmouth College

PREPARES for DARTMOUTH and OTHER COLLEGES · Certificate Privilege

ALSO SPECIAL TWO-YEAR PREPARATORY COURSE

TILTON PREPARES BOYS FOR COLLEGE

Thorough Methods. Modern equipment 25 acre athletic field. All sports. Separate Junior School with trained house mothers. Moderate rates. Catalogue.

T. W. WATKINS, Headmaster, Box R, TILTON, N. H.

ThayerAcademy

A College Preparatory School in the Country. Eleven Miles from Boston. Thayerlands, A Junior School Preparing for Thayer Academy. Five-Day Boarding Plan. *For Catalog Address* Stacy B. Southworth, Headmaster, Box R, South Braintree, Mass.

MOSES BROWN

An Endowed New England School with an excellent record in preparing boys for leading colleges. 25-acre Elm-shaded campus. Athletic fields. Gymnasium. Swimming Pool. For Catalog address:

L. RALSTON THOMAS, Headmaster, 269 Hope St., Providence, R.I.

ROXBURY

Complete attention to the needs of the individual boy insures a thorough College Preparation.

A. R. Sherrill, Headmaster Cheshire, Conn.

HOLDERNESS A CHURCH SCHOOL for BOYS

"In the Beautiful White Mountains"

College Preparatory. Certified by New England College Entrance Examination Board. Individual supervision. 20 Acre Campus. Modern Equipment. All Sports. Moderate Rates.

BOX RR, PLYMOUTH, N. H.

SOUTHERN STATES—BOYS

STAUNTON Military Academy

Distinguished for excellence of training. Prepares for college or business, West Point and Annapolis. Separate buildings and teachers for younger boys. Individual attention—tutorial system. Five gymnasiums, swimming pool and athletic park. Fireproof equipment. Illustrated catalog. Col. Thos. H. Russell, B. S., LL.D., President. Box R, Staunton, Va.

Fishburne Military School

Preparatory. In scenic, healthful Valley of Virginia. Aim—"Not the largest but the best." Boys from 20 states. 8 to 10 in a class. New gymnasium and swimming pool. Catalog. Col. M. H. Hudgins, Box R, Waynesboro, Virginia.

Randolph-Macon Academy

Front Royal, Va.—Military training. College preparatory school for boys. New fireproof buildings. Modern equipment. Healthful Shenandoah Valley, 80 miles from Wash. Swimming pool. Summer camp. Moderate rate. Address Chas. L. Melton, A.M., Box 425, Front Royal, Va.

DANVILLE MILITARY INSTITUTE

An endowed school preparing for college or for business. Accredited. Mild year round climate of Piedmont section.

Col. W. M. Kemper, Supt., Box R, Danville, Va.

Randolph-Macon Academy BEDFORD, VIRGINIA

Beautiful mountain location at southern end of Shenandoah. Prepares boys for college or business. Large dormitories. Low rates—liberal endowment. Modern gymnasium and swimming pool. All sports.

Col. Wm. R. Pheips, Principal, Box R, Bedford, Va.

Virginia Episcopal School

Non-military. Founded to afford at moderate rate superior preparation for all colleges. Accredited. Healthful, beautiful location at Lynchburg in Virginia mountains. New buildings. High standard in scholarship and athletics.

Oscar de Wolf Randolph, Rector, Box 727-R, Lynchburg, Va.

GREENBRIER MILITARY SCHOOL

Accredited. New fireproof buildings. Near White Sulphur. Summer Camp. Catalog. Address: Box R, COL. H. B. MOORE Lewisburg, West Virginia

MASSANUTTEN

College preparatory. Accredited. Average class 12. Military for executive and physical values. Modern equipment—gymnasium—swimming pool—athletics. Shenandoah Valley, near Washington. Catalog. Box 45.

Woodstock, Va., Dr. Howard J. Benchoff, Headmaster.

RIVERSIDE

Graduates enter colleges without examinations. Military. Gov't. aided. "Character First." Mountains, lake; largest gym. in South; Swimming, golf. Near Atlanta. Ages 10 to 20. Catalog. Box R, Gainesville, Georgia

NEW ENGLAND STATES—BOYS

1833 SUFFIELD 1930

An Endowed School

College Preparatory and General courses. Moderate Tuition. Separate Junior School. For catalog address:

Rev. Roswell Gage, Ph. D., Headmaster, 13 High St., Suffield, Conn.

St. Luke's New Canaan Connecticut

A Country School for Boys 9-17. One hour from N. Y. C. Old-fashioned Thoroughness in fundamentals. Manual Training. 200 Acres. All Sports. *Address:* Edward B. Blakely, Headmaster, Box R.

MILFORD FOR COLLEGE PREPARATION

Successful entrance to Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Mass. Tech, etc. Usual 2 years' work in 1 year. Tutorial methods, teaching "How to Study," and classes limited to five. All athletics. Catalog on request. Write Box R. Milford, Conn.

AUGUSTA MILITARY ACADEMY

College preparatory. Accredited. New $150,000 gymnasium, glass enclosed swimming pool attached. Excellent classroom equipment. Experienced teachers. Boys from 27 states. R. O. T. C. 64th year. Catalog.

Colonel T. J. Roller or Major C. S. Roller, Jr., *Principals,* Box R, Ft. Defiance, Va.

HARGRAVE MILITARY ACADEMY

Small school advantages at low cost. College preparatory. 200 students. Individual attention. Athletics. 2 gyms. Band. Literary society. Separate Junior school. 40 acres in Piedmont. *Catalog.* A. H. Camden, A. B., Pres., Box R, Chatham, Va.

KENTUCKY MILITARY INSTITUTE

Oldest mil. school in America for Boys 8 to 19. Fully accredited all colleges, tutorial attention. R. O. T. C. Horseback Riding, Swimming, etc. 11 Miles from Louisville. *Catalog:* Box R, LYNDON, KY.

LEE SCHOOL In the heart of The Blue Ridge

College Preparatory Small classes.

Outdoor life. 1600 Acre estate. Gymnasium, Swimming Pool. *Write for catalog illustrating unusual size and equipment.* C. N. Sisson, Headmaster, Box R, Blue Ridge, N. C.

DARLINGTON SCHOOL for BOYS

In the Mountains of Northwest Georgia. Prepares for all colleges. Junior Dept. Fully accredited. Men teachers graduates "A" colleges. Honor system. Non-sectarian. Non-military. All sports. Lake on campus. Box R, Rome, Ga.

COLUMBIA INSTITUTE

Est. 1835 Episcopal

College Preparatory. Junior College. Accredited

Modern Buildings. Mild healthful Climate.

Address: Mrs. Ernest Cruikshank, Box R, Columbia, Tenn.

CASTLE HEIGHTS MILITARY ACADEMY

Half million dollar modern equipment ideally located. Teacher for every eight boys. Accredited all colleges. Only school employing Macfadden physical culture system. Complete sports facilities include polo and golf. Separate Junior School for boys six to thirteen. Write for interesting catalog. Drawer R-4, Lebanon, Tennessee.

Baylor School

Prepares for all colleges. Accredited. Military. Small classes. 2 gymnasiums, swimming pool, 9-hole free golf course. Aquatics. Junior School. Ask for catalog R.

H. B. BARKS, Head Master, Box 1807, Sta. A., CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

JUNIOR MILITARY ACADEMY

Kindergarten and elementary. Teacher to every 8 boys. House mothers. Planned activities. Healthful climate. 220 acres. Open 12 months. Moderate rates.

Head Master, Box R, Bloomington Springs, Tenn.

GULF COAST MILITARY ACADEMY

Skilled instructors; personal supervision. Graduates accredited eastern colleges. Two departments, Junior, 6 to 14; Senior, 14 and over. Open air quarters. Open year round. Write for Catalog. R-6, Gulfport, Miss.

BRANHAM & HUGHES MILITARY ACADEMY

Boys taught habits of study, health, manliness, sportsmanship. Christian influences. High Scholarship. New Gymnasium, Golf. 70 Acre Campus—Lake. R.O.T.C. *Separate Junior School*

30 Miles South of Nashville *Address* Box R, Spring Hill, Tenn.

COLUMBIA MILITARY ACADEMY

Prepares for all colleges and Government academies. Students from 20 states. All sports. Gym, pool. Band. 67 acres. $850, all-inclusive. *Catalog.* Box 704, Columbia, Tenn.

BATTLE GROUND ACADEMY

A College Preparatory School for Boys. Non-military. Accredited. Highly trained faculty. Small classes. Modern equipment. Athletics, Golf, 18 miles from Nashville. *Address* George I. Briggs, Headmaster, Box R, Franklin, Tennessee.

WESTERN STATES—BOYS

CULVER MILITARY ACADEMY
(On Lake Maxinkuckee)
Prepares boys for college and for citizenship. *Catalog.* 940 Pershing Place, Culver, Ind.

HOWE HOWE — INDIANA
A Clean Mind in a Sound Body
Highest standards of scholarship and character with wholesome outdoor recreation. Military. Rev. Charles Herbert Young, S. T. D., Rector. For Catalog Address Business Office, Howe, Indiana.

KEMPER MILITARY SCHOOL
PREPARATORY school and Junior college. Small classes. Gym 100 x 200 ft. Swimming pool. Sport for every boy. Golf course. 56 acres. 86th year. *Catalog.*
Col. T. A. Johnston, 754 Third St., Boonville, Missouri

MISSOURI MILITARY ACADEMY
Near St. Louis. Ages 8 to 20. Develops red-blooded American manhood. Accredited to all colleges. Also Business Course. Shop. *Teaches "How-to-Study."* Modern buildings. Supervised Athletics for All. *Catalogue:*
Col. E. Y. Burton, Pres., Box 124, Mexico, Missouri

WESTERN MILITARY ACADEMY
51 YEARS training boys. National patronage. Limited to 300. Small classes, supervised study periods. Fire-proof buildings. All sports facilities. 25 miles from St. Louis. Catalog. Maj. R. D. Eaton, Reg., Alton, Illinois

ILLINOIS MILITARY SCHOOL
College preparatory with military training for discipline. Small classes, individual attention. Also separate Junior College. Special courses for young boys. Athletics. R.O.T.C. Catalog. Box 13, ALEDO, ILL.

TODD For 100 Boys (6 to 15) —53rd Year—
The oldest school for boys in the west is today unique in its progressive methods. *Investigate.* One hour from Chicago. Visit, or write for catalog:
NOBLE HILL, Prin., Box DI, Woodstock, Illinois

ONARGA MILITARY SCHOOL
ACCREDITED. Trains for character. 5 modern buildings. 85 miles south of Chicago. College Prep., Business. *Also Camp.* Endowed. Catalog:
Col. J. R. BITTINGER, Supt., Dept. R., ONARGA, ILL.

MORGAN PARK MILITARY ACADEMY
College Preparatory. Separate grade school. Experienced man teacher for every twelve cadets. Supervised athletics for each boy. 25-acre campus. 10 buildings, 2 new. Summer Camp. 56th year. Catalog. Col. H. D. Abells, Supt., Box 630, Morgan Park, Chicago, Ill.

LAKE FOREST
Character First! Accredited. College Preparatory Academy for Boys. On Lake—hour north of Chicago. All Athletics. Endowed. Catalog of J. W. Richards, Box 156, Lake Forest, Ill.

UNIVERSITIES

DePaul UNIVERSITY
Resident and Home Study Courses. Liberal Arts--Law--Commerce--Music --Art--High School. 6000 student body. Athletics, etc. For Bulletin address--
Dept. R. B., 1010 Webster Ave., Chicago, Ill.

TEMPLE UNIVERSITY
PHILADELPHIA
The College of Liberal Arts and Science; Teachers College; School of Commerce; Professional Courses in Theology, Law, Dentistry, Medicine, Pharmacy, Chiropody and Music. Training School for Nurses, with degree. Positions secured for those who wish to earn as they learn. Write for Catalog stating course desired. Address Box E.

NORTHWESTERN MILITARY AND NAVAL ACADEMY
70 mi. from Chicago. An endowed College Preparatory School. Its distinctive advantages and methods interest discriminating parents.
Col. R. P. Davidson, Supt., Lake Geneva, Wis.

St. John's Military Academy
The American Rugby. Eminently fitted for training American boys. Thorough scholastic and military instruction. Lake Region. Catalog. 140 De Koven Hall, Delafield, Wis.

MIAMI MILITARY INSTITUTE
IN THE valley of the Great Miami River. 14 miles from Dayton. Strong courses, small classes, intensive application prepare thoroughly for any college. Fire-proof buildings. 45th year under present head. Catalog. COL. ORVON GRAFF BROWN, Box 340, Germantown, Ohio

OHIO Military Institute
97th year. High location. Lower school for younger boys. New athletic field. Address A. M. Henshaw, Supt., Box 27, College Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CHADDOCK For Boys of All Ages
$500 tuition. (Half usual rate) made possible by endowment and church support. Manual training. All athletics, including swimming. Best church influences. Modern equipment. Address
The Superintendent, Box R, Quincy, Illinois

Michigan Military Academy
Small classes. Individual attention in academic work; horseback riding, all athletics, winter sports. 7th Grade through High School. For catalog, address, Secretary, Michigan Military Academy, Box 13, Menominee, Mich.

◆ CRANBROOK ◆
ENDOWED non-military school for boys. Grades 7-12. All buildings new, famous for beauty. Small classes. Arts and crafts emphasized. Two gymnasiums. Sports. Observatory. Seventy-five hilly acres. Near Detroit.
Dr. W. O. Stevens, Box 340 Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

PILLSBURY ACADEMY FOR BOYS
53rd year. 20 acres. 8 buildings. Maximum college preparation. Military and Manual Training. Gymnasium. Swimming Pool. Advantages in vocal and instrumental music. Endowed. Rate $800. Catalog. Mile B. Price, Ph.D., Principal, Box 397-C, Owatonna, Minn.

Shattuck School EPISCOPAL. College preparatory. Business Course. Individual attention. All athletics—8 coaches. Every boy on a team his age and size. 240 acres. Golf, swimming pool, gym. 69th year. Summer session. Write for catalog.
C. W. Newhall, Headmaster, Box R, Faribault, Minn.

WENTWORTH
Military Academy and Junior College
60th Anniversary. Fully accredited. 43 miles from Kansas City. "In the Heart of America"
Col. S. Sellers . . 140 Washington Place, Lexington, Mo.

FAR WEST—BOYS

PAGE MILITARY ACADEMY
A QUALITY school for little boys. And Page is designed wholly to serve their needs. Matrons give sympathetic motherly attention. Modified military. The largest school of its kind in America. Catalog.
Major Robert A. Gibbs, Headmaster
1211 Cochran Ave. Los Angeles, Cal.

PALO VERDE *Ranch School*
For young boys. 7th and 8th grades. First two years of High School. Instructor to every five boys. Healthful, outdoor life. Modern buildings. Riding, Swimming, Tennis, Camping trips. *For information address:*
James S. Hutchinson, Headmaster, Box R, Mesa, Arizona

PALO ALTO Military Academy
Exclusively for primary and grammar grades. Homelike. Thoro. Riding, bicycling, swimming and many other health-giving sports. Open 12 months in the year. Summer camp.
Col. R. P. Kelly, Supt., Box 805-R, Palo Alto, Calif.

SAN DIEGO ARMY AND NAVY ACADEMY
"The West Point of the West." Junior R. O. T. C. Class "M" rating of War Dept. Accredited by leading universities, West Point and Annapolis. Christian influences. Land and water sports all year. Catalog. Col. Thos. A. Davis, Box 505, Pacific Beach Station, San Diego, Cal.

"The School that stresses Scholarship"
BEVERLY SCHOOL FOR BOYS
BOARDING AND DAY
NON-SECTARIAN AND NON-MILITARY
For boys (from 6 to 18) whose parents have their educational progress and physical welfare genuinely at heart. *Catalogue on request.*
358 SOUTH VIRGIL AVENUE TEL. DU. 1485 LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

SAN RAFAEL MILITARY ACADEMY
"One of California's finest private schools" (non-sectarian)
Primary, Grammar, High School, Junior College. Fully accredited. Division "A" rating, Univ. of California. High scholastic standard. One hour from San Francisco. Catalog.
A. L. STEWART, Supt. Box D-R. SAN RAFAEL, CALIF.

CAL-PREP CALIFORNIA PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR BOYS
Among the orange groves of Southern California, near Los Angeles. Thorough training in scholarship and physical development. Lower School, First seven grades. Upper School. Five forms. Athletics, Music, Riding, Swimming and Golf.
Address The Headmaster, Box R, Covina, California

NEW MEXICO MILITARY INSTITUTE Camp and Summer School
Col. D. C. Pearson, Superintendent, Box S Roswell, New Mexico

A Personal Service for Parents

Schools — Camps

There are many fine schools and camps announced in these pages, which are personally known to us through our years of systematic school and camp visiting. They are glad to send catalogues and answer letters from parents. We urge your immediate choice of camps.

If you experience any difficulty in finding a school or camp which accords with your ideals or requirements, let us help you from our experience. We are college women who specialize in personalized school and camp information. There is no charge to Redbook Magazine readers for this service which is maintained for your assistance. Write stating clearly all the factors that will govern your choice of a school or camp and address

The Director, Department of Education
REDBOOK MAGAZINE
230 Park Avenue New York City

KINDERGARTEN TRAINING

PREPARING women to become Elementary and Kindergarten teachers. Cultural courses. 2 and 4 year diplomas 43rd year. New buildings. Spring term, Feb. 3; Summer, June 20. Box 340, Evanston, Ill.
NATIONAL Kindergarten and Elementary COLLEGE

KINDERGARTEN AND PRIMARY

TRAINING—35th yr. Accredited—progressive 3 yr. diploma. Student residence. Address Registrar for Bulletin.
CHICAGO TEACHERS COLLEGE, Dept. 5, 504 Wrightwood Ave., Chicago

FLATBUSH TEACHER TRAINING SCHOOL

Kindergarten and Primary Teacher—Training for High School Graduates. Course credited for degree. Recreational opportunities. Metropolitan advantages. Moderate rates. State certificates. Public and private school positions.
Dwight R. Little, 1615 Newkirk Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Lesley School of Kindergarten and Primary Training

2 and 3-year courses in playground, kindergarten, nursery and elementary school teaching. 4-year college course, B.S. degree. Four dormitories. Cultural advantages of Boston. Catalog.
Secretary, 37 Everett St., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

ARNOLD COLLEGE of HYGIENE and PHYSICAL EDUCATION

THREE AND FOUR YEAR DEGREE COURSES
Coeducational. Teacher Training. Camp. Girls' Dormitories on Campus. Successful Appointment Bureau. Catalog.
1464 CHAPEL STREET NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

THE SARGENT SCHOOL For Physical Education

Nationally known school for young women now part of Boston University. Four year degree course. High School education prerequisite. Faculty of specialists. Unusual campinstruction. Attractive dormitories. 50th yr. Catalog.
DEAN A. H. WILDE, 20 Everett St., Cambridge, Mass.

Nissen School of Physical Education

For young women. Founded 1890. Regular course three years. One year special course in Swedish Massage and exercise. Three year diploma course for teaching and physiotherapy. Playground work. Summer courses and camp. Dormitories. Catalogue.
Registrar, Box J, 779 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

American College of Physical Education

Coeducational. Academic courses accredited through NORTH PARK COLLEGE, a member of North Central Ass'n. 2 yr. diploma and 3 yr. B. P. E. Degree Courses. Free Catalog and Book of Views.
Dept. R.B., 1019 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS

Electrical Engineering

Training for men of ambition and limited time. Concise, comprehensive course in Theoretical and Practical Electrical Engineering including Mathematics and Mechanical Drawing. Students construct motors, install wiring, test electrical machinery. A thorough course designed to be completed in **one college year.** *Send for catalog.*

BLISS ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
204 Takoma Ave., Washington, D. C.

Chicago TECH College

Founded 1903

DRAFTING, Engineering, Electricity, Architecture

Save time—enroll at this old established school of engineering. 1, 2 and 3 year courses. Diplomas and Degrees. Special 4 months' practical course in Drafting. Other short courses. Enter any time. Day and evening classes. Earn while you learn. Free employment bureau. Athletics. Successful graduates everywhere. Free 80 page "Blue Book." Address the President, Charles W. Morey, B. S., M. E., **Dept. D-73, Chicago Tech. Bldg., 118 E. 26th St., Chicago, Illinois.**

2-YEARS TO ENGINEERING DEGREE

Be a Civil, Electrical, Mechanical, Administrative or Chemical Engineer in 96 weeks. No entrance examinations or high school diploma required. Low tuition and expenses. Degrees conferred by State authority. Catalog FREE.
TRI-STATE COLLEGE, Box E-4101, Angola, Ind.

Professional Schools Continued on Page 18

CO-EDUCATIONAL

CHERRY LAWN SCHOOL

An outdoor progressive school for boys and girls 10 to 18.
Dr. Fred Goldfrank, Director, Darien, Ct.

STARKEY SEMINARY

Country life, city equipment. Fits for college or business. Boys and girls in separate dormitories. Advanced work in art and music. New gymnasium, special athletics. $500 per year and upwards.
Martyn Summerbell, Ph. D., Box 108, Lakemont, New York

CAZENOVIA SEMINARY

Coeducational. In New York lake region. Est. 1824. College Preparatory, Secretarial, Music, and Art Courses, also Lower School. Fully accredited. Adirondack elevation. Athletics.
Charles E. Hamilton, A. M., D. D., Box R, Cazenovia, N. Y.

DICKINSON SEMINARY

College Preparatory, Junior College, Secretarial, Home Economics, Music, Art, Expression Courses. Athletics, New Gymnasium. Pool. Coeducational. Moderate Rates. *For catalog address*
JOHN W. LONG, D. D., Pres., Box R, Williamsport, Penna.

WAYLAND ACADEMY

College preparatory with high standards. Graduates in 30 colleges. All athletics. Music and Expression. A true home school with Christian atmosphere. Co-educational. Est. 1855. Endowment makes possible moderate rate. Catalog.
Edwin P. Brown, Principal, Box 140, Beaver Dam, Wis.

SAVE 2 YEARS — HIGH SCHOOL COMPLETE IN TWO YEARS

PREPARES for college or business. Concise courses. Day or evening. 250 graduates in 32 colleges. Write now for bulletin.
175 Market St., Box R, Paterson, N. J.
PATERSON PREPARATORY SCHOOL

EAST GREENWICH ACADEMY

On Narragansett Bay. Prepares for college or business. Co-educational. Homelike atmosphere. All sports. Moderate Tuition Rate. Separate Junior School. Catalog. A. T. Schulmaier, Box 13, East Greenwich, R. I.

VERMONT ACADEMY

Accredited—College Preparatory—Co-Educational. All advantages modern preparatory schools offer. Junior Dept. Special attention to music. Varsity and intramural athletics, all students participating. Capacity 200. Rate $725.
John B. Cook, LL. D., Prin., Box R, Saxton's River, Vt.

KENT'S HILL *In the Heart of Maine*

College Preparation.—Fully Accredited. Modern Education meeting individual needs. Constructive leadership in athletics and student activities. Moderate rate.
E. W. Hincks, Ed. M., Headmaster, Box R, Kent's Hill, Maine

AUSTIN-CATE

College Preparatory School for Boys and Girls in the New Hampshire Hills. A Sound Secondary Education at Moderate Cost. Clarence Cummings, Headmaster, Box 61 Center Strafford, N. H.

BUCKSPORT

College Preparatory and Junior College Courses. Business, Music. Modern equipment. Convenient, healthful location. Coeducational. Athletics. Horseback riding. Tutoring department. Moderate Tuition. Illustrated catalog.
HOWARD R. DAVIS, Headmaster, Bucksport, Maine

TROY CONFERENCE ACADEMY

College Preparatory, Music, Domestic Science, Commercial Courses. Separate Junior School. Gymnasium. Strong athletic teams. 75 miles from Albany. Endowed. Coeducational. Tuition $500-$600. Illustrated Catalog.
THE HEADMASTER, Box R, Poultney, Vermont

KIMBALL UNION ACADEMY

Founded 1813. College Preparation. Courses H. S. Graduates. Lower School. Well-Equipped. Gymnasium. Playing Fields. Pool. Outing Club. Moderate Tuition. Aid for Worthy Boys and Girls. Charles A. Tracy, Box 31, Meriden, N.H.

SPECIAL SCHOOLS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANCH SCHOOL

A Mental Hygiene School

For a small number of boys, not subnormal mentally, with nervous or emotional disturbances. Write
Walter R. Langer, S. B., A. M. (Harvard), Dir., Silver City, New Mex.

THE WILSON SCHOOLS

A private school home for children whose parents prefer individual instruction. Every kind of special education. Speech correction. Beautiful buildings and surroundings. Complete facilities. Very reasonable rates.
Jessie W. Wilson, M. A., Supt., Dayton, Ohio

TheDevereuxSchools

Separate schools for boys and girls. Juniors and Seniors. All grades in academic work. Athletics. Vocations. Congenial home life. *Address*
HELENA DEVEREUX FENTRESS, Principal, Box R, Berwyn, Penna.

Millard HOME SCHOOL

For girls and boys, age 2 to 14. 100 miles northwest of Chicago. Home influence. Limited number. Lake. Saddle horses. Summer camp. Moderate Rate. *Catalog*
E. S. Millard, Box R, Evansville, Wisconsin

THE STEWART HOME SHOOL

for Backward Children. 37th year. A Private Home and School on a beautiful country estate in the famous Blue Grass Region of Kentucky. Seven Buildings. Cottage Plan. For illustrated catalog address
DR. JOHN P. STEWART, Director. Box G, Frankfort, KY.

HILL-YOUNG SCHOOL OF SPEECH LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 2089 So. Hoover St.

A boarding school for children of good mentality who talk imperfectly or not at all. Recommended by physicians. Pupils of pre-school age and first four grades of school. One experienced teacher to each group of six children. Classes out of doors, in the sunshine. Reasonable tuition rates. For information address
MR. AND MRS. G. KELSON YOUNG.

SPEECH CORRECTION

By Dr. Frederick Martin, former director of Speech Improvement, N.Y.C. schools. Correction of Stammering, Lisping, Loss of Voice, etc. Methods internationally recognized by Medical and Educational Profession. Ithaca Affiliated Schools. 415 DeWitt Park, Ithaca, N. Y.

THE STEWART SCHOOL

The school with the reputation for the psychological development of the backward child. Individual instruction. Articulation. 25 acres, 10 miles from Phila. Open all year. Booklet.
Gertrude A. Stewart, Inc III, Sproul Road, Swarthmore, Pa.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE SCHOOL

A SPECIAL SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Forty-one miles from New York in beautiful Westchester hills. Individual attention. All sports, swimming, horseback riding. Also Summer School and Camp. Catalog on request.
RUDOLPH S. FRIED, Principal
Box B Katonah, New York

The Spruces A Mental Hygiene School

125 Acre Estate on the Hudson River. Winter and Summer Sports, including Horseback Riding. For the treatment and training of the nervous and backward child, and those of superior intelligence who are not well adjusted. Not a school for defective children.
Doctor V. V. Anderson, Medical Director, Staatsburg, New York

HEDLEY

IDEALLY adapted to the individual training of a select group of educable boys and girls requiring special instruction. Unexcelled location. College-trained staff. Summer camp. Half hour from Philadelphia. 17th year. Catalog. Box R, Glenside, Pa.

THE CHAMBERLAIN SCHOOL

Boarding and day school for retarded children. Individual instruction. Articulation. Home life on 100 acre farm. Best physical care. Special summer session.
Marion Chamberlain, P. O. Box 107, Media, Pennsylvania

The Training School at Vineland, New Jersey

Devoted to the interests of those whose minds have not developed normally. Schools, shops, farms, research laboratory. Summer course for teachers. $1300 first year, $900 thereafter.
E. R. Johnstone, Director, C. Emerson Nash, Superintendent, Box 402, Vineland, N. J.

BANCROFT

SCHOOL FOR RETARDED CHILDREN

Modern equipment. Resident Nurse and Physician. Home environments. Individual Instruction. Summer camp in Maine. Est. 1860. *Catalogue.* Box 326, Haddonfield, New Jersey

THE WOODS' SCHOOL

For Exceptional Children. Three Separate Schools
GIRLS BOYS LITTLE FOLKS
Camp with Tutoring. Booklet. Box 166, Langhorne, Pa.
Mrs. Mollie Woods Hare, Principal

COMMERCE AND BUSINESS

Burdett students come from universities, colleges, leading high schools and academies. Sixteen men's colleges represented in Business Administration course alone during present year.

BURDETT COLLEGE *Boston*

A Business School of Collegiate Grade

Intensive two-year courses of college grade: Business Administration and Accounting for young men—Executive Secretarial for young women. Also shorter specialized courses. Burdett training fits graduates for executive, secretarial, office, and other business positions. Exceptional preparation. Able faculty. Individual attention. 51st year. New Building. For catalogue address

F. H. BURDETT, *President*
156 Stuart Street Boston, Mass.

BRYANT-STRATTON

College of Business Administration, Executive-Secretarial, Teacher-Training. State authorized College Degrees. 2-year courses. Co-ed. Placement service. Social life. Dormitories. 68th year-book. Box R-4, **Providence, R. I.**

EASTMAN

LIMITED ENROLLMENT—PERSONAL INSTRUCTION. Specialized training for future executives. Business Administration—Higher Accounting—Secretarial. Open all year. Catalog on request. **Eastman School of Business, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., U. S. A., Dept. L.**

PACKARD SCHOOL

Founded 1858

Business and Secretarial Courses. Accounting. Co-educational. Graduates in demand. Short intensive course for college people. For catalog address: **Secretary, 253 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.**

Pace Institute

Day and Evening Professional School of Accountancy, Business Administration, and Secretarial Practise. Co-educational. Weekly field studies of New York Business organizations. Provides intensive technical training for Accountancy (C. P. A. Examinations) and for Business. For Bulletin S, apply to Registrar, 225 Broadway, N. Y.

Rider College Saves 2 Years

FOUR years' College Work and Bachelor Degree in two years, 48 weeks each. Finance, Business Administration, Executive, Secretarial, Commercial Teacher Training and C. P. A. Accounting. 2000 students annually. Co-ed. Summer Sessions granting college credits. Dormitories. Athletics. Exceptional positions for graduates. 66th year. Catalog.

DIRECTOR, RIDER COLLEGE, Trenton, New Jersey

TRI-STATE COLLEGE

STATE authorized degree in 72 weeks. B. S. in Accounting, Business Administration, Secretarial Science. Men and women. Living costs, tuition low. High School unnecessary. Enter Sept., Jan., March, June. *Catalog.*

240 Park Ave., Angola, Ind.

MIAMI-JACOBS COLLEGE

Business Administration, Secretarial, Accountancy, etc. Chartered for degrees. Write for catalog.

W. E. Harbottle, Pres. Dayton, Ohio

GREGG COLLEGE

Co-educational, enrolling only high school graduates. Offers intensive training for secretarial, accounting, court reporting and teaching positions. 34th year. Placement service. Free Book of Facts. Home of Gregg Shorthand.

GREGG COLLEGE, Dept. R.B., 225 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago

THE BUSINESS INSTITUTE

Institute Building 1333 Cass Avenue Detroit, Michigan

Secretarial, Accounting and Shorter Courses. Individual Advancement. Permanent, free employment service for graduates. Excellent opportunities with the leading automobile companies of America, in Detroit, the "Motor City."

Write Dept. R.B. for booklet, "A Golden Investment."

PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS

Practical Shop Training in ELECTRICITY

A Fast Growing Industry

At the completely equipped modern shops of the New York Electrical School, one of America's foremost and oldest institutions for trade. You **LEARN BY DOING** under personal instruction on full size standard equipment. Every phase of all branches of **ELECTRICITY** is taught by Actual Practice. Individual Instruction. Start any day. The man who has learned the theory and practice of electricity by actually doing the work can always make a good living.

64-Page Booklet FREE

gives full information about the New York Electrical School courses.

THE NEW YORK ELECTRICAL SCHOOL

35 W. 17th St. *Est. 1902* New York City

NEW MEXICO SCHOOL of MINES

Offers 4-year college engineering courses in Mining, Metallurgy, Geology, Chemistry, and General. New Buildings, Excellent Equipment. Strong Faculty. Required preparatory subjects offered. Near metal and coal mining districts. Summer attendance not required. Tuition, dormitory rates and other expenses unusually low. Delightfully mild and healthful climate. Catalog on request.

REGISTRAR, Box P-2, SOCORRO, NEW MEXICO

LEARN Electricity

In 12 weeks by actual work in Coyne Shops—not correspondence — not books.

Radio and Auto Courses included. You don't need advanced education or experience. *Send AT ONCE for Big, New, FREE BOOK!*

COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, Dept. 40-79
500 South Paulina Street - - - - Chicago, Illinois

Learn ELECTRICITY *in Los Angeles*

THOROUGH practical, technical and shop training. 25th year. Expert instructors. No time limit. Write for illustrated catalog—sent free.

National Electrical School

Dept. 308-EF, Figueroa & Santa Barbara Sts., Los Angeles, California

Learn Autos in California

National Automotive School Catalog Sent Free. Learn Autos in Los Angeles. 25th Year. Practical instruction in big shops. No time limit on training. Write today for complete information.

NATIONAL AUTOMOTIVE

Dept. 308-AF, 4004 South Figueroa, Los Angeles, California

LEARN MECHANICAL DENTISTRY

Learn by doing in a few months how to make plates, crowns, bridges, etc. for dentists. Big demand for men. Day or night schools in CHICAGO, DETROIT, CLEVELAND BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA.

***Write for* FREE BOOK**

McCarrie School of Mechanical Dentistry
1338 S. Michigan Avenue Dept. 386 Chicago, Ill.

Learn to be A COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHER

Splendid Salaries Paid Trained Men and Women

Opportunities everywhere for commercial photographers—both men and women. We quickly qualify you for a well-paid position or to open a studio of your own. Earn while learning. Send today for FREE BOOK which tells how you can quickly become a trained commercial photographer.

NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
Dept. K-326 4 West 33rd St., New York City

NURSES TRAINING SCHOOLS

School of Nursing

30 months' course. Maintenance and liberal allowance while learning. Two years of High School required. Ages 18-35. For booklet address Miss Mildred Constantine, Principal School of Nursing, 210th St. & Jerome Ave., N. Y.

MONTEFIORE HOSPITAL

Prospect Heights Hospital (Accredited)

165 beds. 30 minutes from theatre and shopping district, New York City, offers 2½ year course in Nursing to young women having 2 or more years' High School. $5.00 to $15.00 per month during training; uniforms furnished. Apply **Director of Nursing, 775 Washington Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.**

HOSPITAL LABORATORY SCHOOL

6 Months intensive training in hospital laboratory work. An ideal profession for women. Many positions always available at good salaries. No previous experience necessary. INSTITUTE graduates located all over the country. Send for Catalog R.

NORTHWEST INSTITUTE OF MEDICAL TECHNOLOGY
3408 East Lake St., Minneapolis, Minn.

High Class Instruction in Laboratory Technique

It offers wonderful opportunity; interesting and very remunerative career. Study in an accredited medical professional laboratory. Excellent equipment, efficient instructors. Training 6 months. Courses open to physicians and non-medical persons. Also shorter courses by appointment. Students may enroll on the first of any month. **Courses: Clinical Pathology, Bacteriology, Blood Chemistry, Serology, Basal Metabolism, Radiology, Physio-Therapy.** Write for Prospectus R. B.

Gradwohl School of Laboratory Technique
3514 Lucas Avenue St. Louis, Missouri

The University of Michigan Hospital School of Nursing

offers a three-year course leading to a diploma in nursing and a five-year course leading to a diploma in nursing and a Bachelor of Science Degree. Applicants must be graduates of accredited High Schools. Classes enter in February and September.

Address Director of Nursing

University Hospital, Box 57, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Washington Boulevard Hospital

Take a course in our accredited School of Nursing. Three years study, eight hour duty, delightful living quarters. Requirements. High School Diploma or equivalent. Free tuition, maintenance, monthly allowance. Write for Bulletin, to SUPERINTENDENT OF NURSES, Dept. R. B., 2449 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Illinois

Children's Hospital of Michigan

Accredited School of Nursing offers H. S. graduates 3 yr. course. New residence, attractive single rooms. Gym. Country bungalow on 47 acres for week-ends. Board, books, allowance given. Affiliations with adult hospitals.

Margaret A. Rogers, Prin., 5220 St. Antoine St., DETROIT, MICH.

Woman's Hospital of Detroit

Trains women 19-35 for nursing in 3 yr. accredited course. H. S. required. New hospital. Social Service and Clinic Depts. Maintenance, allowance provided. Sept. and Jan. classes.

Miss Adah M. Sweet, The Woman's Hospital, Detroit, Mich.

MISCELLANEOUS

STAMMERING

easily, permanently corrected. Win happiness and success. Ask for full information and special phonograph record. Send dime for postage.

12874 Woodward Ave., The Lewis Institute, Detroit

"STAMMERING Its Cause and Cure"

You can be quickly cured if you stammer. Send 10 cents, coin or stamps, for 208 page cloth bound book on Stammering and Stuttering. It tells how I cured myself after Stammering and Stuttering for 20 years.

BENJAMIN N. BOGUE
10749 Bogue Building, 1147 N. Illinois St., Indianapolis

PROFESSIONAL

CHOOSING A VOCATION

48 Pages Illustrated

MECHANICAL DENTISTRY

Exceptional Vocational Trade taught thoroughly by oldest establishment in this unusual field. Complete details given in this book. *Ask for Bulletin 8.*

BODEE INSTITUTE
1755 Broadway, New York
1305 N. Broad St., Philadelphia
85 Court St., Brooklyn

LEARN MECHANICAL DENTISTRY

MEN NEEDED EVERYWHERE—This modern, growing and necessary business easily learned in a few months in day or evening sessions. Individual, practical training. Easy terms. Our free Catalog R. Sent on Request. Write for it NOW. *Address:* **NEW YORK SCHOOL OF MECHANICAL DENTISTRY, 147 W. 33rd St., NEW YORK**

These schools invite requests for catalogues and information. In writing for catalogues, please mention REDBOOK.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF art
Practical instruction in all branches of Commercial and Fine Arts. Day and spare time courses. Individual instruction. Summer session begins June 30.
Directors, FRANK H. YOUNG, H. L. TIMMINS
Dept. 240, 25 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

DESIGNERS ART
School for Professional Training in Fine Arts and Design
July Class in Handicrafts and Methods for Teachers
Catalog B, 576 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

COSTUME DESIGN
brown's designers
597-599 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Catalog

COMMERCIAL ART
Advertising Art, Layout, Lettering, Design, Pen and Ink, Poster, Color, also Fashions & Interior Decoration. Graduates placed. Individual Progress. Day, Eve., or Home Study. Dept. R. C.
COMMERCIAL ART SCHOOL, 30 S. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO

BUSH CONSERVATORY—CHICAGO
AN INSTITUTION OF NATIONAL PROMINENCE
teaching MUSIC, Dramatic Art, Expression, Opera, Languages, Dancing. 125 instructors. Special courses for teachers and soloists. We own our dormitories. Enroll NOW.
R. B. Schwenker, 839 North Dearborn Street, Chicago

Emerson College of Oratory
Largest School of Oratory, Belles-lettres and Pedagogy in America. Summer Session. 51st year. Degrees granted. Address HARRY SEYMOUR Rose, Dean, Huntington Chambers, Boston.

PHIDELAH RICE
Summer School
of the SPOKEN WORD
On Martha's Vineyard Island
The Vacation School of the Theatre
Mr. Phidelah Rice. 290 Clark Rd., Brookline, Mass.

SECRETARIAL SCHOOLS

BALLARD SCHOOL
CENTRAL BRANCH Y. W. C. A.
Lexington Ave., At 53rd St., N. Y. C.
Secretarial Training — Expert instruction. Registration now open. Ballard School graduates always in demand. Estab. 56 years.

BROWN SCHOOL OF COMMERCE
Develops speedy accurate stenographers and alert, efficient private secretaries. Moderate rates — Graduates placed.
John J. Brown, D.C.L., Director
25 West 45th St. New York City

OLD COLONY SCHOOL
Secretarial and Business Training for Young Women
One-year course. Resident and Day Pupils. Principals, Florence B. LaMoreaux, A. B., Mrs. Margaret V. Fowler.
315-317 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts

United States Secretarial School
527 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Secretarial & Business Training. Ask for Catalog R.
Irving Edgar Chase, Director Vanderbilt 2474

BEAUTY CULTURE

BEAUTY CULTURE
The smart profession for women, taught the new, easy way by *prize-winning* instructors. 3 to 6 months' training prepares you for all branches. Free Placement Bureau secures week end and permanent positions for qualified students and graduates. *Day* and *Evening Classes.* Easy terms. Call or write for Illustrated Book 8.
WILFRED ACADEMY
NEW YORK, N.Y.—50th St. and 7th Ave.
BOSTON, MASS.—690-692 Boylston St.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.—257 Livingston St.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—801 Chestnut St.
NEWARK, N. J.—833 Broad Street

INTERIOR DECORATION
Six Weeks' Practical Training Course Also Complete Professional and Design Courses. Summer Term Starts July 7. Send for Catalog 35-R. Also Home Study Course starts at once.
Send for booklet 35-A
The N. Y. School of Interior Decoration
578 Madison Avenue • • New York City

FASHION ACADEMY
Costume Design for trade, screen and stage; Booklet; Individual instruction; direction of
EMIL ALVIN HARTMAN
America's Foremost Instructor of Fashion Art
NEW YORK—PARIS 16 East 52nd Street, Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK CITY

GRAND CENTRAL SCHOOL of ART
Individual talent developed by successful modern artists. Drawing, Painting, Sculpture, Commercial and Applied Arts. Interior Decoration. Credits given. Day and evening classes. *Catalogue.*
7012 Grand Central Terminal New York City

N. Y. AND PARIS PARSONS CATALOGUES SENT
New York School of Fine & Applied Art
THE ORIGINAL SCHOOL of Interior Architecture & Decoration; Costume Design & Construction; Advertising Illustration. Teachers Training, etc.
PARIS ATELIERS ENTER FEB., JUNE OR SEPT.
Address Box N, 2239 Broadway, New York

PHOENIX ART INSTITUTE
FACULTY of such outstanding artists as Rockwell, Booth, Fogarty. Commercial Art, Illustration, Design. Day and evening sessions. Summer term. Send for Bulletin R
350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

EXETER SCHOOL OF ART
Industrial and Fine Arts
Day, Evening and Special *diploma courses* in Drawing, Painting, Illustration, Interior Decoration, Costume Design, Handicrafts, Teachers Training and Advertising Art. (*Catalog on Request*) Address
GEORGE W. MORRISON, *Director*, 729 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

WHITEHOUSE
ACADEMY of DRAMATIC ARTS
Offers a Two-Year Liberal Education Course with a Rich Background in Literature and Drama. Prepares for a definite paying profession in acting or teaching.
422 Pierce Building, Copley Square, Boston, Mass.

LELAND POWERS
Schools of the Spoken Word
Theatre
Courses leading to Teaching, Play Producing, and Professional Acting. *Catalog*
THE PRINCIPAL, 31 Evans Way, Boston

MARYLAND INSTITUTE
1825-1930 Baltimore, Md.
Courses in Fine Arts, Teacher Training, Advertising and Costume Design, Interior Decoration, Stage Craft, Occupational Therapy, etc. Rinehart School of Sculpture. Catalogue on request.

LAYTON SCHOOL OF ART
Painting, Sculpture, Teacher Training, Advertising Art, Illustration, Interior and Industrial Design. Students may enter now. Send for Catalog.
LAYTON SCHOOL of ART
Dept. R.M., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

STATE CHARTERED
NATIONAL ACADEMY OF ART
Painting, Sculpture, Advertising Art, Interior Decor. *Dormitories.* Catalog: Sec'y, 230 E. Ohio St., Chicago

CHAMBERLAIN SCHOOL OF EVERYDAY ART
Styling—A New Profession for Women. Limited Enrollment. References Required. 738 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

The ART INSTITUTE of Pittsburgh
Unusually productive 2-year course in Commercial Illustration; Fashion Illustration or Interior Decorating, 1 year. Former students' achievements your guarantee. Personal interest in beginners by Director. Excellent living accommodations. Send for student-illustrated catalog.
547 Sixth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS
Founded 1884 by Franklin H. Sargent
The foremost institution for Dramatic and Expressional Training. The instruction of the Academy furnishes the essential preparation for Directing and Teaching as well as for Acting.
The training is educative and practical, developing Poise, Personality and Expressional Power, of value to those in professional life and to the layman.
SPRING TERM BEGINS APRIL 1st
Catalog describing all Courses from the Secy.
Room 177-D, CARNEGIE HALL, New York

The National School of ELOCUTION and ORATORY
The oldest chartered School of Expression in America. Degrees granted. Public Speaking. Physical Training. English, Dramatic Art, Professional and Finishing Course. Dormitories. For Catalog, address
D. C Shoemaker, Prin., 4010-12 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Institute of Musical Art of the Juilliard School of Music
Frank Damrosch, Director. All branches of music. For students of ability and serious purpose. Catalog.
120 Claremont Ave., New York, N. Y.

New England Conservatory of Music
THE OLDEST AND FOREMOST AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC. RALPH L. FLANDERS, Gen. Mgr., Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass. Facilities doubled by recent additions. Send for Booklet.

THE COMBS CONSERVATORY, PHILA.
Accredited—46th year. All Branches. Degrees. Normal Training. Public School Music. Supervised Practice. Technic Classes. 4 Pupils' Recitals a week. 2 Pupils, Symphony Orchestras. Dormitories. Ask for catalog.
G. R. COMBS, Director, Box R, 1331 S. Bread St.

BRENAU CONSERVATORY
Nationally Recognized
Degrees granted in all branches of music and dramatic art. Preparation for teaching and stage. Dormitories for women and college campus social life. Box L, Gainesville, Georgia.

AMERICAN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
Chicago—Forty-fourth season. Accredited. Certificates Diplomas, Degrees granted by authority State of Illinois. All branches of Music and Dramatic Art. Dormitory Accommodations. 135 instructors. Address for free catalog:
John R. Hattstaedt, Secty., 584 Kimball Hall, Chicago

DETROIT INSTITUTE OF MUSICAL ART
MICHIGAN'S FOREMOST SCHOOL OF MUSIC
All Branches of Music. Accredited Diplomas and Degrees. Free Catalog
Dept. 8—62 Putnam Ave. Detroit, Mich.

Cincinnati Conservatory
EST. 1867 OF MUSIC, INC.
Bertha Baur, President. Noted faculty—international reputation. Send for bulletin describing complete courses.
R. T. HOWARD, Registrar. CINCINNATI, OHIO.

FEAGIN SCHOOL OF DRAMATIC ART
Acting — Directing — Teaching — Entertaining—Talking Pictures—Radio Broadcasting —Public Speaking, Diction, Stagecraft, Develops Personality, Evening Classes, Children's Classes. Enrollment open.
602-A Carnegie Hall, NEW YORK Circle 1766

36TH YEAR
Alviene SCHOOL OF THE THEATRE
and CULTURAL ARTS
Drama, Stage Dancing, Musical Comedy, Talking Pictures, Art of Singing & Elocution for stage, teaching, directing and personal development.
ADVISORY DIRECTORS
Alan Dale, Jr. Wm. A. Brady Sir John Martin-Harvey J. J. Shubert
Appearances in Alviene Art Theatre while learning. Stock Players. Stress Artistry and Placements. Pupils—Mary Pickford, Fred & Adele Astaire, Lee Tracy, Dolly Sisters, Laurette Taylor.
Write R. ERWIN, Sec'y for catalog 2 (mentioning studies desired)
66 W. 85 St., N. Y.

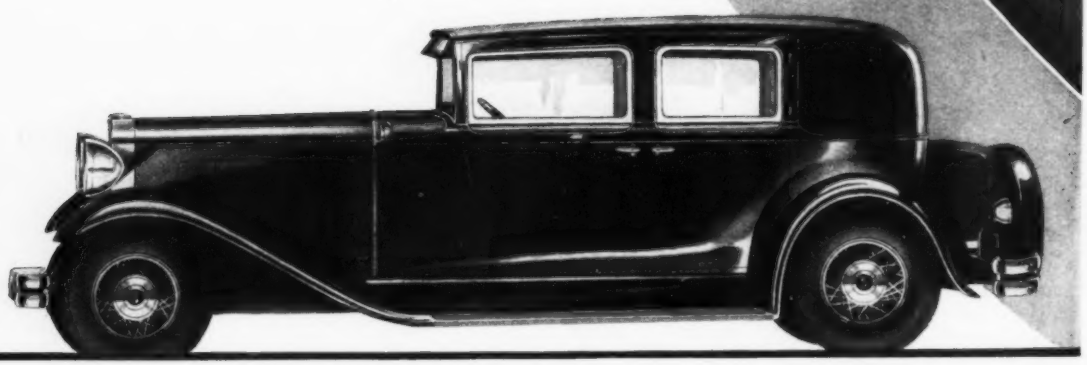
These schools invite requests for catalogues and information. In writing for catalogues, please mention REDBOOK.

1930 NASH "400"

TWIN-IGNITION EIGHT

TWIN-IGNITION SIX

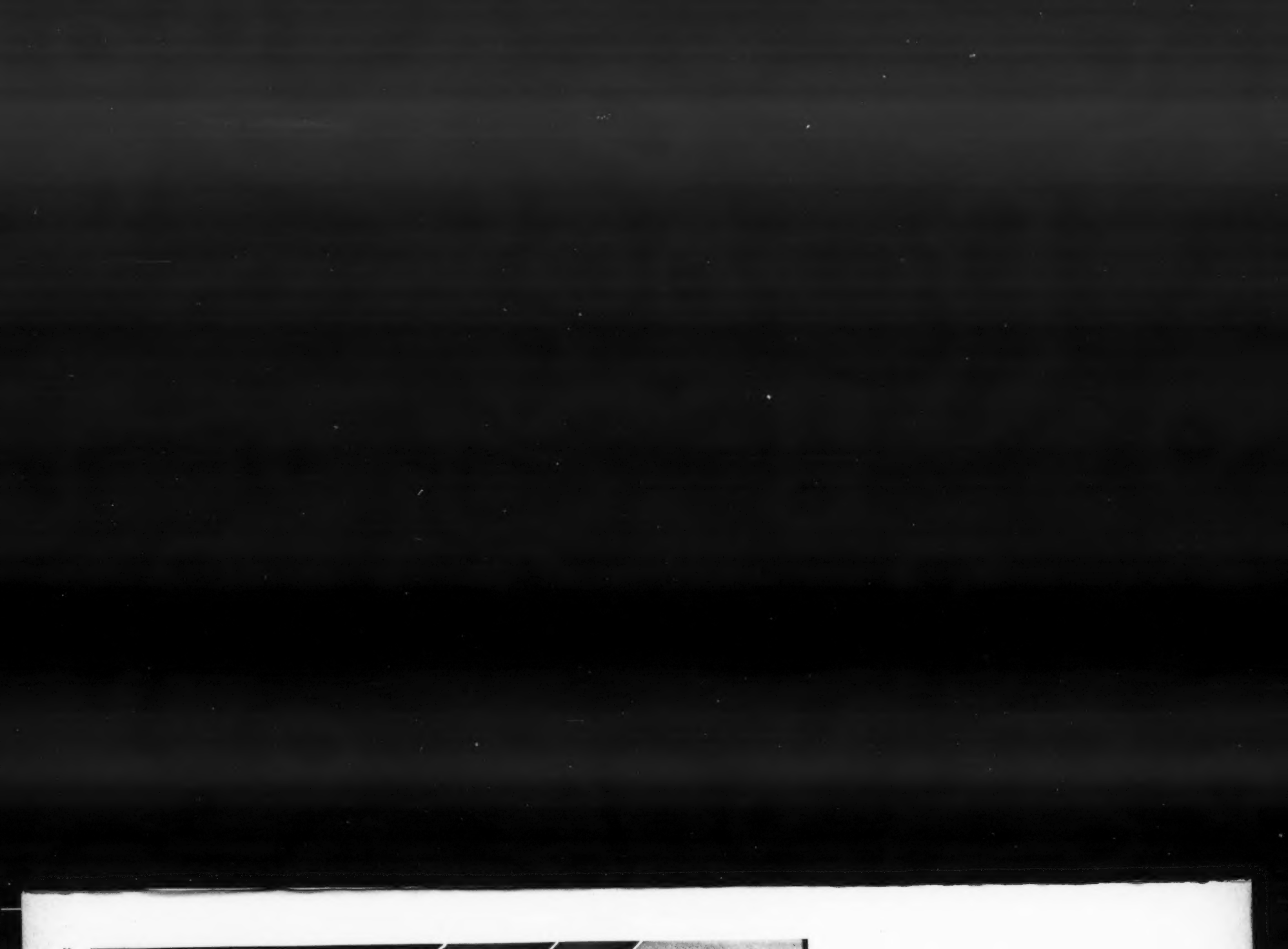
..... SINGLE SIX



NEW "400" FEATURES ASSURE *"SUPERIOR PERFORMANCE!"*

THE performance of the new 1930 Nash "400's" is so obviously superior you will know it instantly. ¶ Notice the powerful smoothness of "400" acceleration. The new 9-bearing, Twin-Ignition Eight motor and 7-bearing, Twin-Ignition Six and Single Six motors all provide a new and superior type of power for the modern motor car. ¶ Notice also the wealth of other new "400" features—centralized chassis lubrication, for convenience and a long-lived chassis; built-in, automatic radiator shutters, for increased motor efficiency in all weathers; flexible steel spring covers with sealed-in, lifetime lubrication, for quiet, easy spring action; self-energizing 4-wheel brakes, for easier, more positive braking control; improved steering design; and Duplate non-shatterable plate glass in all Twin-Ignition Eight models, for safety. ¶ Don't think of deciding on your new car until you sit at the wheel of a 1930 Nash "400".

(1565)



Metropolis

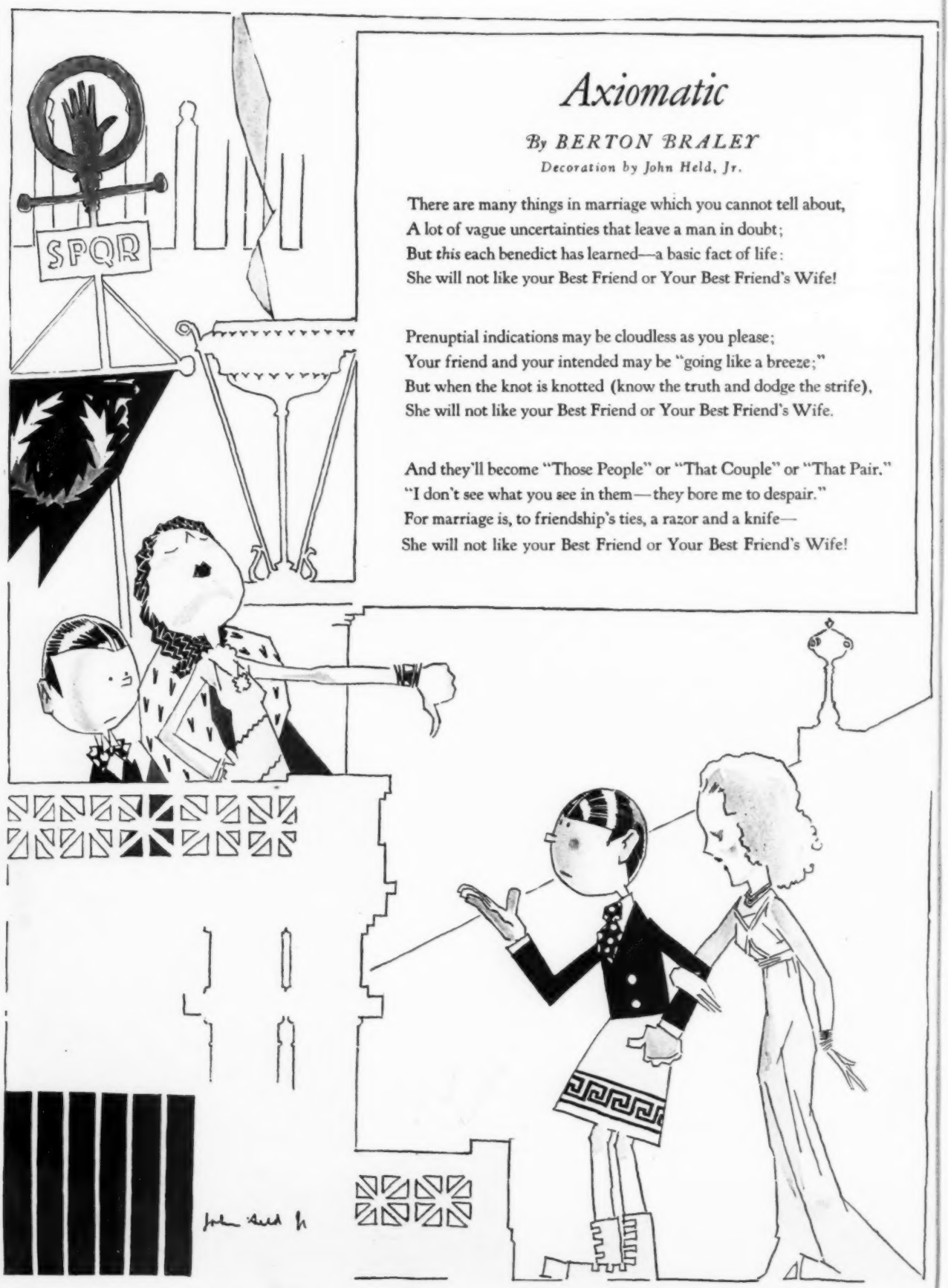
An interpretation by José Segrelles

"A great city whose image dwells on the memory of man is the type of some great idea. Rome represents conquest; faith hovers over Jerusalem." José Segrelles, one of the most vital and sensitive of the artists of Spain, herewith inscribes a feeling at sight of New York.

OSWALD SPENGLER, who has summed up civilization in the tremendous terms of his "Decline of the West," thus describes a metropolis:

"Here is only forward, never back. Long, long ago the country bore the country-town and nourished it with her best blood. Now the giant city sucks the country dry, insatiably and incessantly demanding and devouring fresh streams of men. . . . . Once the full sinful beauty of this last marvel of all history has captured a victim, it never lets him go. Homesickness for the great city is keener than any other nostalgia. Home is for him any one of these giant cities, but even the nearest village is alien territory. He would sooner die upon the pavement than go 'back' to the land."

Theodore Parker meets the metropolis in another mood, declaring: "The union of men in large masses is indispensable to the development and rapid growth of the higher faculties of men. Cities have always been the fireplaces of civilization, whence light and heat radiated out into the dark cold world."



Axiomatic

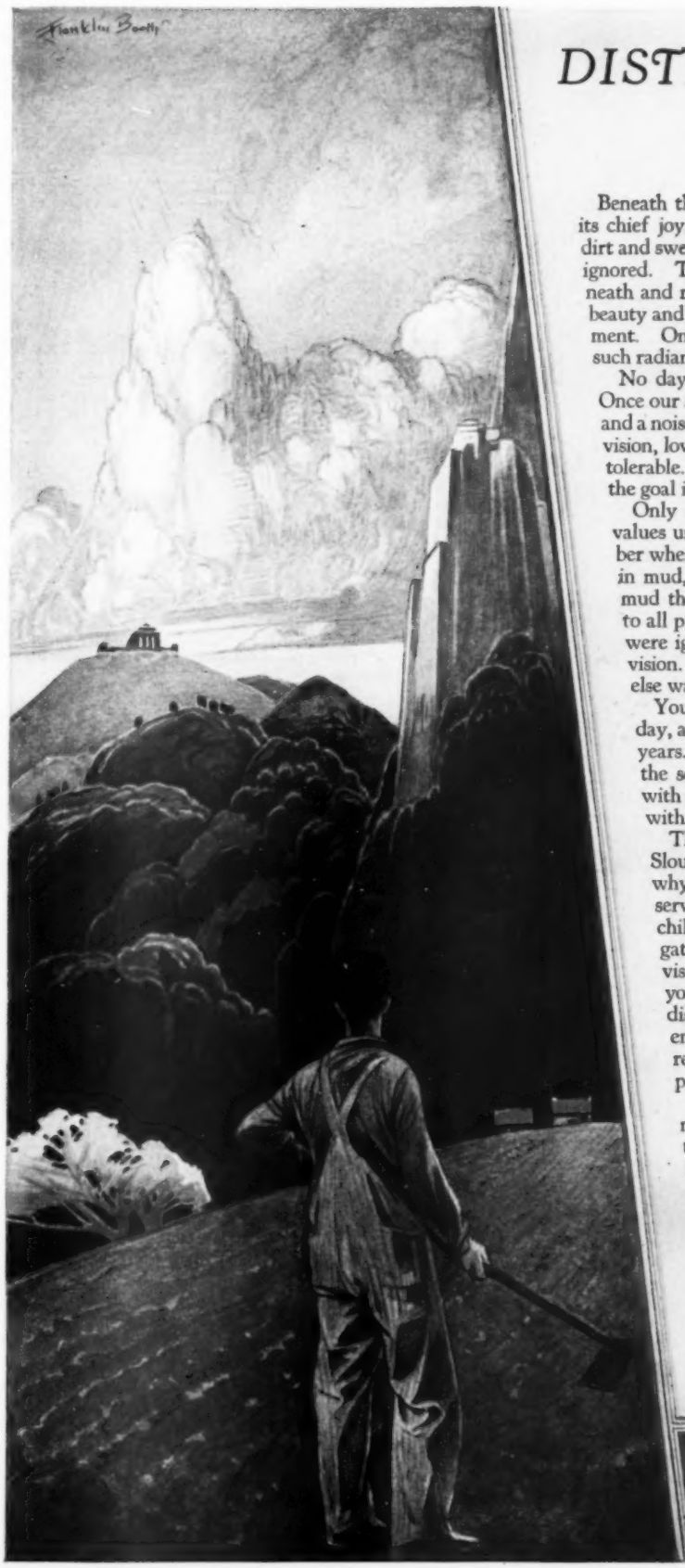
By BERTON BRALEY

Decoration by John Held, Jr.

There are many things in marriage which you cannot tell about,
A lot of vague uncertainties that leave a man in doubt;
But *this* each benedict has learned—a basic fact of life:
She will not like your Best Friend or Your Best Friend's Wife!

Prenuptial indications may be cloudless as you please;
Your friend and your intended may be "going like a breeze;"
But when the knot is knotted (know the truth and dodge the strife),
She will not like your Best Friend or Your Best Friend's Wife.

And they'll become "Those People" or "That Couple" or "That Pair."
"I don't see what you see in them—they bore me to despair."
For marriage is, to friendship's ties, a razor and a knife—
She will not like your Best Friend or Your Best Friend's Wife!



DISTANT and NEAR

By ANGELO PATRI

Decoration by Franklin Booth

Beneath the surface of life lie the rich subtleties that are its chief joy, its essential purpose. Such obvious things as dirt and sweaty labor and dull routine are to be accepted and ignored. They are the means to a cherished end. Underneath and roundabout are the realities for which we strive, beauty and love and peace and the good will that is contentment. Once they are discovered and released, they shed such radiance that daily living becomes a reflection of glory.

No day-by-day work is a joy if it is an end in itself. Once our stint assumes such an aspect, it becomes a deadly and a noisome thing. Only when work leads to a far-away vision, lovely and completely satisfying in its promise, is it tolerable. Every turn of the wheel that brings us nearer the goal is a fresh inspiration; every ache becomes a thrill.

Only the experienced, discriminating soul finds such values underlying life's routine. And yet, you remember when for one whole day you could splash ankle-deep in mud, building with sticks and stones and plaster of mud the castle of your dreams. You were deaf then to all prophecies of weariness and disaster, because you were ignoring the commonplace and dwelling in your vision. Then your purpose was topside up and all else was relegated to its inherent nothingness.

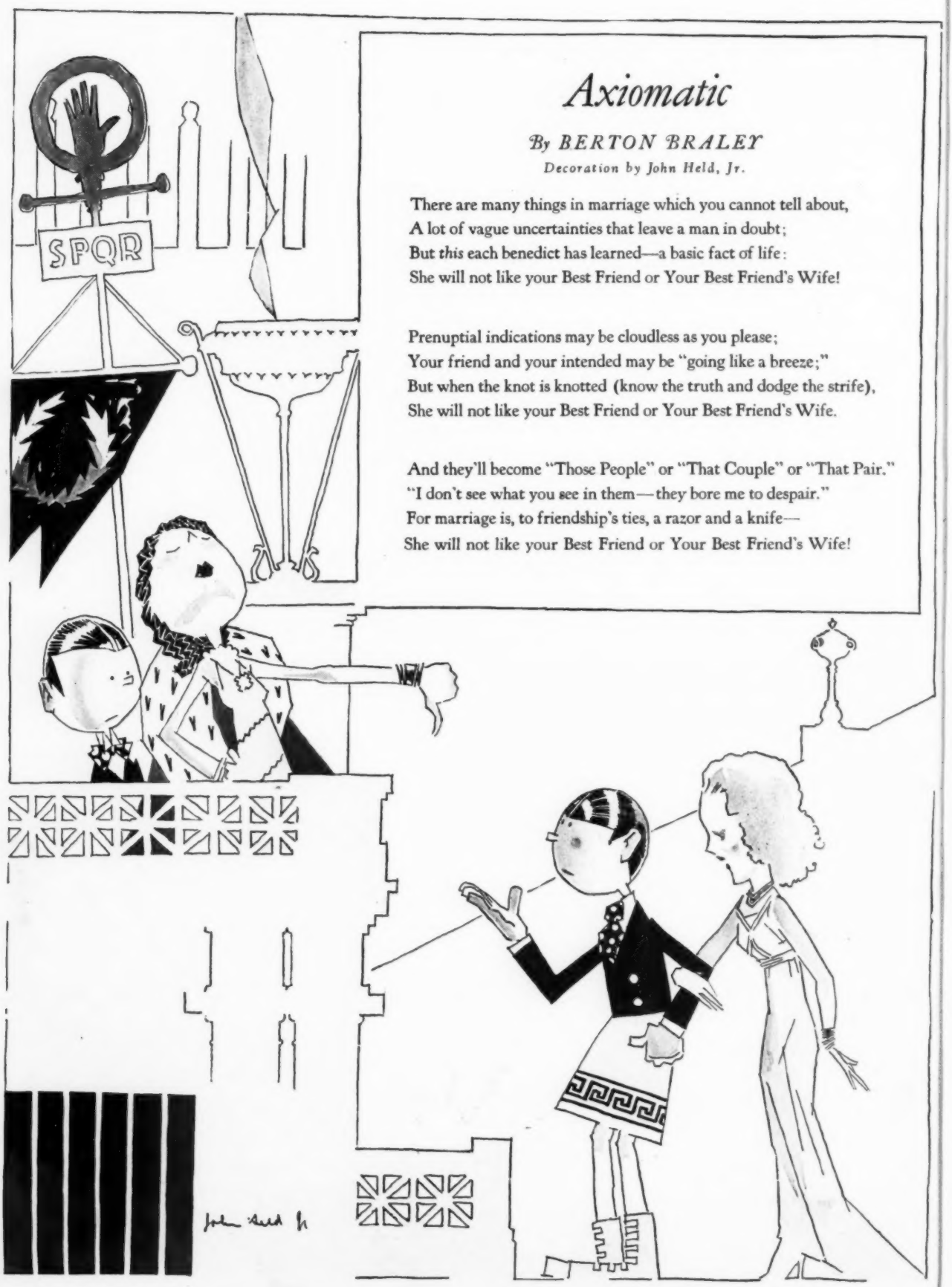
You never lose that power. It awaits your call today, as much your servant as in those care-free fearless years. It is with you when you forget all else save the service which you render to your vision. It is with you when you succeed in merging obvious matter with the inner reality that is your soul.

The road to the Celestial City lies through the Slough of Despond over the Hill of Difficulty. But why emphasize the obvious when accepting it will serve us better? The dishes must be washed, the children tended, the machines speeded and harvest gathered, but to a visioned purpose. What is the vision that animates you? Toward what star do you travel? Are you merging your grief and distress as all great souls must learn to do, in the end you view, looking forward to the shining reality? It is the only way to push the uneasy present into the distant peace.

Seize the opportunity that lies at your hand, no matter how crude the tool, how mean the task. Take the road that opens today, though it appear blindly indirect. The world's greatest, best-beloved singer sang his first songs from a huckster's cart—and his last ones in the presence of the kings of the earth.

Ignore the obvious routine matter. It is true that we are made of the dust of the earth, but so are the stars. Faith is a substance, and love is a force. Together they will carry you as on the wings of the eagle and "you shall run and not be weary, you shall walk and not faint."

ONLY WHEN WORK LEADS TO A FAR-AWAY VISION LOVELY AND COMPLETELY SATISFYING IN ITS PROMISE IS IT TOLERABLE



Axiomatic

By BERTON BRALEY

Decoration by John Held, Jr.

There are many things in marriage which you cannot tell about,
A lot of vague uncertainties that leave a man in doubt;
But *this* each benedict has learned—a basic fact of life:
She will not like your Best Friend or Your Best Friend's Wife!

Prenuptial indications may be cloudless as you please;
Your friend and your intended may be "going like a breeze;"
But when the knot is knotted (know the truth and dodge the strife),
She will not like your Best Friend or Your Best Friend's Wife.

And they'll become "Those People" or "That Couple" or "That Pair."
"I don't see what you see in them—they bore me to despair."
For marriage is, to friendship's ties, a razor and a knife—
She will not like your Best Friend or Your Best Friend's Wife!

DISTANT and NEAR

By ANGELO PATRI

Decoration by Franklin Booth

Beneath the surface of life lie the rich subtleties that are its chief joy, its essential purpose. Such obvious things as dirt and sweaty labor and dull routine are to be accepted and ignored. They are the means to a cherished end. Underneath and roundabout are the realities for which we strive, beauty and love and peace and the good will that is contentment. Once they are discovered and released, they shed such radiance that daily living becomes a reflection of glory.

No day-by-day work is a joy if it is an end in itself. Once our stint assumes such an aspect, it becomes a deadly and a noisome thing. Only when work leads to a far-away vision, lovely and completely satisfying in its promise, is it tolerable. Every turn of the wheel that brings us nearer the goal is a fresh inspiration; every ache becomes a thrill.

Only the experienced, discriminating soul finds such values underlying life's routine. And yet, you remember when for one whole day you could splash ankle-deep in mud, building with sticks and stones and plaster of mud the castle of your dreams. You were deaf then to all prophecies of weariness and disaster, because you were ignoring the commonplace and dwelling in your vision. Then your purpose was topside up and all else was relegated to its inherent nothingness.

You never lose that power. It awaits your call today, as much your servant as in those care-free fearless years. It is with you when you forget all else save the service which you render to your vision. It is with you when you succeed in merging obvious matter with the inner reality that is your soul.

The road to the Celestial City lies through the Slough of Despond over the Hill of Difficulty. But why emphasize the obvious when accepting it will serve us better? The dishes must be washed, the children tended, the machines speeded and harvest gathered, but to a visioned purpose. What is the vision that animates you? Toward what star do you travel? Are you merging your grief and distress as all great souls must learn to do, in the end you view, looking forward to the shining reality? It is the only way to push the uneasy present into the distant peace.

Seize the opportunity that lies at your hand, no matter how crude the tool, how mean the task. Take the road that opens today, though it appear blindly indirect. The world's greatest, best-beloved singer sang his first songs from a huckster's cart—and his last ones in the presence of the kings of the earth.

Ignore the obvious routine matter. It is true that we are made of the dust of the earth, but so are the stars. Faith is a substance, and love is a force. Together they will carry you as on the wings of the eagle and "you shall run and not be weary, you shall walk and not faint."

"DO WHEN WORK LEADS TO A FARAWAY VISION LOVELY AND COMPLETELY SATISFYING IN ITS PROMISE IS IT TOLERABLE"

by
Arthur D.
Howden
Smith

Illustrated
by
Mead
Schaeffer

Women America Remembers—

ON June 11, 1760, Mr. Edward Shippen, Esq., a rising citizen of Philadelphia, the capital of His Britannic Majesty's province of Pennsylvania, wrote proudly to his father: "My Peggy this morning made me present of a fine Baby, which tho of the worst sex, is yet entirely welcome." They named this mite of "the worst sex" Margaret after her mother, who had been Margaret Francis, and all the genteel people of Philadelphia called to admire her and her christening dress. At the same time, far away north in Norwich, Connecticut, a tall, rangy young man named Benedict Arnold was eating his heart out until he should finish his term of indenture as an apothecary's apprentice, and be able to hang out his own shingle—which he did the following year: B. ARNOLD–DRUGGIST, BOOKSELLER, &C.–SIBI TOTIQUE.

He had a great love for Latin tags, this Benedict Arnold, and he liked fine clothes, and pretty women and the restless activity of military life, which he had sampled briefly at the age of fifteen during the current war with the French in Canada. Seven years later he was to marry another Margaret, daughter of High Sheriff Mansfield, of New Haven.

During the years to come, while the Arnolds were accumulating a family of three sons and leading a precarious existence financially, Peggy Shippen was flourishing in a luxury which in the Colonies only substantial wealth could assure. As she grew older, her beauty became pronounced, but it was a frail and delicate beauty, perhaps due mainly to the steel-ribbed stays which bound her budding figure. She was scarcely in her 'teens when she began to have fainting-spells. Young girls in the Eighteenth Century were expected to prove that they were ladies by a tendency to hysteria; but that did not necessarily make them the less resilient when trouble came to them, as it was to come in overflowing measure to Peggy Shippen.

She was a reigning belle already when the storm-clouds of the Revolution broke over Philadelphia—to the intense dismay of her father, who was now Judge of His Majesty's Vice-Admiralty Court, and one of the considerable number of Americans who honestly believed the Crown possessed the right of taxation in the Colonies. Mr. Shippen's position was not an enviable one. All his relations were involved in the patriot cause, as were most of his friends; and he made the mistake of trying to straddle both sides, adopting an attitude of passive neutrality between the patriot and loyalist factions, which presently had the effect of his being put on parole by the Committee of Public Safety.

This, however, had no effect upon his daughter's popularity. All the young American officers who came to Philadelphia made a point of being presented to "the beautiful Miss Shippen," and after Sir William Howe had expelled Washington's tattered regiments from the city, the young British officers were equally attentive. The British were much more socially inclined than the poorer and more earnest Americans had been. There was a steady succession of routs, balls, fêtes and performances at the playhouse. Handsome Major André, of the Staff, was especially attentive. He painted a charming portrait of her, and saw to it that she was included among the ladies who were to appear as Turkish slave-girls in the Meschianze, the fantastic enter-

Fourth in a series of intimate portraits of women famous for personality, beauty, wit or audacity, or because of the tragedy left in their train. Next month: —Lola Montez.

IV Peggy Shippen—*Wife of Benedict Arnold*

tainment he organized as a tribute to fat General Howe upon that officer's rather humbling retirement from command. But some of Mr. Shippen's Quaker friends called upon him, and made representations that the Turkish costumes were indecent for a young girl to wear, so that Peggy was obliged to attend the mock tournament merely as a spectator.

Then General Washington maneuvered the British out of Philadelphia, and Peggy found her red-coated swains replaced by gaunt lads in patched blue-and-buff. But society commenced to pick up when General Washington detailed a new military governor to command the city, Major-General Benedict Arnold, the hero of Saratoga, Lake Champlain and the disastrous march to Quebec. General Arnold had developed in the seventeen years since he hung out his shingle as a practicing apothecary. He had read the books he stocked to sell in his store, and every other book he could buy or borrow. If he had earned a reputation as quarrelsome and jealous, he was none the less considered the bravest general officer in the army, and was the idol of the soldiers, who admired his florid good looks and showy dress. One leg was shorter than the other as a result of the wound received in turning defeat into victory at Saratoga after he had been unjustly deprived of his command; but this made him the more interesting, as did the fact that he was a widower.

Big and slightly coarse himself, it was not strange that Arnold was fascinated by Peggy Shippen's delicate beauty. He was not a man to stay single, and he lost no time in paying her his addresses, digging out of his portfolio copies of letters he had written six months before to a girl in Boston, which he deemed so perfect in form that he saved himself trouble by duplicating them word for word. They were effective. Mr. Shippen, trying so hard to be a neutral in the midst of social chaos, was disturbed. He didn't care for Arnold as a man, and he was doubly reluctant to have for son-in-law an American general. It might prejudice him with his British friends. But there was no stopping Peggy. She had fallen in love with a completeness nobody could have expected from one so frail and gentle. And on April 8, 1779, they were married, Arnold so crippled that a soldier must support him when he stood during the ceremony.

They were both very happy. Peggy had a husband she thought a hero. Arnold, vain and hungry for social distinction, justly dissatisfied with his treatment by the Congress, had a rich wife of distinguished family, and talked of resigning his commission. To support his new dignity, he purchased the estate of Mount Pleasant on the Schuylkill, now Fairmount Park, and there he and his lovely bride entertained with an extravagance the city had not witnessed since the departure of the British troops. Already heavily in debt, he plunged deeper, with disastrous consequences to his state of mind.

Tremendously happy in one sense, Arnold was profoundly unhappy in another. He believed that his services were unappreciated, and he chafed under the enforced absence from the field his wound required of him. Somehow, in a roundabout way,—with which neither Peggy nor her father had anything to do,—he entered into correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton in New York. There was not at first any

On April 8, 1779, they were married, Arnold so crippled that

conscious personal motive in what he did. Partly because he was being thrown in contact with people who all along had doubted the success of the patriot cause, partly because even the most ardent patriots were discouraged,—Washington was soon to write, "I have almost ceased to hope,"—he wanted to hit upon some means of ending the struggle.

But in the meantime his personal difficulties increased. He misapplied military funds, was courtmartialed for peculation, and judged by the court to have been "indiscreet," for which Washington administered a rebuke as gentle as possible. But Arnold's proud spirit chafed under it, and his correspondence with Clinton became definite after Washington transferred him to command of the vital fortress at West Point, gateway of the Hudson Valley, in an effort to show Arnold he still retained the trust of his commander-in-chief. Peggy had given birth to a son that spring, and was unable to go with him to West Point; but so soon as she was well enough to travel, she rejoined him, journeying slowly by a comfortable route his forethought had planned for her.

Everyone was glad to see her there. Washington himself said to Lafayette: "Ah, Marquis, you young men are all in love with Mrs. Arnold. Go you and breakfast with her, and tell her not to wait for me."

The rest is history: Poor André, her old flame, captured with papers which damnably convicted Arnold; his abrupt flight, leaving Peggy in tears and hysteria, to the sloop-of-war *Vulture* lying in the river; Washington's arrival too late to apprehend the traitor. Of her attitude that bitter day Hamilton wrote: "At present she almost forgets his crime in his misfortunes; and her horror at the guilt of the traitor is lost in her love of the man."

Aaron Burr afterward accused her of complicity in Arnold's crime. It is incredible. Her whole conduct, previously, at the time and throughout the trying years which followed, disproves the charge. She was terribly shocked by what he had done. She even asked Washington to send her to her father in Philadelphia instead of to her husband in New York. There was some talk of a separation. But the love she felt for Arnold the man, as Hamilton had divined, overrode whatever of disgust she conceived for his conduct as an officer. She went back to him in November.

Her trials had only just begun. There is a tradition in the British Army that Arnold offered to give himself up for André, but that Clinton would not permit it. Certainly he was no coward. But whether this is true or not, he was heartily disliked by British officers, and aside from the expedition to New London, where his massacre of the garrison of Fort Griswold earned him more hatred than his original betrayal, he had no opportunity for distinction in his new service. In England the King received the Arnolds

a soldier must support him when he stood during the ceremony.

kindly, and they were welcomed at Court. Arnold was voted six thousand pounds; Peggy was given a pension of five hundred pounds, and each of her children was to have one hundred pounds a year. But society showed them a cold shoulder, and continued to do so the rest of their lives. Peggy had to find most of her diversion with her children; and that she brought up four fine sons, who all distinguished themselves in the British service, and a daughter who married creditably, speaks well for her character.

There is reason to suppose from hints she cast out that Arnold was unfaithful to her, but her loyalty to him was unwavering, and finally earned her the respect of those who despised him. Wherever Arnold went, in Brook's Club or White's or Almack's, in rare private houses or in the street, he was subject to slights and slurs. For one such incident he challenged Lord Lauderdale; and Peggy suffered as she had not since West Point in anticipation, nobly repressing her agitation "lest I should unman the General." After the duel, in which Arnold bore himself with honor, Lauderdale called upon her to express his "concern that I had been made unhappy."

It was a miserable existence for her. She was always unwell; Arnold was always in debt, despite the assistance of her father. But she kept her head up proudly, and showed the world a smiling face. And what tortures she endured at home with a husband who writhed under the persistent stabs of regret may be gathered from his meeting with Talleyrand. Pressed by the Frenchman, who was on his way to Philadelphia, for letters, Arnold replied, with drooping head: "I am perhaps the only American who cannot give you letters for his own country. All the relations I had there are broken. I must never return."

In 1801 Arnold died, worn out by shame and disappointment over the failure of the War Office to give him a command in the war with France. On his deathbed he called Peggy to him, and asked for his American uniform.

"God forgive me for ever putting on any other," he whispered.

His troubles were ended; hers had but reached a climax. She had all his innumerable debts to pay, and dauntlessly she was determined that this, at least, was one stain which should not attach to his name. Presently she could write to his sons by his first wife in Canada: "I have rescued your father's memory from disrespect, and his children will now never have the mortification of being reproached with his speculations having injured anybody beyond his own family; and his motives, not the unfortunate termination, will be considered, and his memory will be doubly dear to them."

She was not sorry when death lifted her burdens three years later.

"Ordinary soaps can do great harm"

says the famous beauty expert

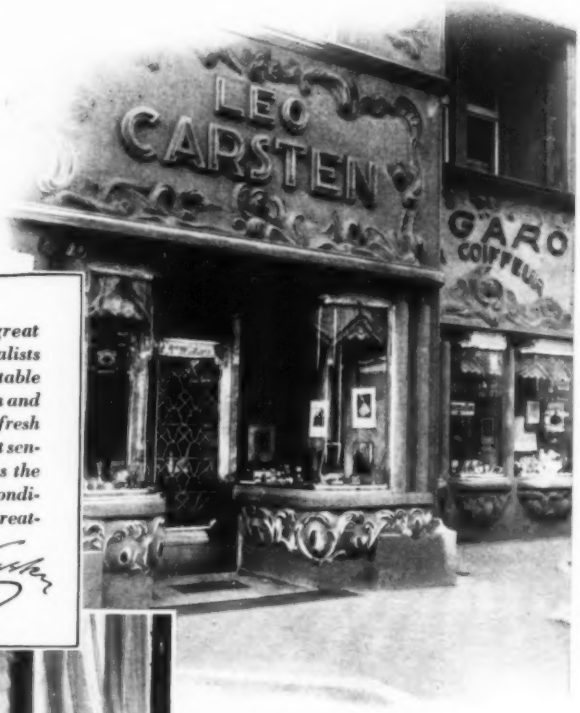
CARSTEN of Berlin

"Daily cleansing with Palmolive Soap is the basis of all my treatments, even the most elaborate."

"Ordinary soaps can do great harm. Modern beauty specialists advise a soap made of vegetable oils... the pure oils of palm and olives. Palmolive Soap is fresh and bland, safe for the most sensitive complexion. It leaves the skin in the best possible condition for a beauty expert's treatment."

Leo Carsten

BERLIN



Facade of Carsten's famous beauty salon on the Kurfürstendam in Berlin... one of the most elegant shops on an avenue famous for its smartness.

Today, more than ever before, it is important to wash the face with this olive oil soap which is safe, bland, non-irritating.

"NEW beauty treatments, such as ultra-violet rays and radio-active preparations, undoubtedly have their value in certain conditions of the skin, but it must not be imagined that older and simpler methods are superseded," says Leo Carsten, proprietor of the famous "Figaro" beauty shop on the Kurfürstendam in Berlin.

"Soap and water, for example, are still the finest possible *cleansers* for the skin," he adds. "You will realize the importance of this when I say that daily cleansing with Palmolive Soap is the basis of all my treatments, even the most elaborate."

Herr Carsten, better known as "Figaro," is head of the leading beauty salon in middle Europe... located on one of the most fashionable streets in the world. He, himself, is well known in Berlin social circles as well as in the world of beauty science.

18,000 famous experts agree

In this shop... in other beauty shops patronized by the smart women of the world's leading capitals... the advice to use Palmolive is part of every recommended home facial treatment.

Palmolive is made of the oils of palm and olives... no other fats whatever. Its color is the natural color of these oils. Its natural odor makes unnecessary the addition of heavy perfumes.

This is the Palmolive treatment

This is the way to get the best results: make a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. Massage it into the face and throat. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. That's all. Yet thousands of great beauty experts, millions of their clients, find it the most effective safeguard for beauty. And Palmolive costs so little that one uses it for the bath, of course, as well. Begin these twice-a-day treatments tomorrow. They will protect your skin from irritation ... keep it fresh, glowing, lovely.

Retail Price 10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR – Broadcast every Wednesday night – from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time – over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Co.

5147

Redbook

APRIL 1930

EDWIN BALMER, *Editor*
DONALD KENNICOTT, *Associate*

VOLUME LIV
NUMBER 6

A COMMON-SENSE EDITORIAL

The Spirit That Will Not Quit

BY BRUCE BARTON

FIVE years ago twelve business men gathered for dinner in a Chicago club. They had been partners in profitable enterprises. Usually their meetings were marked by much good humor, but this night there was an atmosphere of strain.

After dinner the richest man spoke. "You know the purpose of this gathering," he said. "Our latest baby is having a hard struggle. We have already invested ten million dollars. The best estimates indicate that at least four million more must be invested before we can turn the corner.

"As the majority stockholder, I could make the decision. I do not propose to do so. You must decide. I can only say, as I have always said, that I favor going on."

They argued until midnight, and then took a vote. The majority stockholder voted to continue: the other eleven to quit.

That night he could not sleep, for his pride was in the enterprise, even more than his gold. Along toward morning he got out of bed, and sat down at his desk with pencil and paper. At ten o'clock he called another meeting of his associates.

"You have voted to kill this enterprise rather than face the possible loss of another four million dollars," he announced. "I have done some figuring. Since you will not go on with me, I have decided to accept the risk and go on alone."

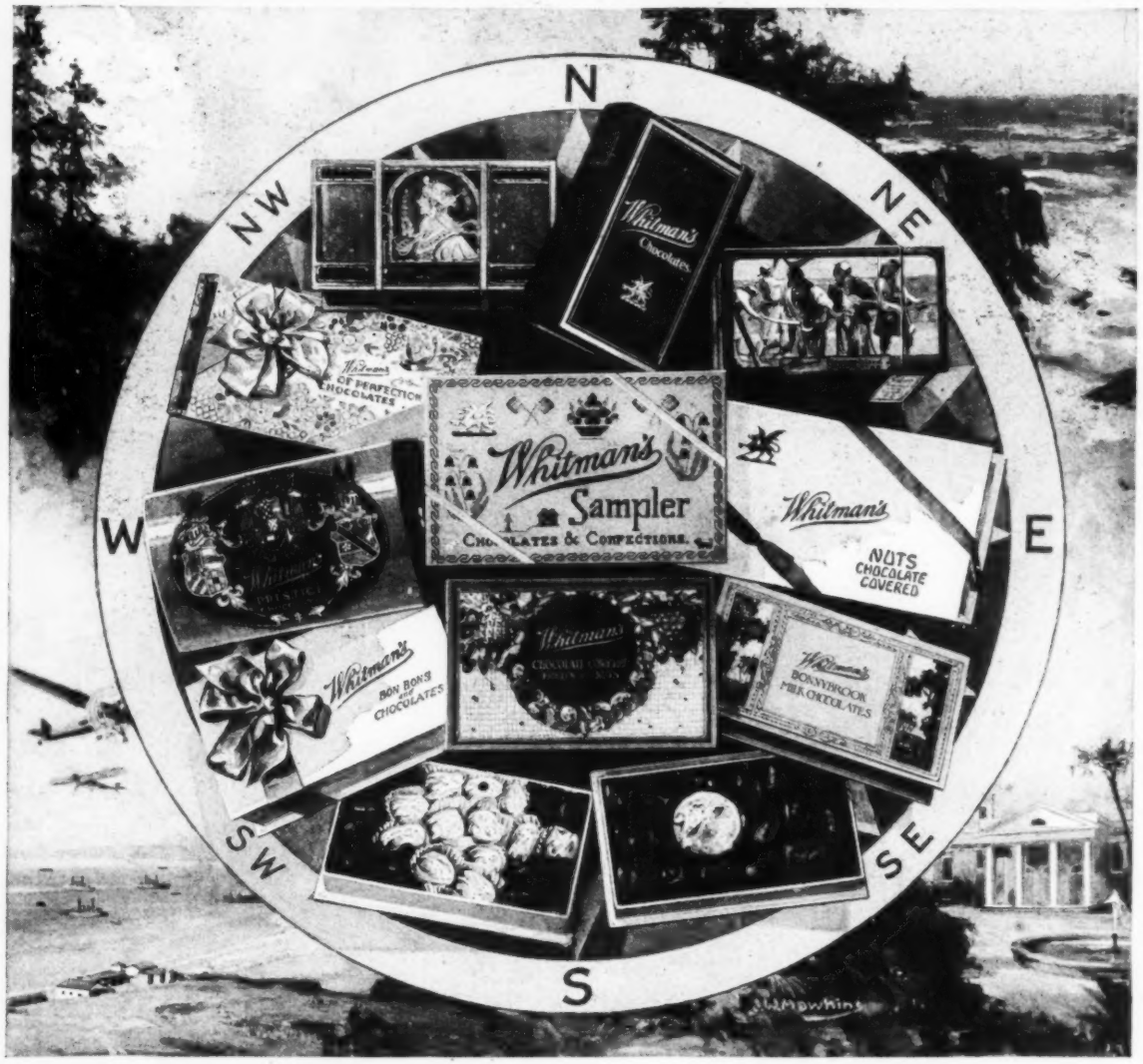
The property which looked so hopeless is now making an annual fortune.

They are very inspiring, these fighters, and I know a number of them. One is a large owner of New York real estate. Less than fifteen years ago he was sleeping on a bench in Central Park. He told me his meals consisted of canned corn—he bought a can each morning and divided it carefully into three parts. Everybody knew that he was down and out except himself. He thought he was just starting up.

Queen Elizabeth wrote to Sir Nicholas Bacon: "I have followed your advice these two years past, in all the affairs of my kingdom, and I have seen nothing but trouble, expense and danger. From this hour, for the same length of time, I am going to follow my own opinion."

She did so, and she won.

There are many different factors which combine with good fortune to bring human beings to success. But probably the most important is the spirit that will not quit.



CONTINENT-COVERING CANDY

Travelers are still registering surprise that Whitman's chocolates, bought in the most distant parts of the continent, are up to the high mark of the same candies bought in New York or Chicago. People who live in distant parts have long ago learned that the stock of Whitman's in the local store is handled with care and sold with dispatch.

Not satisfied only to make fine chocolates right, Whitman's have built up a distribution through a network of selected agencies (nearly twenty thousand careful merchants). Each one serves fresh candies and is supplied direct from Whitman's.

Because of their popularity, Whitman's do not linger on the dealers' shelves. Success begets success. Every fresh and pleasing package sold increases the prestige of Whitman's. We take every possible care to see that the quality put into every package remains till the candy is eaten. Whitman's is the quality candy most called for—and is therefore freshest. Each package is doubly guaranteed—by us and by the dealer.

To send Whitman's quickly to distant points, step into the nearest telegraph office and file your order. A uniformed messenger will deliver the package.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, INC., PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Whitman's Chocolates & Confections

© S. F. W. & Son, Inc.

TO FIND WHITMAN DEALER LOOK UNDER "WHITMAN'S" IN THE BELL TELEPHONE CLASSIFIED DIRECTORY

Decoration by Mead Shaeffer

LIVING IN THE WIDE HOUSE OF THE WORLD

FROM every side, in these efficient days of ours, we are supplied with facts. We live, indeed, constantly informed or reminded of facts—most of which mean nothing to us.

Before we can care about anything, some one must endow it with feeling. For instance, we know—because we read the fact in news-dispatches which have proved reliable—that a few millions of people are starving in China; that a few score more anti-revolutionists face a Soviet firing-squad; that savages, in some distant sea, have swarmed up the side of some lonely trading schooner; but the facts leave us unchanged, cold. We cannot appreciate them; no one has found for them the words which deliver them, when they reach us, not merely to the mind, but deeper—into our feelings.

To reach our feelings, art is required—art, that is, in its truest sense, which means all creative work, chief of which is writing.

Creative writing is—as the great Tolstoi splendidly defined art—"the transfer of feeling." He says: "To call up in oneself a feeling once experienced, and having called it up, by means of words to convey this feeling so that others experience the same feeling—that is art.

"Art is not the manifestation of some mysterious idea; it is a means of communication between people, uniting them in the same feelings, a means indispensable to the life and advance toward well-being of the individual and humanity."

Fiction is a form of art for the transfer to another, in truest manner, of the realities a writer has felt.

You can see this in the story which begins on the next page. Obviously Coningsby Dawson observed certain facts and incidents which he could communicate adequately, how? Only in the form of fiction.

Mary Synon, familiar with very different people, similarly finds for representation of them the outlet of fiction; and Virginia Dale, dealing with a group utterly different, shares with you feelings about them which could be conveyed only in the delightful, confidential relationship set up when a writer tells a story.

We have place, of course, for "fact" direct and as such. For instance, Miss Collett's article, in which that modest and exceedingly skillful girl, who for the fourth time holds the national woman's championship, takes you through a tournament with her.

On another page Heywood Broun chats a bit about rules for marriage. It all enters into the lives of others, and approaches the ideal of Mencius, who voiced the phrase at the top of this page.

To collect facts about the others of the great family in our wide house, is little; to feel what they feel, as fiction enables you to do, is much.

The AUCTIONING of MARY ANGEL

The recital, in a novel way, of a young girl's experience in courtship and, later, in the marriage which was made for her.

by Coningsby Dawson

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

"YEARS ago, Mary Angel, when you hadn't been born and the swains who sigh for your beauty were squalling in their cradles, I was in love with your mother."

I had expected to stagger her by my information. I was handing her the key to the riddle of my fondness for her. But modern youth refuses to be staggered. It mocks the sentiment of Methuselahs who have attained the age of forty.

"That's so long ago, Uncle Biff, that it's hardly worth discussing." She seized the chance to switch the spotlight on herself. "Nothing that happened before I existed seems real. Have you ever had that sensation? It's too insulting to acknowledge that there was ever a time when I wasn't. I refuse to believe it. I must have been somewhere. I wonder what I was doing."

"What you've been doing ever since. They wanted a little peace in heaven, so they sent you down to earth to make glad eyes at us mortals."

"You're unfair," she pouted, though I could see she was flattered. "I never make glad eyes—not consciously."

"You're making them now," I rebuked her.

She patted my head where the hair is growing thin. "Why should I at you? They'd be wasted."

An amusing thought struck her; she began to chuckle.

"If you had married Mummy, Uncle Biff, I would have been your daughter."

"Which is the reason—" I commenced emotionally; but she cut me short.

"You got off lightly. Weren't you lucky?"

Probably I share the obsession of most bachelors that I could

Copyright, 1930, by The McCall Company (Redbook Magazine). All rights reserved.

bring up children more efficiently than their parents. I was on the point of saying something to this effect, when Mary Angel forestalled me:

"Uncle Biff, are all people of your generation asses?"

(I ought to explain that I am not her uncle, save by right of affection—also that *Biff* is an absurd name of her own invention that has survived from childhood.)

"Every generation has seemed to consist of asses to the generation that follows," I temporized. "But you're too broad-minded to class all your seniors in the same category."

She crossed her attractive legs. She wears bobbed skirts to match her hair. Having lit a cigarette to emphasize her poise, she faced me.

With a dreamy stare she watched a puff of smoke ascend in spirals. "You know quite well to whom I'm referring—to Mummy and Daddy. If they weren't asses, they would be something worse. Look at what they've done to me."

"I can't argue till I've heard your accusation," I protested.

"They wrapped me up in silver paper and auctioned me off as a prize-package. No one was to know what was inside the package till he'd purchased. It wasn't playing the game to exaggerate my worth simply in order to tempt a bidder."

"No one could exaggerate your worth, Mary Angel." I caressed her rebellious hand. "As to playing the game, that's precisely what they were doing. They were playing the game according to rules laid down for all American families of your family's importance. If you had not become a bride within a year or so of being launched as a débutante, your rarity would have shrunk in value. Your parents would have blamed themselves for having failed you. The first duty parents owe to their rosebud daughters is—"

She pressed a finger against my lips and completed my sentence.

"To foist them on some boob who'll support them for them."

"If your parents blundered, Mary Angel—"

"Which they certainly did, Uncle Biff."

"It was through over-anxiety to secure your future. There aren't enough marrying young men to go round. To make one girl supremely more desirable than the rest, some one has to do a lot of window-dressing. You'll do it, too, if ever you have a daughter."

"I'll be damned if I will." She shot upright. "You ought to write a book about me, quoting me as a horrible example."

To keep her mind off her shipwreck, that is what I am doing.

"For the love of Mike, don't make it sloppy," she advised me.

"What am I to make it?" I inquired humbly.

"Truthful," she retorted. "It'll be difficult, Uncle Biff; people of your age don't know how to be honest. I guess I'll have to help you. It's to be the reflection of my naked soul. It must contain nothing but facts—not a stitch of clothing."

"But my darling child,"—I feigned horror,—"consider the damage to my reputation."

"So's your old man." She made mincemeat of my objection. "I'm offering you the chance of your life to become famous. Our book has to be an accusation of your generation by mine. Our first accusation must be that marriage, as manipulated by parents, is the most rascally confidence-trick ever perpetrated. Misrepresentation of daughters ought to be as punishable as manslaughter."

"Even with my influence,"—I resented her assumption that I am not already famous,—"we couldn't persuade any publisher to print a book like that. But you're not serious."

"Never more so." She winked at me with the mischief of the little girl who had played hide-and-seek with me in days gone by. "You haven't heard the half of it. I'm out to debunk the world of all the rot that your generation has printed about mine. If youth's flaming today, who set it on fire? Bootlegging, money-crazy papas and mammas. No wonder marriage is on the wane. Who wants to be like her parents? They can't be wise for themselves, and yet they insist on being wise for us."

"What do you call being wise?" I questioned feebly.

"Being happy yourself and making other people happy," she answered promptly.

In her enthusiasm she perched herself on the arm of my chair.

"If we could write all this, we'd have struck as brave a blow for freedom as Charlotte Corday when she stabbed Marat in his bath."

"But why emulate a murderess?"

"When I was seventeen," she hurried on, "I began a diary. I glanced through it this morning. It's simply pathetic how noble I thought life was. Now that I'm a disillusioned old woman" (she's twenty-one and lovelier than ever), "that diary breaks my heart. I couldn't read it without crying." Her eyes were filling.

"What shall we call this *magnum opus?*" I spoke quickly to avert tragedy.

At once the tears withdrew, and she smiled.

"I thought one found the title last."

"Nothing had turned out satisfactorily," he whispered, "till now."

Next day when I called, she was full of titles:

"How about 'Glorifying the American Girl'?" she suggested. "It's a bit cynical; but you get the idea, don't you? They ignore us till we're ready for the market; then they glorify us, palm us off and forget us. Or here's another title: *'Mariage à la Mode.'* The heroine's biography falls into six parts: her coming-out, engagement, wedding, honeymoon and separation."

I had been counting.

"But you've mentioned only five."

"Don't be greedy. I'll be living the sixth while you're working on the others. Be grateful for what you've got."

Having bidden her good-by, I paused on the threshold.

"You mentioned a diary. Now—don't mistake me; I haven't promised to become your collaborator. If I were allowed to skim its pages, I might be persuaded."

"Old dear!" She embraced me. "You're due for the deep end. No man can resist me."

That night I sat late, poring over copybooks filled with round, girlish handwriting. I was making the acquaintance of a Mary Angel whose existence nobody, including myself, had suspected. . . . .

At this point I must make a confession: recently I have not approved of Mary Angel. Luckily one does not need to approve in order to worship. If she were anyone but Mary Angel, I should say that she has received her deserts. Chickens come home to roost—even the little fluffy chickens that a heartbreaker hatches.

I haven't the least idea how the trick is worked. She enters a room looking harmless, scarcely raising her dove's eyes; instantly every male is electrified. They shed their partners and flock about her. It's impossible to blame her, for she appears to give no encouragement. Men of whatever age, even mine, not to mention senile old duffers, fall victims to her charm. If she were divorced tomorrow, the queue would form again. What I fear for her is that she may become a professional collector of alimony. I cannot define her attraction, unless it is that her amiability promises romance. To me she seems to lack a proper sense of responsibility—which is a fault she inherits from her mother.

At her age her mother exercised a similar fascination. When our engagement had been all but announced, she tossed me aside that she might marry Harry Angel. She broke the news very tenderly, I remember, blaming fate, not herself, for her change of choice. She wept bitterly on my shoulder, begging me to remain her friend and to attend her wedding in order to silence gossip. After her marriage she kept me tethered by continual demands for sympathy.

There was nothing in the least secretive about our intimacy. She would slip her arm through mine in the presence of her husband, making me feel advertised and foolish.

"Harry doesn't understand me," she would tease him. "You know you don't, Harry." Then sidling up to him, she would plump herself in his lap. "But Harry's awfully dear."

It was his turn to be embarrassed. He would grin sheepishly. "Thank God, I don't, Lilian. Say it in your prayers every night."

Everybody . . . . knew things out to allure, gagged and

She would shrug her shoulders with a gesture of feigned forlornness. "Isn't he an old bear?"

She was blonde and slight in those days, of the Persian kitten type, with magnificent slate-blue eyes. Harry tolerated my attentions. Certainly he never feared me. More than once he tried to advise me.

"Why don't you get a wife of your own, old chap?"

But I flattered myself that I was Sir Launcelot, setting an example to an unappreciative King Arthur of the chivalry that was due his wife.

From Mary's birth I date the waning of my admiration. The unprofitableness of the game I had been playing became apparent; it was ridiculous to pretend that I had a share in a woman who was the mother of another man's child. My quite irrational feeling was that she had betrayed me. Only politeness compelled me to peer into the cradle. But when that little bundle of humanity, so appealingly helpless, was placed in my arms, I realized the extent to which I had been cheated. I wanted Mary.

Here, had I the time, I would pause to examine the axiom, "Love is blind." I don't believe there was ever a man fell in love

I didn't. I was decked blindfolded by ignorance.

with his eyes wide open. Not only that: a lover willfully courts deception—which is the reason younger brothers' opinions are rarely consulted as to the sweetness of their sisters' characters.

I saw Lilian at last with the unprejudiced clearness of a younger brother's eyes. From envying her husband, I began to feel that I was under an obligation to him. By substituting for me, he had spared me.

Feminine logic, as exemplified by Lilian, tickles my sense of humor. Most girls marry for the same reasons that boys accept their first employment: because they want to be rid of parental control and because they can't do any better. The price a boy pays is that he becomes a private in the army of commerce, kicked from pillar to post till he wins his stripes. A girl's price is—or used to be at the period of which I write—the bearing of babies.

To hear Lilian talk, you might have supposed that Harry had made her the victim of an unnatural experiment, to which neither her consent had been asked nor any act of hers had contributed. She wasn't resentful; her chief attraction is her unfailing pleasantness. But she vowed that she had been made the vehicle of motherhood's sacred miracle for the first and last time. At the earliest opportunity she stuck a bottle in Mary's mouth and decamped to an institution renowned for its massage. Since then her flights to Vichy have become a habit. She's a woman who was born with a single talent—to be physically lovely. She has cultivated it to the *n*th power. The only criticism I ever heard Harry venture was implied rather than stated: "O beauty, beauty! What crimes have been committed in thy name!"

Harry, it will be guessed, is a man of peace as well as a philosopher. In his domestic relations he is as well trained and unobtrusive as his butler. If a cloud threatens, he has a magic means of winning back the sunshine: he signs a check. His only fault is that he respects his wife more as a work of art than as a human being. He has never been known to thwart her and is regarded as an ideal husband.

Mary's birth made me his friend. Till then, being scarcely more than boys, we had met with veiled hostility. As our common love for Lilian had held us apart, so our shared love for Lilian's daughter drew us together. We entered into an unacknowledged conspiracy to compensate her for her mother's frequent absences.

Mary was a prize baby, all dimples and smiles. Her father and I used to meet after office-hours and hurry home to gain a glimpse of her; and later when she began to toddle, to share her evening play-hour. There can be no doubt that we spoiled her, showering her with presents. We used to treasure her quaint sayings and quote them to each other. Everything she did and said seemed marvelous. "And God bless Uncle Biff," she would name me in her prayers. But when Lilian returned from her latest cure, we had a tendency to repress our raptures. By a lilt in her laugh or a mocking gesture, she had a trick of making our worship seem foolish.

"Time enough to dethrone me when I've lost my good looks," she would rebuke us.

Quite early in her young life Mary guessed that our tenderness was making her her mother's rival.

"Wait till we're alone, Uncle Biff," she would warn me. "Mummy thinks it's silly."

When a beautifying pilgrimage had started, restraint vanished; we could be silly to our heart's content. Those were the days of hide-and-seek, played riotously under beds and in cupboards; no place in the house was sacred. Before Harry's key had turned in the latch, an excited fairy in frilly skirts would open to us.

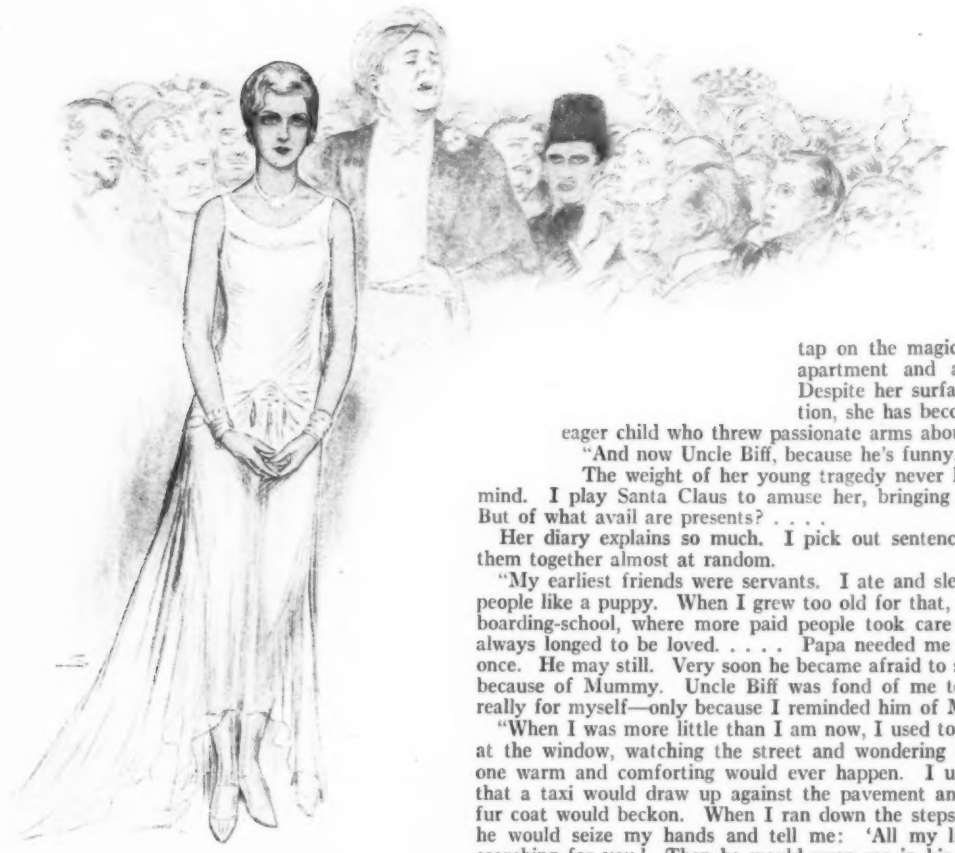
"Daddy first, because he's Daddy."

Passionate arms would strangle Harry.

"And now Uncle Biff, because he's funny."

After she had attained the age of ten, she grew more sedate. Romping games were banished in favor of stories. It must have been about this time she calmly announced that, when she was big, she intended to marry me. We were to have babies—all of them boys. Not one lonely little girl.

The war cut short this pleasantness. For me it occupied two years, during which I received letters from her, ingeniously misspelled. I could tell, as months went by, that her memory of me



was fading. She was conjuring me as young; whereas I was looking ten years older. When I returned, and she was brought home from boarding-school to meet me, I read at once her disappointment. Later in the evening, when her mother came down from kissing her good-night, she greeted me with the news: "Poor little Mary! I found her sobbing."

Her father became concerned.

"Has anyone hurt her feelings?"

"He has." Lilian glanced at me. "She says he has even grayer hair than Daddy's."

All the work of winning her confidence had to be begun again. During the vacations I took her to theaters. She sat facing me across lunch-tables, virginal and embarrassed, striving to act the young lady. Conversation was halting. Her eyes would lift, inattentive to what I was saying, and search among other tables. At last the truth dawned: she craved youth—she was wasting her sweetness on me.

At fifteen—or wasn't it sixteen?—she was whisked away to France, there to receive the final polish that would fit her for society. I visited her once at her convent as I passed through Paris. When she entered the room, my heart stood still; she had become the image of her mother. It was as though the hands on the clock had been flicked back twenty years. I wanted to be a boy, to think the thoughts of a boy, that I might laugh and jest as I had with her mother. All kinds of memories came flooding back of Lilian's girlhood—her sweet slyness, her gay treacheries, but most of all her dearness. Knowing all that I did about her, could we both have become young, I would again have implored her to marry me.

The spell was broken by Mary. In the excitement of seeing a home face, she became voluble. Her pretty head was full of clothes and the boys she would attract at St. Jean de Luz, where her mother was taking her for the summer.

It never occurred to me that she would need me again. I was as road-weary and secondhand as an out-of-date automobile. She seemed so swift and vigorously modern.

Now every moment I can spare, I hurry away from business, tap on the magic door of her apartment and am admitted. Despite her surface sophistication, she has become again the eager child who threw passionate arms about me.

"And now Uncle Biff, because he's funny."

The weight of her young tragedy never lifts from my mind. I play Santa Claus to amuse her, bringing her presents. But of what avail are presents? . . . .

Her diary explains so much. I pick out sentences and string them together almost at random.

"My earliest friends were servants. I ate and slept with hired people like a puppy. When I grew too old for that, I was sent to boarding-school, where more paid people took care of me. I've always longed to be loved. . . . . Papa needed me most awfully once. He may still. Very soon he became afraid to show his need because of Mummy. Uncle Biff was fond of me too, but never really for myself—only because I reminded him of Mummy.

"When I was more little than I am now, I used to sit for hours at the window, watching the street and wondering whether anyone warm and comforting would ever happen. I used to dream that a taxi would draw up against the pavement and a boy in a fur coat would beckon. When I ran down the steps bare-headed, he would seize my hands and tell me: 'All my life I've been searching for you.' Then he would wrap me in his fur coat and rush me into the taxi. When the door had shut, he would call me darling and say I was heaps more beautiful than Mummy. But I expect all men are like Daddy; they think about nothing but business and money. It'll be heaps safer to become a nun."

And so on, till like a yell of glory: "Everything's splendid. At last Mummy wants me!" . . . .

Next time I went to visit Mary, she was a trifle self-conscious.

To reach her, one has to search through two rows of names and press a button beneath the card on which her name is printed. If she's willing to see you, she presses an answering button, and the handle on the hall-door rattles automatically. At the end of a bare corridor upstairs you press another button, and there she stands—bobbed hair, bobbed skirts, as smiling and welcoming as a Botticelli angel.

This time, being anxious, she has the door already open and is peering across the threshold.

"Why, you poor old bird, you're quite winded!" Then, noticing the package beneath my arm: "Have you read my diary?"

"Not so much of the old bird," I chide her. "A man's in his prime at forty. Yes, I've read it."

"Then you know the disgusting truth about me?"

We cross her miniature hall and seat ourselves on the couch in her miniature drawing-room. Everything within sight is a wedding-present. She received so many before the ceremony that a private detective had to be engaged to sleep in the house. The silver picture-frames on the polished Chippendale, the expensive vases and bric-à-brac, lend an incongruous touch of sumptuousness. Facing us are three windows in a line, black with night and enigmatic. Far away spread chains of lights.

"I was a morbid little beast, wasn't I?"

"Why did you wish to become a nun?" I counter.

"They're so protected. But you've not told me what you think of my diary."

"Reading your diary, Mary Angel," I answer, "set me groping after the loveliest thing that had ever happened to me. It wasn't my love-affair with your mother; it was your affection for me when you were so little and soft that you could slip into your prayers, 'And God bless Uncle Biff.' That's what has made me long to hear your laughter again."

"And you never will, because that girl's dead." She slants her eyes at me. "I get you."

She sits silent a moment, then darts off at a tangent.

"I shouldn't have made a good nun."

"What convinced you," I ask, "that at last your mother wanted you? Mind you, I'm not allowing she didn't always want you."

Mary curls a shapely leg underneath her and withdraws to the opposite end of the couch.

"If ever I have a baby, Uncle Biff, I'll make it believe that I couldn't have done without it. It wouldn't be fair not to. Babies don't ask to be born. People who bear them owe them an apology. That's how my generation feels about babies. My mother made me feel that I was the one who owed the apology—that I'd forced myself on her, done her a sort of injury. She was so busy trying to stay young that she had no time for me. I dated her—that was why she tried to escape me. People could always guess her age when they saw us together."

"You're too hard on your mother. I disagree with you."

"You would, you old ostrich. But you've got to face facts if you and I are going to collaborate. A man's rated by his ability, not by his handsomeness. But a woman's nothing if she's not pretty. I know what you're going to tell me: that this is a day when women go into business and find their happiness in broader directions. It's a lie; a woman who can't make at least one man go crazy over her dies insulted. So we come back to where we started, which is where the world started: her prettiness is about all a woman has to market."

"You've written here,"—I tap her diary: " 'Everything's splendid. At last Mummy wants me.' Why *at last,* and what made her want you?"

Mary leans toward me, so delighted to clinch her argument that she almost butts me.

"The bloom was on the peach. My prettiness was ripe to be marketed."

The idea that she was marketed is becoming an obsession. She talks as though Americans were Orientals, who sell their daughters into slavery. I try to point out to her that girls are only auctioned in the sense that they themselves do the auctioning. They put themselves up to competition and select their lovers by a process of elimination.

"If I'm a sentimentalist," I tell her, "you're a cynic. A cynic is a human mole—the blindest creature that crawls. It's got that way through burrowing underground; it spends its life escaping from daylight. A cynic—I quote a high authority—is a person who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing."

"Bully for you! I couldn't have phrased it better. That's what your rotten system—against which my generation is rebelling—did to me: it taught me to know the price of everything and the value of nothing. If I liked a boy who hadn't money, the affair was choked off. Any boy whose father owned millions was encouraged. I have faults enough, Lord knows; but left to myself I'm not a tuft-hunter and a money-snob."

"Your mother is? Surely that's not what you're hinting!"

"Of course I am." She amazes me by her boldness. "All mothers are. Did you ever hear of a mother who bestowed her daughter on a poor man when a rich one was available?"

Unable to remember an example, I disguise defeat with flattery.

"I supposed you young people were all so emancipated that you disposed of yourselves."

"Rid yourself of the thought," she advises me. "If we become moles and cynics, it's because we've inherited our environments from our parents. We've had their environments rammed down our throats. We've been made the—what's the word?—the pawns of our mothers' social ambitions. If you don't believe it, take what happened to me at St. Jean de Luz."

"What did happen? Nothing very awful, I'm certain. All I know is that you came back as exquisite as money could make you."

She helps herself to a cigarette.

"As money could make me! You've said it. If I describe my symptoms to you, Dr. Biff, please don't struggle to be moral. You've a most put-me-off habit of interrupting—which is probably the reason you never married."

"I'll restrain myself, if you'll stop hammering your mother."

"You think I'm hard-boiled,"—she glances at me meltingly,—"because I refuse to humbug or be humbugged. The nice young females of your courting days cheated like fortune-tellers, and when you found them out, wept on your shoulder. That's all altered; if we show more of our figures, we're at least honest. I'm sorry, Uncle Biff, that the little girl whose laughter used to delight you has passed to the beyond; but you can't soft-boil an egg when once it's boiled hard. Like all eggs, I was born soft. You mustn't demand the unreasonable."

She flicks her ash carelessly.

"The boiling process began when Mummy removed me from the convent. Till then, I'd believed all the goodness the nuns had taught me. God had a Book of Judgment in which He recorded all my actions. Life was as simple as a sum in subtraction. My naughtiness was deducted from my virtue. If there remained a credit in my favor, it would defray the transportation of my soul to heaven. Obviously, since everyone was straining to get to heaven, it was common-sense to do one's best to be virtuous. One must say one's prayers, humiliate one's body, be charitable. Far away in America my parents must be striving for the same perfection, since they paid the nuns thus to instruct me. The truth fell shatteringly.

"Mummy arrived, looking worldly and expensive. She smelled like a garden of roses. I buried my nose in her. She whisked me off to a hotel in the Champs-Elysées and at once sent for dressmakers. She outfitted me like a princess; I was her new plaything. Then my preliminary canter *(Please turn to page 114)*

"Look at what they've done to me . . . . auctioned me off as a prize package."

BABES in t

by Courtney Ryley Cooper

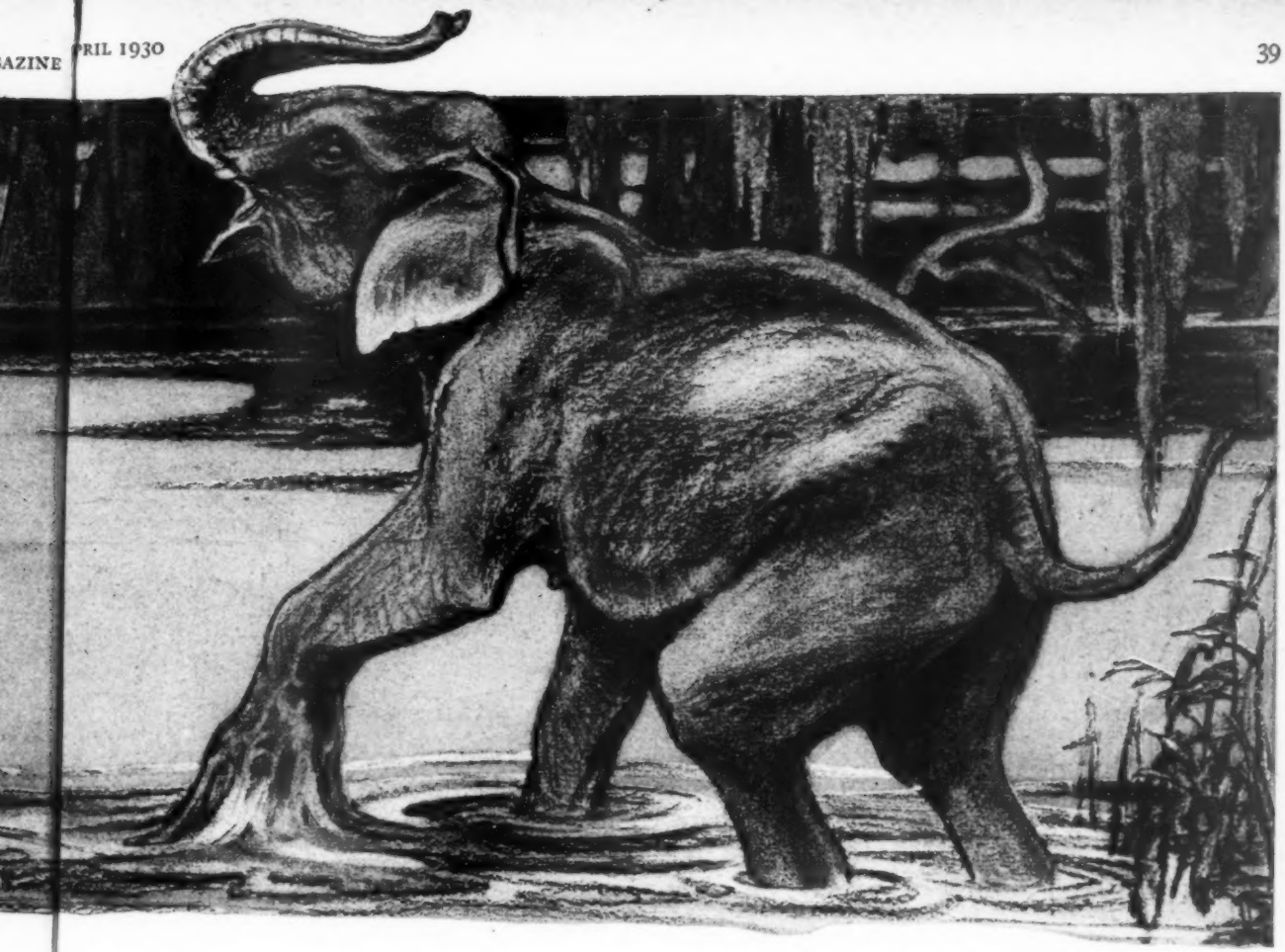
Illustrated by Paul Bransom

THE elephant-house of the Grand Amalgamated's Southern animal quarters was all but deserted. Of the big herd, only globular, always-hungry Billy Sunday had been left behind; and that was bad, for Billy was a baby. Not even the fact that the boss elephant-man himself had also stayed could relieve his loneliness. Besides, the boss bull-man spent most of his time downtown in conference with the Old Man, who owned the show. That left only Sleepy the assistant, who didn't count, and Bobo, the baby hippopotamus, who also was worthless—except as an enemy. Bobo was a casual too; he must wait for a new cage. He had grown since last year.

It was late March. The newly painted show-trains of the Grand Amalgamated had pulled out for the North a week before, carrying with them the every possession of the Southern quarters, except Billy and Bobo. There would be a halt at the main winter quarters at Fort Wayne, and then the season would begin! The elephant line would chirrup again beneath the billowy shelter of the menagerie top; there would be crowds and peanuts, popcorn and other dainties. But Billy Sunday had been left behind, standing in the shadows of the bull-house, his stubby trunk dragging on the floor, a forlorn, lonely baby. Billy had a sore foot. So the bull-boss had decided to hold him for a week or two.

Outside, the variegated bird life of a Southern springtime caroled and chattered. Languorous odors of blooming flowers drifted through the big windows. That did not help Billy Sunday. Neither, apparently, did it aid the other occupant of the big place. Bobo was lonely too. Nobody cares much about an eight-year-old baby hippopotamus. In fact, no one ever had cared, except a piece of human driftwood named Mike, who had shared Bobo's tank-wagon, fed him, scrubbed him and loved him. But three weeks before, Mike had got into a fight down on the waterfront; a gun had flashed—and Bobo waited for him now in vain. Habit, however, is strong. This was about the time of day that Mike had fed him. So he stirred uneasily in his permanent cement tank, rolled his pop eyes toward his exercise platform, and gave a peculiar grunting whine.

The call was answered by Sleepy, the bull-boss' assistant, who unlocked the feed-room and broke a bale of hay. He pushed an armful over the low iron fence which surrounded Bobo, ignoring Billy entirely, since the baby elephant was supposed to be on a diet. Then with quitting-time imminent, Sleepy eased out the big door and homeward. Billy Sunday chirruped in vain. Then he limped to the hippopotamus tank, where Bobo was rolling his unwieldy weight in the water, preparatory to climbing the two



Wildly Billy flailed his trunk in an effort to fend off the behemoth.

n the Wood

Because they weighed about the same and hailed hereditarily from adjacent jungles, the circus proprietor figured that the baby hippopotamus and the baby elephant ought to team together But a circus man must be an optimist

cement steps to his food. The elephant acted swiftly. He swung his trunk over the railing. With a peculiar snapping motion he flipped the end downward, whanging Bobo mightily on top of the head. The slow-thinking hippopotamus ducked hastily under the water, waited a moment, then stuck his head up again.

Down went that trunk in another harmless yet stinging blow. Again the hippopotamus submerged himself, and ten-year-old Billy Sunday grunted with satisfaction. It was a trick he had learned the day the circus left, when, wandering the big empty elephant-house, he had taken a wallop at Bobo's head, just out of spite at the world in general. A natural sequence of food-stealing had followed. Billy Sunday had continued to practice it industriously ever since, except, of course, when some of the menagerie men were around. Long experience in stealing food had taught Billy that it is done best in private.

This robbery had achieved wonders in overcoming the wasting effects of a diet. It had accomplished something else—seething enmity on the part of Bobo, and a like feeling of enmity by the baby elephant. They spent most of their time in glowering at each other. Once when Billy had inadvertently backed against the fence, Bobo had taken a square-jawed bite at his tail. That had been bad generalship, because Billy, in retaliation, had kept Bobo's head under water most of the afternoon, until the bull-boss came back from the picture show. Thus the feud had continued.

Therefore, with hatred demanding caution, the baby elephant now waited until Bobo should make another ascent. It happened. Billy's trunk uncurled in a new fillip, and this time Bobo dived deeply. Quite assured, the baby elephant hastened to the other end of the tank, and reaching over the fence, began to consume hay. But in the midst of his feast, he halted, whirled, then scampered across the bull-house to his dark corner and an intense air of detached innocence. Some one was rattling the hasp of the big door. It was the Old Man and the bull-boss, continuing an energetic conversation.

"How can I be two places at once?" snapped the head elephant-man. "And anyway, what does that guy know about my business? Or his own, for that matter!"

The bull-boss was referring to an old adversary, the menagerie superintendent. The Old Man's eyes twinkled.

"You're not knocking anybody, Bulls?"

"Who? Me? Nobody but that guy. Why shouldn't I? He knocks me plenty." Then with a heavy sneer: "He ought to pay a little attention to his own mistakes!"

"What, for instance?" asked the Old Man.

"Don't make me laugh. Say! That guy passes up enough stuff to run another show. Got acts fallin' all over 'emselves, and he can't see 'em."

"What for instance?" asked the Old Man again, suddenly inquisitive.

"Why, plenty of things. Plenty of things," stalled the bull-boss.

"Yes, but what?"

It was at that moment that Bobo, with great spluttering of water, came up for air, bringing with him an inspiration. The bull-boss pointed.

"There's one of 'em! There aint n o t h i n g that goes over with an audience like a n i m a l babies. But does he do anything about it? Don't make me laugh!"

"We need something for the kids right now," said the Old Man.

"Sure, you always do. There's an act right there!" he announced again. "Bobo, Only Original Baby Blood-sweating Behemoth, and Billy Sunday, Pert, Pudgy Pachyderm, united in Cute, Curious Capers."

The Old Man lit a cigar.

"That's a hunch," he said. "Can you work 'em?"

"Can a bird fly? Of course," the bull-boss hedged rapidly, "they're just babies. I can't train 'em to no high-school act. But say, in a week, I could have 'em working in harness together. You aint never seen that, have you, a baby elephant and a baby hippopotamus hitched up together?"

"No, I haven't."

"Well, there you are," said the bull-boss. The Old Man closed an eye in heavy thought.

"That wouldn't go bad for the grand entry. You know, fix up an Alice in Wonderland float, with the *Duchess* and the *Queen of Hearts* and the *Mad Hatter* and *Alice*, and have it pulled around the arena by these two punks. That'd be a riot for the kids."

Seldom had victory come so easily to the boss elephant-man.

"Well," he asked, "who do you want to do it? Me or the menagerie superintendent?"

"It's your idea. Go ahead with it. You're sure you can do it?"

This was no time for weakness. The bull-boss waved a deprecating hand.

"Say," he boasted, "you've listened to these I-don't-know guys until you think everybody's that way. Aint I said I could do it?"

"Yeh, but I don't want to order that float and then have you slip up on me."

"What's to slip me up?" asked the bull-boss. "You've seen elephants in harness, aint you? You've seen a hippopotamus pull a cart around the arena? Well, all I do is put 'em together; there aint no magic in that. It's the idea."

"That's right, Bulls," said the Old Man sagely. "It's ideas that count in the show business. So you think they'll work together?"

"Like a couple of love-birds," answered the bull-man. He strolled then beside the Old Man, and out the big gate to the waiting automobile that was to take the owner to his train. "You just have that float ready for me. I'll do the rest."

But for a moment after the Old Man's automobile had disappeared around the corner, the bull-boss stood silent, his cap shoved back from his forehead and a hand scratching thoughtfully at a temple.

"Shucks," he said at last as he turned back through the big gate, "there aint no reason they shouldn't hit it off. Hey, Sleepy!"

It was in vain. The bull-boss called again, without response save for the flopping flight of a heron bound for the cypress recesses of the big swamp a little more than a half mile away, and the raucous cawing of a flock of crows just settling in the dense woods which stretched from the swamp nearly to the ancient wooden fence of winter quarters. The bull-boss cussed under his breath and entered the elephant-house, where he took a hook from the rack, and walking into the shadowy corner, caught Billy gently by an ear. The baby obeyed willingly, grunting contentedly as he limped beside the bull-boss in an ambling course across the elephant-house. But suddenly he trumpeted and drew back.

"What's the matter with you?" the bull-boss shouted, and sunk the hook deeper. "Come along here!"

Billy still rebelled, squealing loudly. They had almost approached the railing of the hippopotamus den, no place to be taken under custody when one has a memory of crimes. Billy's eyes widened. Then he gave a yank which freed him from the bull-hook, and fled to his corner, where he sulked until the bull-boss should approach him anew. After that it became a game of fox and hounds, until at last the boss bull-man cornered him, and, taking him back to his corner, threw a chain around a foreleg, fastening it to a ring-pin in the floor.

"All full of fun, aint you?" he asked belligerently. "Well, see how you feel about it after a night of that!"

Billy apparently felt better about it the next morning, when with Sleepy the bull-boss entered for another session. However, the condition continued only until they had loosened the chain and started him toward the tank, where, with terrific grunts, Bobo the Baby Blood-sweater thrashed about considerably at the sight of his enemy. A hippopotamus does not really sweat blood. It does, however, exude a pigmented secretion at the pores during exertion or excitement. That part of Bobo which protruded above the water was performing prodigiously; his fat, maroon-covered back was streaked in thin-lined squares, with a red globule at each corner. Billy got just close enough to see his adversary. Then he braced his feet and defied all comers.

"So you wont, wont you?" bawled the boss bull-man as Billy dragged him backward, clinging to the bull-hook. "Sleepy! Get that there block an' tackle."

Sleepy obeyed, rigging up the contrivance to a corner post of the hippopotamus tank. Then a rope was attached to Billy Sunday's leg. After that, the bull-boss and Sleepy took up slack; bawling and squealing, Billy Sunday was drawn inexorably to the iron railing.

"Now Bobo's took under the water," said Sleepy, gazing dumbly over the rail.

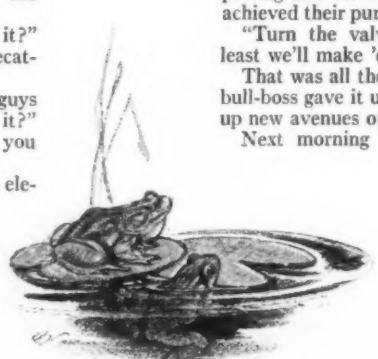
"Poke him out!" snapped the bull-boss.

Bobo wouldn't poke. Minute after minute he remained beneath the surface, at last to stick up his square, knobbed snout, blow viciously, inhale enthusiastically and go under again.

It lasted most of the morning, while Billy Sunday squealed and danced and held up his sore foot, begging piteously to be returned to his corner. The bull-boss argued. He tried petting and carrots. All were accepted, but none achieved their purpose. Then he turned to Sleepy.

"Turn the valve and let out the water. At least we'll make 'em look at each other."

That was all the day accomplished. Finally the bull-boss gave it up and went to his hotel, to think up new avenues of association.



Next morning Billy Sunday remained at his stake, while Sleepy and the bull-boss prodded Bobo out of his tank, and with a gunny-sack over his head, led him across the menagerie-house. Billy waited w i t h curled trunk and trembling legs. Then when Bobo c a m e within range, he l u n g e d forth mightily, hit the approaching hippopotamus a flailing blow across the head and then tried to climb the menagerie wall—while the h e a d elephant-man a n d his somnolent assistant spent the rest of the morning trying to budge Bobo from beneath the hay platform, where he had taken refuge. That done, they went at matters in a different way.

"Take 'em one at a time and break 'em to harness," said the bull-boss. "That ought to be easy—all we've got to do is hold food in front of 'em, and they'll walk after it, quick enough. Then maybe we can get 'em to forget each other long enough to walk beside each other. When we've done that, we've whipped the act."

The first part of it was simple. About all any trained hippopotamus knows is to follow food or the thought of it; the idea sinks in even more swiftly with an elephant. Singly Bobo and Billy went into the yard and each learned his half of the act. But when it came to the other half—that was different. At last a tired bull-boss and his assistant fastened the pair to ring-pins, a safe distance from each other, and left them to glower undisturbed.

There was a delighted squealing and grunting and shifting of pudgy bodies into joyous cuddling.

"Maybe they're kind of self-conscious," said the bull-boss faintly. He was wondering whether work had been started on that Alice in Wonderland float and just how much money the Old Man was spending on it. . . . . Three more days passed in useless effort. A gaunt appearance had come to the features of the bull-boss now, and he went about winter quarters talking to himself. But finally he sought Sleepy.

"Tell you what we'll do," he said. "There aint nothin' like food to get a couple of strange animals together. So don't feed 'em."

"But you just said—"

"I said don't feed 'em. Don't feed 'em nothin'. Maybe by Saturday they'll get some sense in their heads. Then we'll put 'em together at a hay pile."

So loneliness came again to the big elephant-house, made doubly noticeable by the excitement of preceding days. Loneliness and hunger, even worse for Bobo than it was for Billy Sunday. At least, Billy had tasted food before this, his own and that of the hippopotamus. Bobo's share had been only the few wisps that a thieving baby elephant had left him when stomach capacity had reached its limit or when there had been the lucky intervention of a casual worker.

At his stake Billy Sunday limped about and chirruped dolefully; in his tank Bobo sloshed at intervals to the feeding platform and back to the tank again, grunting his misery. Sleepy or the bull-boss came now and then into the menagerie house, thus arousing great hopes and gnawings in youthful stomachs. But the men only stood and watched and walked away again, leaving lonely hearts and void stomachs behind them—that and a hatred, one animal for the other, which grew with each passing hour. Billy's baleful eyes turned often toward the hippopotamus tank; vaguely he knew that Bobo was somehow concerned in this starvation. As for Bobo, he had eyewitness testimony to the cause of his starvation. Time after time he halted his peg-legged rounds of his platform, to lower his heavy head and grunt a message of hate toward the shadowy form of the baby elephant. But the bull-boss did not know the cause. He could only play his hunch—and hope.

Saturday afternoon arrived. Downtown, in the pool-hall, the boss bull-man forced himself to another game of call shot, meanwhile watching the clock. Finally, at four, he put up his cue and went out to winter quarters, where he aroused Sleepy, and moved into the elephant-house. A simultaneous grunting from Bobo and a plaintive chirrup from Billy Sunday greeted him, two babies begging for mercy from terrific hunger. The bull-boss grinned.

"Going to be good now?" he asked. "Hey, Sleepy! Drag a couple of bales of hay out into the yard and break 'em—loosen it all up into a big pile. Then scatter a little trail out there. I'll turn the water out of the hip den. As soon as you've done that, unchain Billy. He'll rush out to that hay. Unless I'm crazy, Bobo'll follow. Maybe they'll be hungry enough to get together."

Sleepy hurried to his task—as much as Sleepy could hurry. The boss bull-man began his work at the valve of Bobo's tank, and stood there for a long time, watching the water lower, revealing more and more of the bulbous river-hog, grunting with youthful hunger. From the other side of the bull-house came a clanking of chains, a high chirrup of joy and then the shuffling of soft hoofs as Billy Sunday, his trunk to the ground, followed a trail of hay into the winter quarters yard. Suddenly the boss elephant-man looked up, with the knowledge of some one beside him. It was a messenger boy.

"The other fellow said this was for you."

The boss bull-man signed for the telegram vaguely, and as vaguely ran a finger under the flap, hastily jerking his gaze to the signature, that of the menagerie superintendent. A queer yellow-greenness made inroads upon the usual flush of his cheeks. Then blinking, he forced himself to a re-survey of the message.

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR NEW ACT STOP SUPPOSE IT WILL BE READY IN TEN OR TWENTY YEARS STOP MEANWHILE WHO TAKES RESPONSIBILITY FOR THIS THREE THOUSAND DOLLAR FLOAT.

The bull-boss' mouth worked spasmodically. He whirled, bawling: "Sleepy!"

"Yeh," came from the bull-house. *(Please turn to page 98)*

"I want my daddy," he told her. "Go get him, Mother."

Though you never buy or sell a share of stock, yet life can call mercilessly upon you for margin

NO MARGIN

by Mary Synon

Illustrated by Stanley Parkhouse

CHICAGO divides into three parts: the South Side, a stage of show and shadow, with gleaming crescent of shore-line for footlights, and Chinatown and Black Belt and Stock Yards in the wings; the North Side, a speedway of swift movement, with argosies of wealth whirling outward on broad boulevards past tall hotels and opulent apartment-houses; and the Great West Side, a plain of the labor of life, of vast factories and looming hospitals, of roaring elevated railroads and clanging trolley-cars, of streets long and short, wide and narrow, all crowded with the many races that make it a great city, all stirred with the spirit of struggle that seethed in Stella Berry as she went through a drear gray twilight toward the two rooms in Scammon Court she called home.

The court, not half so pretentious as its name, and hardly more than a *cul-de-sac* off the bright garishness of Madison Street, lifted to her nothing but parallel façades of three-story brick buildings, monotonously alike, dismally familiar under the hard lights of mauve arcs on high poles; but Stella Berry's heart beat a pulse the faster as she climbed the shabby stairs of one of the houses, and made her way through its ill-smelling halls to the tiny apartment in the rear of the topmost.

"There, Lenny?" she called, groping for the light.

No one answered her, and she stood for a moment in the flickering gleam of the swaying globe, staring at the jumbled disorder of the place with a frown of weary distaste. "Oh, Lord," she sighed gustily, "wouldn't you think that Frank'd do something to help me once in a while?" She flung to the floor a pipe and deck of cards which cluttered the table. "It's bad enough to work all day without having to do another day's work when I come home," she told herself in a rush of self-pity. Then, slipping out of her coat, and twisting off the little hat which helmeted her high-held young head, she opened the door to the hall.

"Lenny!" she called again.

A door at the other end of the narrow corridor swung back, and an elderly woman whose bent shoulders showed pathetically worn under the harsh lines of her clean, tight cotton gown, stood outlined in a square of lemon-hued light. "He's here, Mrs. Berry," she told Stella in a high, shaky treble. "Mr. Berry left him with me when he went out."

"Oh!" Stella's voice rose in protest. "He shouldn't have done that, Mrs. Driggs. You've enough to do with your sewing without taking care of a boy. It's been a bother to you."

"Oh, not a bit," the older woman asserted with an emphasis which seemed to fear denial. "Lenny's good—good as gold."

Stella went swiftly down the hall toward the opened door. A child of five, chubby in worn overalls, pushed himself past Mrs. Driggs and leaped at her. "Oh, my Mother!" he cried, burrowing his head against her shoulder. "You're so late."

"No later'n any other night, baby."

"I don't know how he missed seeing you come along," Mrs. Driggs said. "He's been watching at the window for an hour."

"Thank you for taking care of him."

"It's nothing—nothing at all. I'm glad to do it any time. I like children, little children," she added wistfully. She closed the door, and Stella carried Lenny through the darkness of the hall to the littered room. "There, there, lover laddie," she told him as he clung to her with tightening arms. "Let Mother get some dinner for us now."

"Don't want any dinner."

"You've been eating Mrs. Driggs' cookies again."

"Some." He laughed up at her. "Rose Gilby bought me candy, too."

"She would." She set him down firmly. "Lenny, how often do I have to tell you that you aren't to eat everything people give you?"

"Oh, Mother!"

"You'll be sick again."

"No, I wont."

"You mustn't get sick, laddie. It's one of the luxuries we can't afford."

"What's a luxury?"

"Something we haven't." Her glance went over the sordidness of the cheap rooms.

"Wont we have a radio sometime? The Gilby girls got a radio today."

"Then we wont need one. We'll hear theirs every night."

"But in the days—"

"You're going to school, days, as soon as they'll take you."

"Daddy said maybe we'll get a radio."

"Did he?" Deftly she slipped a big apron over her dress, and went about the making of a hasty meal. "Where'd your Dad say he was going?"

"Out."

"I see." For an instant hope flamed in her that at last Frank's long quest for a job he would take might not be futile; but the memory of the mounting score of days when he had brought back nothing quenched the hope. "What time did he go?"

"'S afternoon. He wouldn't take me with him."

"He couldn't, Lenny."

"He could, too."

"He had to go downtown."

"He did not. I saw him in the drug-store when Rose Gilby took me to the grocery. He was only talking to Maud Mason."

"Who's she?" A tiny frown furrowed her forehead, but she did not pause from her work.

"She sells the cigarettes there."

"Oh, yes. Well, what if he was talking to her?"

"He could have took me. You'd have took me."

"Mothers are different." With swift hands she shifted the hot food from the stove to the table. "There's no use waiting for Dad when he isn't in now." She tried to make her tone blithely casual. "Come and get it!" She brandished a serving-spoon as if it were a sword, and Lenny laughed for joy. "Do it some more," he begged, and while her mind raced afield to thought of Frank and the girl in the drug-store on Madison Street, she played with the child so gayly that he crowed with delight. "I love you so, I love you so," he told her with gratitude when dinner was done.

Not until she had washed the dishes, and put Lenny to bed, did she let herself face the fact that Frank's absences from home had been growing longer and more frequent. Night after night she had come in tired and hungry, after the long day of work at the Caron Company's switchboard, to find the apartment dark and Lenny with one of the neighbors. For weeks, against her judgment, she had accepted his tales of searches in South Chicago, in Cicero, in Waukegan, for jobs which never materialized. Now, ignited by the child's innocent statement of his father's philandering, Stella's imagination blazed into jealous flame. "I'll show him," she thought hotly, and tossed away the morning newspaper she had been pretending to read.

On the pretext to herself that she had to go to Madison Street to buy a cereal for Lenny's breakfast, she locked in the sleeping boy, and sped down the stairs. "Wont you come in?" Rose Gilby called to her as she passed their open door. "We've a radio."

"I'm in a hurry now."

"Some other time, then," the Gilby girl said. "It's a grand little radio, Mrs. Berry."

"I'll bet it is. I'll run in some other night."

"See that you do."

From another apartment back in the hall a woman thrust out a dark, frowsy head. "Come in for a minute, Stell," she pleaded.

"Can't, Maxie."

"What's your rush?"

"The kid's alone."

"That's nothing new."

"I got to get some stuff."

"I got something that'll set you up." Her tone was furtive, her eyes gleaming.

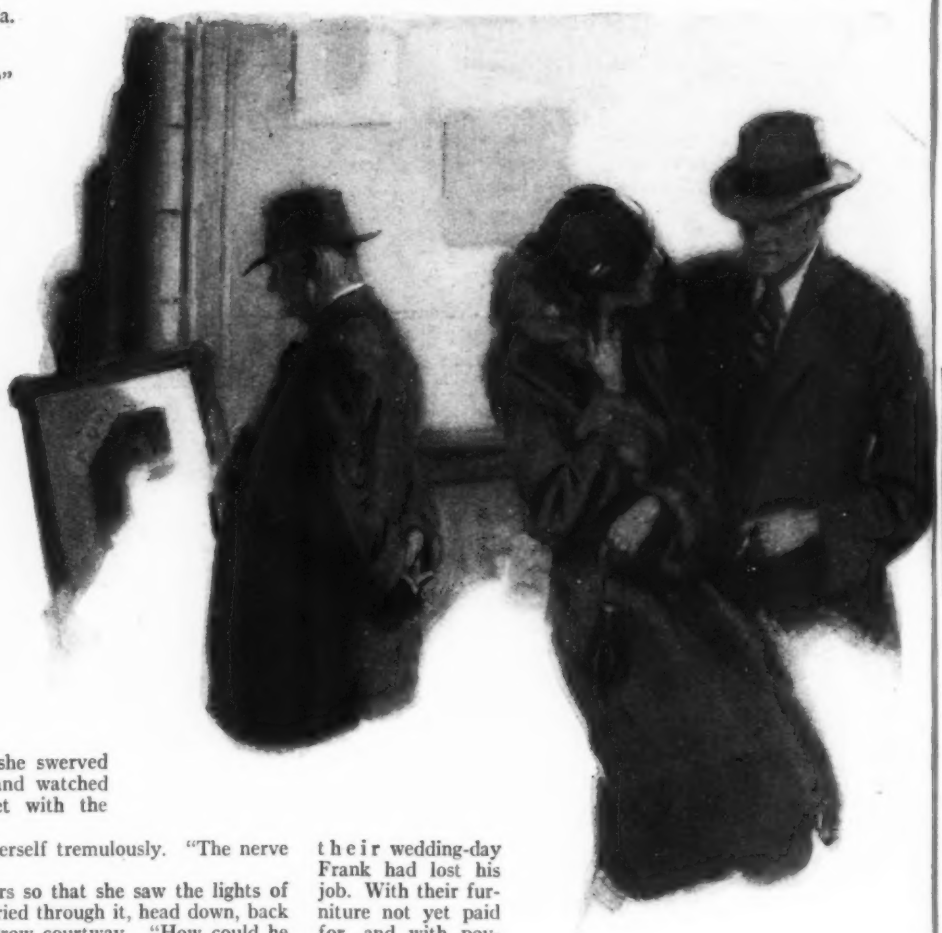
"Thanks, Maxie."

"Aint you coming?"

"I'm just sick of it," she answered. "Now I'm through."

"Nothing doing," replied Stella.
"You needn't high-hat me."
"Wasn't trying."
"Will you stop on the way back?"
"Maybe."

Through the darkness of Scammon Court she walked swiftly, but as she came into the glare of lights along Madison Street, she slowed her steps so that she could amble past the drug-store where Maud Mason sold cigarettes. To her disappointment, the girl was not behind the counter, and Stella strode on toward the grocery. She had made her purchase and was coming back when, just in front of the motion-picture theater, she saw Frank.



She was about to call to him, when she realized that he was not alone. A girl whose lips were as vivid as her red hat was smiling up at him with deliberately provocative coquetry. Even before she saw his face, Stella knew that his look would be a smile of satisfied vanity. "You fool!" she sobbed as she glimpsed it, and took a step toward him.

Then, pride holding her back, she swerved into the shadow of a doorway, and watched her husband go down the street with the Mason girl.

"The nerve of him!" she told herself tremulously. "The nerve of him!"

With her eyes dimmed with tears so that she saw the lights of the street as a golden blur she hurried through it, head down, back to the sheltering gloom of the narrow courtway. "How could he do it to me?" she burst out as she came to the entrance to her own building. But she stifled her racking sobs as she crept past the floor where Maxie Deller waited to welcome her with bootlegged liquor, and where the Gilby girls blared their new radio in gay and youthful triumph at the success its purchase portrayed. "I can't talk to anyone, not even to Lenny," she thought, and sat down on the top step to wait for Frank's return. . . . .

From its height, as from a summit, she looked down upon the situation which her sudden sight of her husband's interest in the other girl had focused into swift crisis, and saw herself in it as a personality apart from the woman who watched it with hurt wonder. It was, she felt, as if the Stella Berry who crouched in a dirty hallway, marking time for the coming of a lying, lazy husband, were miles and æons removed from the girl who had loved Frank well enough to take the chances of life with him, and who now stood ready to pay the price of that folly.

She had been, she realized now, too madly in love with Frank Berry to see the hundred and one signs of weakness which he had worn as patently as his gay neckties. She had met him at the Paradise Gardens, that huge dance-hall of carnival out beyond the park, and had drifted into love for him as easily and as swiftly as she had been swept into his arms by the music of the melancholy saxophones. Because she was unutterably lonely, because he had gray eyes which could melt to tenderness, and a manner not like that of other men she had known, because it had been springtime and she was not yet nineteen, she had lifted to him a worship which had longed to express itself in immolation. Even while she had laughed and joked with him, she would gladly have died for Frank Berry, not yet knowing that one day she would find it harder to live for him.

"I was blind," the woman on the stairway mourned, while from the radio on the floor below rose the strains of a waltz to which boys and girls were dancing at the Paradise Gardens.

With the cruel harshness of disillusion she counted the years of her marriage, not by happily remembered anniversaries, but by the labor she had spent to keep it from wreck. Two months after their wedding-day Frank had lost his job. With their furniture not yet paid for, and with poverty straight ahead, she went back to the place she had left the day before she married. "I'm honestly glad of it, Frank," she had lied to him and to herself. "I've just been bored to death, wondering how I'd kill time through the days."

"I hate to have you do it, Stella," he had made protest, although she had glimpsed the relief back of his gesture.

"When you get something, I'll quit," she had promised.

They had been too badly in debt, however, by the time he had found work again to let her stop, and she had stayed on the board until a week before Lenny was born. She had expected to stay at home then, caring for her baby as her mother had cared for her, but before the doctor had been fully paid, Frank had lost his job again.

She found a place with the Caron Company, and she took Lenny every morning to the day nursery, and called for him every evening on her homeward way. "He gets grand care there," she told everyone—but her heart ached for the child's presence while she plugged the tubes into and out from the flashing switchboard. "Busy now," she would say blithely while her ears heard through the clatter and hum of tangled wires a child's cry to her. "Ready, put him on the wire," she would command some other operator, while her eyes saw back of the red and white lights the gleam of Lenny's eyes.

For the five years of Lenny's life they had struggled as close to the edge of the precipice of failure as they were tonight. Sometimes Frank worked at a trade which seemed so consistently intermittent that she wondered why any man chose it for livelihood, but always his earnings seemed to be swallowed either by payments of debts he had incurred during his idleness, or for vague and mysterious expenditures which she came to know included entertainment of girls he always seemed to meet a little too easily. There had been other nights before this when she had questioned the use of life, nights when she had wondered whether they were going up in the world as the Gilby girls were going, or down as

She watched her husband go down the street with the Mason girl. "The nerve of him!" she told herself.

Maxie Deller was sliding—when she had asked herself if they would come into the serene old age of the Driggses, or if she would be driven into such bitter battles with Frank as the Cragins on the first floor staged for the benefit of the building. Always, though, she had thought of him as part of her life, whatever it might be. Now, with the memory of his gaze at the girl of the toored lips, she asked herself if they had not come to a show-down.

"He can't do things like that to me," she murmured tensely while her hands closed over her shabby purse. "He can't run around with his Maud Masons while I'm paying the bills. He can't take her to the movies on the money I give him. I wont stand it. I can't stand it!" . . . .

The Gilby radio was blaring a riotous march when Frank came up the stairs. He paused at the landing, squaring his shoulders and giving a final flick to his necktie. Halfway up the last flight, he caught sight of Stella.

"Hello," he said lightly. "Locked out?"

"No," she said. "I want to talk to you."

"What's the matter with the old home? We've still got a chair or two."

"I don't want Lenny to hear me."

"If he doesn't, the neighbors will."

"I don't care about them."

"Well, I do."

"You seem," she flung at him, "to care about everyone but me."

"What's the riot now?"

"You probably know what it is. Why didn't you come home to dinner?"

"Isn't that just like a woman? Didn't I tell you this morning that I was going out to Gary to see if I couldn't land a job I heard about last night?"

"You told me that, but you didn't go."

"Well, why didn't I?"

"Yes—why didn't you?"

"Because you said that you didn't want to go out there."

"I told you that I wouldn't dare risk being without a job until I knew what you could do with one."

"That's the kind of trust you have in me, isn't it?"

"What other kind could I have?"

"Oh, well, if you don't—"

"Other women do, I suppose."

"I didn't say that." His tone was becoming sullen.

"You don't need to. I saw you with that—that girl tonight."

"What girl?"

"The Mason girl."

"What if you did? Can't a man talk to a pretty girl without having his wife jealous?"

"I'm not jealous," she answered; "I'm just sick of it all. For six years we've gone this way. Now I'm through."

"Through?"

"I said it."

"You don't mean it, Stella." In the murky light of the stairway he stared at her in anxious questioning. "You can't mean that."

"Why can't I? Because I've been fool enough to put up with your ways this long is no sign that I'm going to be fool enough to do it forever."

"But, Stella—"

"Well?"

"She's nothing to me. I swear it."

"Nothing? I go without lunches to give you the money you spend on her."

"But—"

"What if you aint gone the limit with her? You will. She aint the first girl you've had since I married you, but she's the last one who's going to make any difference to me."

"Oh, let up!"

"I mean it, Frank."

"What's the use of rowing about this when—"

"When I've swallowed worse? Because this is the breaking-point."

"I guess it'd be all right if I was making a pile of money. How'd you like me to be a bootlegger?"

"Is that much worse than—"

"Shut up! You're just like all the rest of the women." He drew himself up in injured indignation. "Just because a fellow runs into hard luck, you're ready to throw him out. Well, if you feel like that about it, here I go!" He descended two steps, then turned to look back at her. "I said I was going."

"I'm not stopping you," she said grimly.

"You mean you don't want me?" Under the bluster of his tone rang a fear she refused to heed. "You mean that?"

"I mean just that."

"All right." He took another step downward. "You'll let me come and see the kid sometime?" For all his bravado, his voice quavered, and Stella grew rigid in defense of her intention. "You've got to let me do that."

Beneath the demand she could sight his thought that her decision was no more than a temporary ban, and she steeled herself into defiance. "I'll let you," she said, and saw the flash of triumph in his glance. "Daytimes," she added, "when I'm working."

"All right," he said bitterly. "If you feel that way, it's all right with me. Good-by."

"Good-by," she told him, and watched him go down the stairway, while through the Gilby radio a tenor crooned promise of undying love. "Love—lives—forever"—she repeated the words wildly as she tremblingly put the key in the lock. *(Please turn to page 102)*

by
Rufus
King

Illustrated
by
F. R. Gruger

The MURDERS

The Story So Far:

THE inquisitive passenger accompanied the wireless operator Mr. Gans out along the darkened deck on his way to deliver the message in code which had just been written down as he loafed there in the wireless room. He had learned that the *Eastern Bay*, a small ship running from Bermuda to Halifax, carried no relief operator.

"That's phosphorus, isn't it?" the inquisitive passenger asked, pausing by the deserted rail.

Mr. Gans looked in the direction pointed out by the man's finger. "I don't see what you mean, sir."

The man's fingers started to close about Mr. Gans' thin neck. "Just keep on looking," he said softly, "and you'll see." . . . .

It was one of the spinster Misses Sidderby who stumbled over Gans' body a little later. But of course it was Lieutenant Valcour of the New York police, one of the dozen or so other passengers, who took charge of the case. Valcour had already confided in Captain Sohme the reason for his presence aboard the *Eastern Bay:*

A prominent man had been murdered in New York City; the only eyewitness had also been attacked and was still unconscious. An unfinished letter lost on the scene of the crime, however, was addressed to a certain woman of great wealth and curious blonde beauty—a Mrs. Victor Barton, who had suddenly remarried in Bermuda, and who with her new young husband Mr. Poole, was a passenger aboard the *Eastern Bay.*

Later Valcour interviewed Mrs. Poole—showed her the unfinished letter that had been found addressed to her. It read:

"Death comes again and again when one is young, even though the body does not die. I know where you are and I am coming to you because—"

"It is the same handwriting as that on the envelope," she said. "It is not familiar. It doesn't mean anything to me at all. Why should it?"

"There are lots of reasons why it should, Mrs. Poole. The way we consider it at Headquarters is that the man who wrote it followed you down here, to get in touch with you. I believe that he killed Mr. Gans tonight, and I think that he did it to prevent the delivery of a wireless message that contained a description of himself. . . . . Mrs. Poole, the man who was robbed and killed in New York last week was your first husband."

But Mrs. Poole either could not remember or would not acknowledge knowing anyone who would have had reason to murder her first husband or to pursue her on board this ship. . . . . Because Valcour made her believe she was in danger, however, she did make a new will, leaving her great fortune to her new and fifth husband, Ted Poole.

Copyright, 1929-'30, by The McCall Company (Redbook Magazine). All rights reserved.

"Lieutenant Valcour" of these pages, represents really the personality and method of one of the most famous and successful living detectives

ON THE SHIP

Valcour was forced to look elsewhere for information—and got it, from Mrs. Poole's stolid Swedish maid Anna Wickstod, who had been with Mrs. Poole since her first marriage, twenty years before. For Anna told him among other things of a child called Toody whom Mrs. Poole had informally adopted, cherished all too fondly for a time, and then—because a later husband, a Mr. Jones, did not care for children—sent away at the age of nine to be brought up by strangers. The cast-off child had been given an allowance, but of late the checks had been returned.

Valcour thanked Anna Wickstod and left her; and he wondered, as he walked along the dim and deserted passage, which man among the men passengers was a woman. *(The story continues in detail:)*

CABLE from Commissioner of the New York Police Department to Port Authorities at Bermuda:

"Request You Work Through Local Agent for Mercantile Transport Line in Approximating Problematic Position of S. S. Eastern Bay Stop Please Compare This With All TR Position Reports Received By Radio and Determine If Any Other Ship Or Ships Are Likely to Be Within Communicating Range By Speaking Or By Visual Signal With S. S. Eastern Bay Stop Please Request Such Ship Or Ships to Transmit Following Code Message Addressed to Lieutenant Valcour on Board S. S. Eastern Bay Quote Cabka Lkclb 55130 Ttgyr Iilhs Rpezz Unquote Please Advise Us at Once of Result of This Effort Stop Cannot Stress Urgency of Matter Too Strongly."

VALCOUR went into his cabin and closed the door. It was extraordinary how difficult it was to obtain any privacy on a small ship. He wanted five minutes of lucid quietness in which to think (if you could call it lucid) about this Toody business. Somewhere in its indecisiveness it offered the nearest approach yet to a theory that might prove tenable, and it had its value even if he could do nothing else with it beyond using it as a key to unlock the distant and forgotten places in Mrs. Poole's memory.

The theory in itself was starkly swamped in improbabilities. Except in extraordinary cases, women did not masquerade successfully as men. He tried to convince himself of error in this stand, and listed a formidable array of cases in which women had done just that. Take, he suggested severely to himself, Russia's quixotic Battalion of Death, with its substrata resting on the unstable sands of a national hysteria. There in bulk, in wholesale quantities, were your women as men. As for isolated cases, there were authentic and recent ones, too. (He refused to go back to the Amazons, even for a point of origin.) One case in special oc-

curred to him of a British officer who for years and years had satisfactorily prevented any penetration of her disguise. One found cases among people of the sea. One found cases here and there. One found them for sound reason, and for no reason at all. But still he refused to believe it, even though he wanted to.

With the exception of Russia's gallant and acknowledged Battalion, each was a case where no suspicion had arisen to make observers of the masquerade sharply critical; whereas here—Mr. Stickney? With that chin so obviously blued and in such constant need of a razor? Never. Mr. Sanford? Womanly, perhaps, but not a woman; furthermore the Toody of fifteen years ago (for the Lane marriage had terminated then) had been around nine, making her present probable age verge on the middle twenties; and here was Mr. Sanford with his horselike face and thin gray hair and wrinkles—no art, however consummate, could have translated him so effectively far from the twenties; nor could experience so swiftly have stamped him with the markings of age.

Mr. Dumarque, with (Valcour's eyes narrowed a little) his high-heeled shoes and black lisle stockings, with his voice that fringed on curious softnesses? The young and beautifully featured Mr. Force, whose smooth cheek (it was almost downy) clamped him in the twenties, and who flushed when one mentioned his business—and after all, in this enlightened age, commercial art required no flushing.

Mr. Poole himself Valcour automatically excepted from any Toodyism. And that left Mr. Wright, with his unattractive pudginess and thin veneers so suggestive of grease. Mr. Dumarque, young Force, and the pudgy, indeterminedly-yeared Mr. Wright—could either of these be Toody?

If one of them were Toody, it would fit so nicely: the bitter child snatched into opulence by a whim and sent back into mediocrity by a similar whim—sent back to think sullenly of lost heritages, with bitterness rising like a slow-growing and deep-rooted tree through cast-off years of gibing—years when Toody, with a child's boastfulness, had undoubtedly clung with insistent words to her fallen-from estate, and had probably been rudely disbelieved by whatever class of children constituted her companions. And this bitterness, with its deep, deep roots would have drained, for sustenance, all finer fibers from her nature, until that first break had come, several years ago, and the first gun had been fired,—for Valcour felt that that might have been the reason behind the returned and unclaimed checks—that first swift bitter gun fired by tortured pride. Then the consequent economic stress and the added irritations brought on by financial worry; then the killing of Lane, the man who had originally picked her out of her environment, as easily as he would have chosen a gift from a shop, and just as carelessly; and lastly the following-up and closing-in-upon the woman who with such a bitter and ugly sort of goodness had dismissed her—to please Mr. Jones, who did not care for children! Yes, it was a tenable theory.

Even the unfinished message in the unmailed letter fitted in: *"Death comes again and again when one is young, even though the body does not die. I know where you are and I am coming to you because—"* It was rather feminine in tenor; certainly not any mental spasm on the part of a Gyp the Blood. All this, of course, if one granted the masquerade.

Peter ripped the towel from his head. "Look at the bump, sir!"

Suppose there were no masquerade, and that the theory were still to be held to. Valcour attempted to fit Toody into either of the two Misses Sidderby, and Toody wouldn't fit. The younger one was automatically canceled, for Ella Sidderby had been playing bridge with him when Mr. Gans had been strangled, and could furthermore have had no knowledge that the radio had been received. The elder sister? The opportunity had been hers, and even if one did establish Toody in her twenties, a woman could age herself in appearance much more successfully than could a man—than could Mr. Sanford.

But Valcour did not believe that Toody was Miss Sidderby, any more than he believed her to be the syrupy and foularded Mrs. Sanford. But he did believe that Toody was the one whom he would meet at the end of this strange, strange trail: a mentally warped and spiritually broken Toody—bitterly, cleverly vindictive, with a child-cunning that had never matured into normal reason. For if Toody should fall through, there was nothing immediately apparent to pin the business to at all, and then Captain Sohme would both get and go mad.

Even as it was, Valcour disliked picturing Captain Sohme's reception were he to go to him and say: "See here, Captain, the man we're after is a girl, and he (she) killed Lane, killed Mr. Gans, and has his (her) knife out for Mrs. Poole, because Mrs. Poole bounced her out into the cold hard world at the age of about nine, with a yearly check to take care of her, because Mr. Jones did not like children." It was himself, Valcour knew, whom Captain Sohme would want to have put in irons. And if this were all a mare's nest built of desperation, if this Toody business were to have nothing to do with the case at all, if the fog and the murk were just to grow thicker and thicker—

Chapter Thirteen

Lat. 35° 6′ North
Long. 64° 30′ West

"I WANT you," said Valcour, "to tell me about Toody."

They were seated, Valcour and Mrs. Poole, on a leather settee in one corner of the *Eastern Bay's* small smoking-saloon. The sea was flat beneath a deadly calm, its gentle roll scarcely perceptible, and a chill gray drizzle fell interminably, blanking the saloon's ports, and seeming to seep cheerlessly in through their glass. Mrs. Poole said nothing for a moment. She continued to lean with careful negligence against the settee's cushions, and her stare at Valcour was as unreadable as the drizzled reaches of the gray still waters.

"Toody?" She dragged the name from forgotten pasts. "What on earth makes you speak of her?" Her eyes were losing their indifference. "How do you know about her?"

"I've been talking with your maid."

"With Anna?" Mrs. Poole laughed shortly. "I imagine the conversation was enlightening. She's been with me a good many years, and I shouldn't call her exactly chatty."

"For twenty years, she said."

"Really?" A flick of anger crossed her face. "I had no idea it was as long as that, and certainly no idea that her memory was so, well—acute." She smiled slightly and said: "The least you can do is to consider her as having been, at that time, my nurse."

Valcour smiled too. "I'm afraid we're not in Spain, Mrs. Poole. There was Mr. Lane, you see."

"Child marriages? Of course I see." Her voice hinted at sharp irritability. "I was absurdly young when I married Larry Lane—absurdly young."

Valcour, with Anna Wickstod's picturing of Mrs. Poole in a womanly pompadour and long dresses, steered clear. "What I'm interested in is Toody," he said. "I wish you'd tell me about her."

"Why don't you carry a doctor? Why doesn't the law compel you to? I insist we put into port."

"But didn't Anna?"

"Incompletely."

She continued to stare at him curiously. "I'm perfectly willing to tell you all about Toody, but I haven't the faintest notion why you're interested in her. Has it anything to do with this,"—she hesitated over her choice of the word,—"this business?"

"Well, couldn't it have?"

"Toody?" Her laugh was genuine. "Aren't you trespassing upon Mr. Dumarque and being bizarre? That child!"

"But you see, Mrs. Poole, Toody isn't any longer a child."

The idea seemed to strike her as something incredible—the idea of Toody no longer being a child. The whole age business was incredible whenever she attacked it mathematically or in cold blood—which was never, when she could help it.

"Suppose she isn't?" she said. "You can't picture Toody running around with her little hands and strangling people, can you? I can't."

"But the hands are no longer little, Mrs. Poole."

Her irritation boiled over. "I do wish you would stop talking like a Swedish epic, Mr. Valcour."

He smiled pleasantly. "I was, wasn't I? All we needed offstage was the sound of distant thunder, and a hero in the foreground licking wet grass."

"I didn't mean to be rude. Of course, I *was*—"

"I shouldn't have been so clumsy. I think the sea air is making me stupid. How old was Toody when Mr. Lane adopted her?"

"He didn't adopt her. She was about four or five, I think."

"But wasn't some arrangement made?" Valcour's expression indicated that even a wealthy and prominent man like Mr. Lane could hardly step out and pick up a child without something being arranged about it.

"Why, I suppose there was. Larry attended to the whole business." (And what a tiresome business *this* was, with Ted asleep in their cabin. Why did the darling sleep—and sleep? If he'd just been a bit older—a bit older, while still retaining his profile! One couldn't, of course, have everything—but pretty nearly everything.) "I've never had any head for business."

"Then you do think there was some 'business' connected with it?"

"No, I don't. I've told you I didn't—not business in the sense you're referring to. Larry would have said something about it when we were divorced, if there had been."

"He said nothing about Toody at all?"

"Do you want me to take that literally?"

"Please."

"I think he said: 'I suppose you will want Toody, Cassie?' And I said: 'Yes.' So he left me Toody, and that's all there is to that."

"Toody was about nine then, wasn't she?"

"About."

"Was she in school?"

"School? Heavens, no. I wanted her at hand where I could see her." What on earth was the use of owning a child, Mrs. Poole's perfect eyebrows wanted to know, if you packed her off to school where you couldn't see her.

"There was a governess?"

"Certainly—a very good one. Fräulein Smeldt. I remember her eyeglasses—big, thick lenses. She was very nearsighted, and peered. I do believe the poor dear spent half her life in just peering."

"And the other half?"

"In spouting knowledge, of course."

"On Toody?"

"On Toody."

"When Mr. Jones—" Valcour shifted uncomfortably on the settee. "That is to say, when it was no longer desirable to keep Toody, I understand that certain arrangements were made through your attorneys for her provision?"

"Ample."

Valcour laughed. "I might just as well be blunt about it," he said. "How much?"

"Twelve hundred a year." Mrs. Poole's manner implied: "If you must know, but I don't see what business or interest it is of yours." And perhaps Ted was awake. He couldn't nap all morning. Why didn't he show up and relieve her of this uncomfortable probing into a wanted-to-be-forgotten past?

"Was this amount ever increased, Mrs. Poole—I mean as Toody grew up?"

"No, Mr. Valcour. Why should it be? It came entirely from my own income, and I wasn't under the slightest legal obligation to the child. While she was with me, I gave her every possible advantage. I would call twelve hundred a year very generous, wouldn't you?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Poole."

Valcour continued to smile with his lips at this singularly beautiful and matter-of-fact woman, but it was Toody whom he was thinking of: Toody in her most formative years, when the wells of affection are more filled for generous giving than they are ever likely to be again; of Toody pouring this clear sweet stream of affection for what must have been, to her, an angel of boundless indulgences and beauty, a firm, unvanishable, everlasting angel—

for everything is going to last forever, from the viewpoint of little children. And then came Mr. Jones, who did not care to have, about his houses or about his person, a child.

"Did you keep in communication with her, Mrs. Poole, after she left you?"

"No." She frowned slightly. "It's one of my principles."

"To cut yourself completely off from something that is past?"

"Yes."

"You left everything in the hands of your attorneys?"

"Yes." (Ted's eyes, when they opened after sleeping, were so instantly clear; only the eyes of the beautiful young, when they opened after sleeping, were so instantly clear.)

"And did the lawyers keep in communication with her—beyond the yearly mailing of the check, I mean?"

"I haven't the remotest idea, Mr. Valcour. Their instructions were that I was not to be bothered about the matter further." She caught herself a little, and said: "That way seemed kinder, just one clear, decisive cut that ended the whole thing." (Much, thought Valcour,—the clear, kind way in which one drowns a kitten. She might just as well have taken little Toody and put her in a bag with stones, as to have let those clear sweet wells of young affection dry up into shocked aridity, to be filled again in later years with the slow and miserably bitter excrescences of hate. "And aren't you," he asked himself, "taking a good deal for granted? The child may have been a nasty little brat.")

"I detest," Mrs. Poole said, "anything that lingers on and on—that dribbles."

"Your maid tells me that the checks were returned during the past few years."

"My maid seems to have been telling you a great deal, Mr. Valcour."

Mrs. Poole's tone was sharp, and the blue in her eyes was not so meltingly limpid—a touch of good hard agateware.

"Under protest. She's rather simple, isn't she? She had no intention of being disloyal. I persuaded her that her information would prove of considerable assistance to you."

"I still fail to see why."

"I can only repeat that I believe we will find Toody at the bottom of all this. I wish you'd answer me frankly, Mrs. Poole."

Her eyes widened in genuine astonishment. "But I'm perfectly willing to. I have been—quite frankly."

"Was there any reason advanced by the lawyers for the returned and unclaimed checks?"

"None that I know of. They simply came back through the mails stamped '*Undelivered.*' That was all."

"But wasn't any investigation made?"

"They wanted to make one, but I didn't see why they should. It seemed perfectly simple to me: Toody either married, or else no longer needed financial support. I saw no reason why I should do anything further in the matter." She added, quite irritably: "I do think she might have sent me a card to her wedding. I could have sent her a suitable present."

"What was her given name, Mrs. Poole? Toody was of course a nickname, wasn't it?"

"Yes—I think it was Ethel. I'm sure it was Ethel. We always called her Toody, though."

"I understand that her hair was blonde, and her eyes brown."

"Very blonde—lovely, lovely curls, Mr. Valcour."

"It seems that your maid (if you'll promise not to shoot me for bringing her into it again) never viewed the child intimately. Perhaps you can tell me whether there were any identification-marks—scars, birthmarks, any deformities, things like that?"

"Oh, I'm sure there was nothing like that. Mr. Lane would never have given her to me, if there had been."

"You would have noticed it yourself, I suppose. You must have seen her undressed lots of times."

"Toody? Heavens, no. I'd go in and kiss her occasionally when she was in bed."

"Her governess, this Fräulein Smeldt, took care of her?"

"Oh, no; her aunt did."

Valcour felt a curious prickling at the base of his neck. "Tell me," he said gently, "about this aunt."

"Why, she came as a nurse with Toody, and took care of her while the child was with us. We knew nothing about the relationship until just as they were leaving us. She told me about it then. I don't see why people are so secretive. It wouldn't have made the slightest difference if we'd known about it—that is, I don't suppose it would. It's hard to tell about those things, especially in retrospect, don't you think?"

"Very. Did you make any effort to prove that the relationship was authentic?"

"The lawyers did, of course. They sent the checks to the aunt, you see."

"I think I'm beginning to see. What did this woman look like, Mrs. Poole?"

"I don't know. She seemed an ordinary, negative sort of per-

"I can't wake him, sir. . . . . I shook him by the shoulder. There wasn't no blood."

son during the few times I came in contact with her—the type that's hard to describe—syrupy, that's it—" Shock tightened Mrs. Poole's indifferent eyes. "One is reminded of her," she said, "by Mrs. Sanford."

TED POOLE stretched on his bunk luxuriantly, and sleep still drenched him like a narcotic. The cabin's two ports were wide open, but still the air felt stuffy, and there was that indefinable ship-odor about it which was always prevalent on the smaller ships. He opened his eyes and wondered where Cassie was. Some one rapped lightly on the door, and his eyes turned lazily toward it, and he said: "Come in."

"Oh, hello," he said. Then he repeated: "Come in." He smiled agreeably at the man who came in and stood by the door. For the life of him he couldn't remember what the fellow's name was—he was constitutionally unfitted for remembering names, unless he was tremendously interested in a person.

"I wondered where you were, Ted," the man was saying. "I didn't see you up on deck." The man stared casually about the fair-sized cabin. He closed the door softly. He went over to an armchair and sat down. "I thought you might be sick or something."

"Me?" Young Poole, still not through with stretching, stared at him incredulously. "Riding along on this pancake?"

"Lots of people get sick in calm weather." The man took a cigarette-case from his pocket. "Have a cigarette, Ted?"

"What are they?" Ted looked at the brand. "They're too strong for me, thanks. Do you mind chucking over that package on the washstand? Thanks."

The man stood up and struck a match. He cupped it, and moved over to the side of the bunk. Ted hoisted himself on an elbow and got a light. Then he sank back onto the bunk.

"I'm lazy as hell," he said.

The man went back to the armchair and sat down. "It gets monotonous, this business of being at sea."

"It just goes to show what indifferent hogs we are." Young Poole waved his cigarette expansively. "All we want is to sleep and to be fed. There's a poor devil died last night and was buried this morning, and the kick's already gone out of it, and I'm sleepy, and you're bored, and what the hell anyway!"

The man laughed politely. "Even with marriage?" he said. "That's only three days old, isn't it?"

Ted blew rings. "That's different." A faint touch in his tone implied that, as a topic, it was also private.

"I should think that with a killer loose about the ship you'd keep your door bolted," the man said.

"That's sort of bosh, isn't it? Naturally Valcour gets melodramatic about it. It's his business. Personally I don't think that Gans was murdered at all."

"No?" The man's eyes were very serious, very polite, as they stared across the gray-misted cabin at Ted.

"What's there to prove it beyond some marks on his neck? Valcour isn't a doctor. I think that Gans had a stroke."

"What sort of a stroke, Ted?"

"How do I know? But everybody knows what strokes are. People are always dying of them, and getting black in the face about it, too." Ted flicked ashes into an empty glass standing on a chair beside the bunk. "You often read about cases like that in the papers."

"But after all, there were those marks on the neck," the man said mildly.

"Valcour probably imagined them. It was dark enough last night, wasn't it?"

"Yes, but he had a flashlight, and I understand that he examined the body later in the wireless man's cabin under a strong light."

"Even so, to have a crime, you have to have a motive. Anybody'll tell you that. Who on earth would want to kill Gans, and why?"

The man smiled a little. "Who on earth!" he said.

"Even if Valcour tried to pin it onto one of the crew, it wouldn't be so raw—but to come blasting out the way he did at breakfast with this 'the passengers are included' stuff—what a swell guy that is! Say, did you catch the look on the Sidderbys' faces when he pulled it? They both looked like sick raspberries."

"It wasn't exactly nice. I wonder why he did it?"

"Why does an ass bray?"

"No," the man said gently, "it isn't that. Valcour's a very clever and a very tactful man."

"Then why doesn't he catch his whooped-up murderer?"

The man's gesture was quite impartial. "Perhaps the murderer is a clever man too," he said.

"You take it seriously, then?"

"I think I do."

"Even to the extent of it possibly being one of us?"

"I think so."

"Me?"

The man laughed with the proper amount of deprecation. "Why not? You're one of us. Did you?"

"Kill Gans? Hell, yes. Got another match?"

The man stood up and struck a *(Please turn to page 138)*

Kitchenette

by

MacKinlay Kantor

Illustrated by J. Sands Brunner

MRS. LOUIS MARKODY felt in her reptile-skin bag for an unfamiliar key. She turned the lock of the kitchenette apartment door, entered, and gazed about resignedly. The movers had been there, all right. There were boxes and barrels and two small trunks and a portable radio, all piled in the living-room (roll-away bed) and dinette.

"Gosh," she said aloud, and took off her hat.

It was called a three-room kitchenette in the ads. Grace Markody couldn't see where they counted three rooms, unless the bath were included in the count. Maybe the kitchenette and dinette were supposed to be separate, but they were more like one big room. . . . . Artificial ice; that would be nice. She and Louis had never lived where they had artificial ice.

After all, she reflected as she drew a green smock over the dress of her ensemble, you couldn't say that she and Louis had ever really lived together. She was almost a widow. The company insisted in keeping Louis on the road, and neighbors had been known to whisper about the week-end visitor whom she entertained.

Days alone, evenings alone. Sometimes Jennie Gannon, her old girl friend, would come out for dinner. Jennie wasn't married. She still worked in the Loop.

Grace would fool around with salads, lobster patties and whipped cream, on those nights when Jennie came. Jennie insisted that the only time she really ate was when she came out to Grace's apartment.

"You oughta get a job, though," she would declare between nibbles of Roquefort. "Honest, Grace, you must get awful lonesome. I'd die. Nothing to do around this little place."

"Oh, is that so? There's more than you'd think. I'm a one-hundred-percent housewife every day of the world!"

Jennie would eye her shrewdly. "I know, dearie. But living alone like this, with your husband gone on the road—well, I bet I'd get lonesome too, and wish somebody was around."

"Why. *Jennie*—"

"Oh, don't look at me like that, dearie. I'm not insinuating a thing."

"Jennie Gannon, you oughta know that I—"

"Sure. I know. Louis is your sweetie and everything like that. But he couldn't blame you for getting lonesome. . . . . Grace,"—and her eyes would not be watching her, but studying the pattern of a cheap silver fork,—"did you—ever hear from—Steve?"

White as a fresh powder-puff, with thin circles of rose on her cheeks. That was Grace Markody's face, whenever Jennie mentioned Steve Atherton. Jennie was the only one who knew about Steve.

"Louis couldn't blame you for gettinglonesome. . . . . Grace, did you ever hear from—Steve?"

"No. I never did hear from him." Lying cheerfully, with infinite virtue: "I never wanted to, either."

After all, she reasoned now in the virgin freshness of this kitchenette, it was just as well that nobody else knew about Steve. . . . . And Louis—Louis was so darn' decent to her!

Well, the new apartment wasn't any bigger than the last one, but it was a lot nicer. She would go to a lot of work, fixing it up—parchment lamp-shades and pretty tie-backs for the curtains. Grace began to hum to herself as she secured a cloth and assaulted the woodwork.

Some one was moving in overhead. She could hear the heavy feet of men go tramping back and forth—hear the scrape of boxes; and once the chandelier jiggled excitedly when a large weight was thumped against the floor above.

Grace hummed gayly now. There was something exhilarating about moving into a new kitchenette. But she'd have to hurry and get everything in place before the end of the week. Louis would be back in Chicago then, and he hated to have things upset.

Somebody banged against the door.

"Yes?"

"Expressman," said a hoarse voice.

Expressman? She didn't have anything coming from the baggage transfer. Grace ran and opened the door.

A man was there, ticket in hand, a large wardrobe trunk beside him.

"Apartment Thirty?"

"No," said Grace Markody. "That must be upstairs." And then she looked at the trunk again. . . . .

After she was inside and the door was closed, and the expressman was laboring up the stairs outside, Grace sat down very slowly on the couch. She could feel the pulse of her body hammering under pale skin.

"S. A." In large white letters on the end of the trunk. And that little label from the Montreal hotel still sticking, worn and scratched, just beneath the initials.

She remembered. Oh, yes, she remembered!

"Steve, why do they put labels on trunks?"

He was shaving in the bathroom, and he came to the door, muscular arms bare, tanned face all foaming with lather. "Oh, I don't know, honeybunch. Just an advertising idea, I guess."

"Steve—do you really love me? You—really wanted me to come up here with you?"

"Baby—you know I love you."

It was only his waywardness, his gambling, that had made her leave him. . . . . He was upstairs, now. He was *upstairs!*

The air seemed to swim noisily past her ears. She knew that she had opened the hall door—listening, listening. The expressman lumbered along the hall with the trunk. . . . . A rumble of voices, men's voices. There was no voice of any woman. He was alone. He—

The transfer man came down the stairway, stuffing a card into his pocket. "Did you find him?" Grace's lips seemed formed of hard rubber.

"Huh?" He blinked at her. "Oh, sure. The party was upstairs. He was there."

Louis, poor Louis, with his ready smile and drawling voice and homely, spectacle-cased face. . . . .

Steve Atherton was upstairs.

Just one minute—just see him once. She'd never go again. She'd move away. She'd go up, and—

Thinking frantically, as she drew her new spring coat around her: "I'd never done it, if that trunk hadn't gone past the door. If he hadn't been right upstairs, I'd never go. . . . . And then I'll come back down, and I'll have the men take our things away, and I'll find another kitchenette somewhere. And Louis—oh, my God—Louis—"

Grace whipped out her compact as she reached the landing, and her face shone icy white in the little wafer of glass. . . . The toes of her pumps moved steadily along the carpet, and then she was in a deeper shadow, and her knuckles were lifted before the panel of the door.

"You really wanted me to come with you?" Her lips were rehearsing it.

Maybe she didn't knock. She couldn't remember. The man inside might have heard her coming along the hall. *"You really wanted me to come up here with you?"* Her lips were rehearsing it soundlessly, and she felt a sob bulge in her throat.

The door opened. A little man was standing there, his round face staring at her, his black hair spiny and tousled. "Well, lady?"

"I thought—Steve," Grace muttered crazily. "Pardon me. I—"

"Lady, I guess you got the wrong apartment."

Behind him, through the open door, she could see the black wardrobe trunk. Its Montreal label leered at her like a tiny red window into the past: she could look through it, and see Steve Atherton. Her first husband. She had divorced him. And she had married Louis Markody. . . . .

"That trunk," she managed to say, "it—"

"Well?" The little man threw out his hands appealingly. "It's a nice trunk, lady. A fine trunk for secondhand. Always this time of year you can pick up good trunks at secondhand places."

How to do

Photo by Underwood and Underwood

Bobby Jones, U. S. Amateur Champion, gets out of a sand trap.

"There is no argument about first position," says the Golfers Magazine *in its review of the past year. "Glenna Collett is, and has been for seven years, the greatest woman golfer in the country. Her performance in the National Championship is without precedent; the field was the strongest one ever assembled, as proven by the scoring in the qualifying round, and her victory was not handed to her; it was earned by super golf."*

Miss Collett has given an unusually clear account of the essentials of good golf, applicable equally to the play of men and of women.—THE EDITOR.

CONCENTRATION is one of the most vitally important items to good golf. It is one of the fundamentals. To produce the best golf, you must be "keyed up," which in the final analysis is a form of concentration. And if you are keyed up, you are thinking of the task at hand and cannot produce the best golf unless your mind is focused only on the match in which you are playing. That means concentration on each and every shot. If you are lackadaisical or indifferent, you will find yourself in difficulty, and before you can recover the required mental application to the game, the chance for success will have been gone irrevocably.

Concentration is very much of a habit, and it can be acquired by excluding all thoughts from the mind except the ones most necessary for the completion and the success of the task before you. Concentration is often very difficult in golf, but because I have discovered how very important it is, I have tried to work out a theory for myself which is at once logical and practical. The ordinary round of eighteen holes in a championship match takes about three hours to complete. Presuming each player takes eighty strokes for the round, with an average time-limit of one minute per stroke, there is left one hour and forty minutes for walking to the ball, gauging the line of flight, selection of a club and ushering spectators to the side-lines—in case of a gallery. Upon arriving to where the ball lies, it should not take more than one minute to decide upon how you wish to play it, and for the actual hitting of it—and that one minute is a quite generous time-limit, considering that the actual address to follow through takes only a fraction of a second.

As long as there are no tactics to be thought out during a match of this kind, no tricks of the game to be applied, and no personalities with which to contend, this one minute I have allotted myself for stroke-making is sufficient to enable me to keep my mind attuned to the match of the moment

Right here I might cite an amusing incident in tactics which happened in a four-ball match at Pine Valley. It is well known that there are plenty of disturbing elements about that famous course that tend to mar concentration, and even disposition and morale. My partner and myself, after struggling with one of the severest holes, managed our maneuvers in such a way that we finally found ourselves on the green in four shots apiece, with rather long, rolling putts left. One of our opponents outwitted us to the extent that, having arrived on the green in three gallant shots, only two putts were needed for a probable half. It may have been the excitement of the occasion, maybe nerves, or just the deadly earnestness with which he set about laying that first putt dead, but at any rate his brave effort resulted in a complete look-up, the ball scuttling off the toe of the putter to perhaps a good foot and a half. His partner came through in a sportsmanlike manner and remarked: "That's the way to mystify 'em, partner!" Needless to say, the hole was ours—and the match from then on.

Photo by Underwood and Underwood

The famous golf grip of Bobby Jones, ace of amateur golfers.

I think I was never more keyed up than I was at the start of my final match with Joyce Wethered in the British Championship. I have no illusions as to which of us is the better golfer, and having struggled through the preliminary eight matches to reach the final, my one predominating thought was to put forth my best efforts and to make a match of it. The psychological influence in that match was important and almost domineering. I was playing for a national championship against the greatest woman golfer of all time, a national heroine, the idol of the gallery, and against not a little press favoritism. I expected all this as Miss Wethered's due acclaim, but what I did not expect was the unusual burst of speed I showed for the first nine holes of the match. I had hoped to do my best, but at the end of the ninth hole, when I was five up, and at the end of the twelfth, where I missed a putt to go six up, the feeling of surprise which crept over me must have communicated itself to the gallery, as a general hush settled over our heads. For the remaining six holes I made three mistakes, which left me with a two-hole lead as we went in to lunch. I cannot actually describe my emotions in the afternoon round. Miss Wethered holed a beautiful three to win the first hole, and at the end of the twenty-seventh I found myself in the deplorable condition of having the tables almost completely reversed. I was four down. My surprise, by this time, had left me, and with my back to the wall, I settled down to play my opponent shot for shot with a determined effort to win back those holes. I got back the tenth, lost the thirteenth and won the fourteenth. I had the fifteenth won in a good four

your Best at Golf—

by Glenna Collett

Four Times Winner of the National Women's Championship of America

until Miss Wethered holed a thirty-footer for a half, which instead of leaving me only one down with three holes left, I was two—an almost unsurmountable margin against Miss Wethered. The match ended on the thirty-fifth green, and I had lost by three and one.

There are always alibis and anecdotes that follow in the wake of a match of that kind. I have no excuses to offer, except sometimes I do wish I had holed that short putt on the twelfth in the morning round, or had not driven into so many hidden traps or—but I could go on for hours. I never enjoyed a match more thoroughly, and if it were to be played over, I doubt very much if I could duplicate my amazing thirty-four for the first nine that enabled me to pile up such a lead against Miss Wethered's "mediocre" thirty-nine.

Another exciting match which I played more recently was in the third round of the National Championship against Mrs. Harly Higbie. Going to the fourteenth hole, I was four down with five holes to play. Mrs. Higbie up till that time had been scoring very well, and as she is a golfer with a great deal of determination, I had a vague feeling that it would not be long before I would be ushered into the gallery. But strange things happen in golf. Mrs. Higbie missed a short putt on the fourteenth hole to win the match. She had been putting beautifully until that point, and she may have been regretting that putt when we walked to the fifteenth tee, as she played this next hole very badly. The tremendous lead of dormie four may have made her a little overconfident, but her missed putt gave me added courage, and the tables were turned. I was spurred on—keyed up to fight for the last four holes.

I have no doubt whatever that this difference in mind and attitude toward the match had everything to do with swinging the outcome to my favor—and I won on the nineteenth hole.

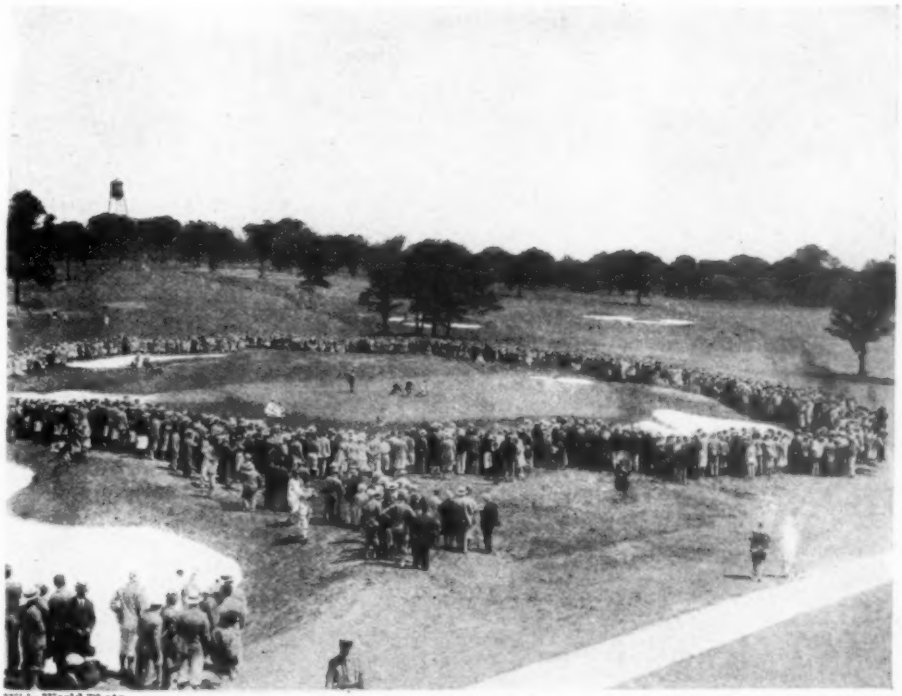
Photo by Underwood and Underwood

The golf grip of the former Open Champion—Johnny Farrell.

Concentration applies differently to the individual player. We hear of players who are easily "rattled." Some one talking, a camera being snapped, a cough or an unsuspecting spectator moving in the "line," all tend to mar concentration. It has happened to all of us, but in the end it only proves that our concentration has not been perfect, or that we were looking for those things to bother us—which amounts to the same thing. To a certain extent that is so. After the rudiments of the game have been mastered, concentration, the will to win, and the breaks, play a great part in the outcome of any match.

Miss Joyce Wethered is a shining example of perfect concentration. The story of Miss Wethered holing a long putt for a championship while a whistle from a near-by locomotive was blasting has been told often. Yet while the onlookers were trembling for fear it would disturb her, she said calmly that she hadn't heard it.

To be keyed up does not mean to be tense. It means to be in the proper frame of mind to play your best. The most useful and productive attitude in golf is to play each shot deliberately, at the same time not permitting anything or anybody to interfere with your train of thought while making the shot. And by playing a shot deliberately, I do not mean that a great deal of time should be taken over it. Decide definitely which club is to be used and how the shot is to be played, and do not change your mind in the middle of the swing. Do not press the shot or let up on it. A great many mistakes are made not so much through *wrong* decision



Wide World Photo

Final of Thirty-Third National Open Golf Championship, Jones putting.

as through *in*decision. Relax at all times and think of nothing but the shot at the time of making it.

Johnny Farrell, former Open Champion and well-known professional golfer, says that tournament golf is the hardest game in the world, inasmuch as the spectator is so close to the player, and often diverts his concentration. "For instance," he says, "in case a professional golfer hooks or slices very badly, or hits a shot that is short or off line, a spectator will invariably ask what was the reason for that slice or hook. Even if the player is not inclined to answer, he still has the shot in his mind and would like to reply by tapping the questioner—not gently—on the head. The player's train of thought is interrupted nevertheless, and instead of applying himself to the next shot, will give thought to the poor one made previously."

Incidentally, Johnny's example in the U. S. Open Championship at Olympia Fields serves as an excellent illustration in concentration and what it means when your powers of concentration are broken. Farrell and Bobby Jones were paired as partners in the first thirty-six holes, and naturally were followed by a tremendous gallery. It was, of course, composed of people who wanted to see Jones play. As a consequence the crowds rushed from each green as Bobby finished putting, and took places somewhere along the next fairway. Farrell was still lining up his putts when the gallery broke and ran to secure a vantage-point at the next hole. Despite the protests of officials, the gallery continued to act as galleries will act, when in their anxiety to catch a glimpse of a champion, they forget him or even his partner. At Olympia Fields, Farrell was not paired with Jones during the final thirty-six holes of the championship, and without question played with all possible concentration, for it so happened he was thought out of the race and had few people following him. As everyone knows, he came through that day, and tied Jones for the championship, which he won subsequently in the play-off.

Another example of the importance of concentration in championships is that of MacDonald Smith in the British Open Championship at Prestwick. Smith, one of the greatest stylists in the game, and member of the famous golfing family, had the championship practically clinched with nine holes to play, but the tremendous crowds and the excitement spoiled his chances. He was forced to wait at each tee until the crowds cleared from the fairways and gave him a chance to drive. Ready to concentrate on a shot, probably there is nothing worse than to have your concentration broken by an outside agency, and Smith's chances were ruined as he anxiously waited to make a shot, only to have the gallery delay and interfere with his plans. What he saw before him as he looked off each tee was not a golf-course but a crowd, and bit by bit these impressions seeped into his mind and spoiled his powers of concentration for shot-making.

International News Photos, Inc.

Al Espinosa shooting out of a sand trap.

Photo by Underwood and Underwood

"Concentration is vitally important to good golf."

Any player must have confidence to succeed in golf or any other game. But particularly so in golf. Confidence in one's ability to make the proper shot will mean the ability to bring that shot off in good order. Fear or trepidation is fatal. Confidence can be acquired through the medium of constant practice. Trouble is so rare (or so frequent with every shot) that few people are willing to spend half an hour on a practice tee, and prefer to go right out to play. It becomes simply a matter of mathematics. In an ordinary round there are no more than fifteen holes which require a driver. In a half hour of driving in practice, seventy-five or one hundred drives can be hit. By swinging constantly, you are more likely to acquire a swing which is most adapted to you; whereas in a round it will be ten to fifteen minutes before each drive.

No one, of course, can get too much practice. The general tendency is usually to overestimate your own ability or believe you will "come through" in a pinch without practice. But nowadays, with the tremendous competition, no one can really enter a championship and do himself or herself justice by not being prepared, and preparedness means that you have practiced making the shots that are usually your weakest ones. I know of professionals who before competing in the open will spend hours just trying to recover from bunkers or traps. Others will concentrate on their irons, and still others will spend hours on the putting-greens. Most professionals spend some part of the day playing, even if it is only on the practice putting-green. Of course, amateurs, because of business, can't devote the time, but as a general rule the amateur who wins the most invitation tournaments during the course of a season is the one who has spent many trying hours patiently practicing. Harrison Johnston, the present amateur champion, is a wonderful illustration of a man who worked with his game until it finally brought him the title he sought so long.

Fearlessness in golf is very closely allied to confidence. There are few golfers who are not panicky in matches at one time or another. Fear grips hard on their minds and stiffens their muscles. On starting from the first tee, or approaching the eighteenth green, both of which places are in close proximity to the clubhouse, the player feels

that he is the cynosure of all eyes. Fear and stage-fright hold the imagination and spoil something. This type of fear soon passes away, for players cannot walk around forever with shaking knees and quivering nerves. It is the fear which makes one always short on approaches or putts, or sends the ball neatly into the bunker just in front, that is the kind to be overcome. It is the unusual which attracts the most attention, and when a player sees his ball go bouncing over a green into a trap beyond, the inevitable result is that he will be short on the other approaches during the round. I think that is why we hear so often the complaint, "I can't get up to the pin."

In a match of importance there is always the tendency to try too hard, to try to steer and guide the ball. This should be avoided as much as possible, for the number of players who can do this is very limited—and they are the ones who play the game almost constantly. Play boldly for the pin on all shots, from the putt to the long brassie, to the green, and do not fear the results.

Mental hazards are often more real than the hazards themselves. The water hazard is a particularly familiar one in the minds of the great army of golfers. Usually the player can cover the distance of the water hazard without difficulty, but as soon as he is faced with the old bugbear, it becomes an insurmountable distance.

On the championship course at White Sulphur Springs there is a stream which runs immediately in front of the first and eighteenth tees. The distance to be covered in each instance is not more than fifty yards, yet I have seen good players approach those tees and hit ball after ball into the water and finally give up and carry their balls over.

Superstitions are all mental hazards, because they cause the mind to stray. Some are superstitions the players hold about their opponents. They believe they cannot beat a certain person or a certain type of player. Others are superstitious regarding their clubs and feel they cannot play with a strange set, or that they must play with a certain ball—until such a thought becomes an obsession. Just another form of diverted concentration—instead of thinking of each shot as played, they are thinking of their superstitions, jinxes, or any other mental hazards that swarm into their minds.

If we begin to think of all the things that bother us in a round of golf, there will be no time in which to enjoy the delightful companionship, the joy of being out in the open air and the great pleasure and privilege it is to walk over those beautiful green fairways. Players who are obsessed with an idea that they cannot play a certain course, that they play a hard course better than an easy one, or that a well-trapped course is too hazardous, lose a lot of the fun of golf.

Then there is always the hazard of playing against famous opponents. This is in the category of playing in the wrong state of mind. In the last National Open Championship held at the Winged Club outside of New York, Al Espinosa was able to tie Bobby Jones after the seventy-two holes had been completed. A play-off resulted, and in this round of eighteen holes, playing against the great Bobby, Espinosa's game collapsed completely. He was not himself.

Joyce Wethered intimidates her opponents. Anyone who is matched against her is beaten before she starts. They are afraid of her game. In the preliminary matches of a championship she is rarely forced beyond the fourteenth or fifteenth hole. Cecil Leitch held the same position when she was reigning champion.

And again there is always the other side of the question. Some players go out against an opponent who is considered superior in all departments, and with everything to gain and nothing to lose, put forth a game which is much better than their normal standard and win! The champion, on the other hand, playing against some one he is almost sure of beating, is not keyed up and starts in an haphazard manner. When he finds himself near the end of the match, struggling to get even, it is too late to gather all the forces of concentration together, and he is beaten. In this past Amateur Championship, Bobby was beaten by a boy who, although he is a finished golfer, was little known in golfing circles.

The mental side of golf is indeed a most deciding factor. Outside influences are there on all sides to be overcome or forgotten about. You cannot lose yourself in a game of golf as easily as in a fast game of tennis, squash or badminton. There is no change in speed or pace. Even if you have a thorough insight into the opponent's game, there is no way by which you can change his mind about the club he is to use, and no way of judging whether he will play a high shot or a run-up; and even if there were a way, it would have no bearing on the kind of a shot you would elect to play next. Golf is an individual game, where the attitude of the individual toward the match has everything to do with the outcome. He must concentrate, be fearless and confident, and have an utter disregard for outside influences.

Photo by Wide World

Glenna Collett—"No one can get too much practice."

Wide World Photo

Bobby Jones executing a difficult shot.

A story of the storm of emotions which have to be repressed when they arise, in the calm and competent and exceedingly pleasant young lady who directs social destinies in a hotel

HOTEL WOMAN

by A. de Ford Pitney

Illustrated by Leslie Turner

"YES, Mr. Randolph, the flowers came to my office."

Miss Frances Justine of the Hotel Sandringham was talking over her telephone. "Yes, thank you so much. I sent them to be used at the children's party this afternoon." . . . .

"Oh, no, Mr. Randolph, I couldn't possibly accept any attention from a guest." . . . .

"I know. I appreciate that, Mr. Randolph. But it's quite impossible, really." . . . .

"Perhaps. . . . . This afternoon." Miss Justine put down the cradle-type telephone.

"Is he nice?" Miss Erna Moraine of the Sandringham's downtown twin, the Sardanapalus, smiled understandingly.

"Yes. He is a—a very unusual type."

"Well, that's a lot in his favor, although he seems to take the usual course: flowers to your office—next they'll be to your room; wonders why you can't sit around the parlors with him, wants to take you to a show every night, then nice little rides in a rented limousine. . . . . What opportunities we girls do have!"

Miss Moraine was much the elder of the two, although nothing betrayed it except a wider tired shadow around the eyes and a considerably greater hardness of the mouth corners.

"One of the biggest things that ever happened in our profession is getting rid of the name 'hostess,' as if we were running a night-club," Miss Moraine mused. " 'Social Director' means something. Only the other day a woman guest came into my office and said: 'Are you the hostess? I wish to give a luncheon here.' 'There is no such position as "hostess" in this hotel, madam,' I said to her. 'I am the social director.' Well, I don't need to tell you that I arranged the affair for her and sold her a complete set of the best place-cards and favors we make ourselves, rented her a string orchestra and built her ideas way up on the menu. Do you think I couldn't do that a lot better as a social director! Hostess—that makes me think of somebody running on a ball-floor and calling out, 'Give this little girl a hand.' As social director you just naturally keep your distance from the guests and don't mix in their parties."

"Being a hotel woman is a life apart, isn't it?" said Miss Justine with a sigh. "That reminds me, I've got to get up a lunch for a guest, Mrs. Prounce, who doesn't know anybody but wants to give one. Oh, I get so tired of being just a stage manager. I want to burst out and be normal and act as I please and have my time and my friends."

"I know. It seems like you can't have a romance and you crave it. Now I've got my idea of a real romance for a social director," said Miss Moraine dreamily. "Of course she can't have any affair

"This maid was just leaving," said Randolph. "I missed my pin."

with a guest in the hotel, although these traveling Romeos act as if that was what we are here for. Now my idea is that some very high official like a banker or a diplomatic *attaché* sees you somewhere and is attracted by your personality and the way you wear your clothes. He finds out you are a social director, so he comes to the hotel, takes a suite and begins to send you flowers and opera boxes, and, of course, is rebuffed. But later he meets you outside at an affair and naturally you become the great Mrs. Whosis McWhat, a situation you are in all ways qualified to adorn."

Miss Frances Justine listened with a smile to this ethereal web of fancy. She had been in the hotel business barely five years, while Miss Moraine had been of it almost twenty. Frances' father had been a prominent lawyer, but he died leaving an involved estate. Frances tried managing a girls' camp, was "hostess" at a resort hotel, and from that came to the Sandringham and grew up to her present position. Back of her was a leisurely social life. Now she was a worker, one of a peculiar regiment leading a life apart, like a soldier or actor.

"Pipe-dreams." Miss Moraine arose to her elegant height and picked up her fur. "I've got to get back. Three special dinners tonight. This morning in came a dame with a letter of introduction. I knew what it was before she spoke: she had a young niece. Darling Tweetums had never done anything and didn't have much sense about business or anything else, but being born in the purple, she naturally had such a gracious presence and would be an ideal hostess for any fashionable hotel. 'Madam,' I said, 'the first thing Tweetums ought to do is to put in two years as chambermaid and page-girl for the linen-woman and learn the hotel business, because social director, madam,' I said, 'is a hotel job, and a social director has got to be a hotel woman and know every detail from front and back of the house.' So I guess Tweetums will decide to try interior decorating."

Frances blushed; at one time she had faced the same choice.

"Well, toodle-oo!" Miss Moraine walked forth through the wide, luxurious lounge on the mezzanine floor. Her pointed-toed, slightly swaying, deliberate-mannered walk proclaimed in impressive letters the word *distinguished*, which was what it was laboriously trained to do.

Frances looked after her, suddenly seeing herself twelve or fifteen years hence. How long it seemed since Frances had had that first easy, experimental, amateur attitude toward her job! It was an adventure then, at worst just a means of making her living, but now she realized that it was not her living, but her life.

But there was no time for repining. There was her morning's mail to be cleared off. Letters from a new orchestra, samples of party favors, letter from the club secretary who was almost at the point of giving the Sandringham their annual banquet, complaint from the banker's widow in Parlor Thirty-six; the pile was high this morning.

"Good morning." George Clay, one of the four assistant-mana-

gers of the Sandringham, was in the doorway. Mr. Clay wore a dark business suit, black shoes, of course—tan shoes being strictly taboo for hotel employees—dark tie and white linen. His dark hair was brushed back from his pale, fatigued-looking forehead. Mr. Clay had two aspects; one the hard, keen, competent survey he gave to those who were working with him to keep every function of the ten-million-dollar plant of the Hotel Sandringham running with noiseless efficiency; the other was the ready smile and pleasant greeting he had for guests. His suavity was entirely free from any personal preferences. Clay's diplomatic smile, his serviceability, his tact, even his smooth clothes, were all part of a polished, impenetrable surface, the same to everybody. Just now he displayed more of his first aspect. His eyes were upon the empty cut-glass vase on her desk.

"I saw you talk to that fellow Randolph on the parlor floor last night," he said curtly.

"I couldn't refuse to reply to a guest's question, could I?"

"I saw that big load of flowers on your desk this morning," he continued angrily.

"Yes, and they are in the Mother Goose room now."

"It doesn't seem possible to me that you could forget yourself far enough to receive attention from a guest—in the hotel or out of it."

"Outside is my own affair."

"It is not, and you know it. In or out—a guest. And this man, especially. I've warned you—"

"I wont be dictated to. I wont be dictated to!" The words tumbled out of her. "I wont stand it. My own time—" She was shaking with nerves.

"Frances—"

Then, automatically two fingers of Clay's hand, inside the door and out of sight from the corridor, went up. "Good morning, Mrs. Smocker."

"Good morning, Mr. Clay. I was going to ask about the pillows in my window-seat."

"Miss Justine will have the upholsterer make new ones if you like." Mr. Clay tactfully turned the matter over to the social director and trouble-shooter and bowed himself away. The complaint was soon adjusted, and Frances sat with her eyebrows in a hard line and her mouth compressed. She understood Clay's irritability. Yesterday had been his "short day," noon to six, but the convention of the national transparent-package association had kept him until two A. M. Today was his "long day," seven to noon, six to eleven, just the same. . . . .

"She does look like a beautiful savage this morning," said the guest.

The dusky cloud was chased away from Frances' face by the lightning flash of a smile, but she shook her head.

"Mr. Randolph, you know you ought not to call on me here."

"Why not?" He selected a chair. "Can't a guest consult with the social director?" He was dressed in a suit of loud pattern that harmonized with his impressive handsome figure, and he had that definite, confidence-inspiring maturity which goes with the description "still young." He was an oil man—James Berryman Randolph, San Francisco.

"I've told you it can't be done."

"What?" he said, pulling his chair up to her desk. "Do you think I could be here in the house with you and not see you? I'll make this a business interview. I'll give a dinner; I'll get up some stunt about which we have to have conferences." He reached for her hand, but she jerked it away and stood up.

"Please," she cried.

"Frances!" Mr. Randolph got up impetuously and followed her.

"Stop that!" she protested. "Don't you know you can't put on any act here?"

"I'm sorry." He found his chair again and sat with his fist on his knee. "You know what I am. I'm no lounge lizard or fly-by-night. I'm a straightforward business man who has fought his own way to the top. You know what I feel for you—the most perfect respect—"

"If I didn't! Do you suppose you are the first guest who ever tried to make love to me? Incidentally, I haven't yet given you permission to call me by my first name. And now, please, don't stay."

Randolph had a deaf ear for the last order. He made himself at ease and began to talk of impersonal matters.

"How's business? Have you arranged the Rounce lunch yet?"

"*S-sh*, please! I mustn't discuss guests. I'm terribly busy."

He laughed. "These ornamental girls, thinking they are busy! Don't I see you, taking your time like a young queen?"

"I'd look fine, wouldn't I, if I rushed around all out of breath? Of course I have to look as if I were in no hurry, even if I am almost distracted. Would you like to know what my day really is?"

"Yes, just for curiosity, I would. I suppose your biggest problem is something like the lunch for these Rounces or Bounces. Somehow those people interest me."

"They seem to," said Frances. "I've noticed that."

"Let's hear what your day's work is," he shifted the subject back.

"Well, take yesterday." She opened her diary. "Eight A. M., called. Breakfast in my room."

"Ha-ha!"

"Wait. From eight to ten in my room I made eighteen telephone calls, made four reservations for out-of-town guests, changed

"Girl, I fell for you the minute I saw you!"

Frances looked after her, suddenly seeing herself fifteen years hence.

an opera box, made three appointments regarding affairs to be given by guests and read all the papers, checking up on club and social functions. At ten o'clock I was at my desk, dictated my mail and from then until two I supervised the hotel's part in the giving of three lunches and two club meetings, consulted with the chef on the coming events program, called on two women guests who are sick, ordered flowers for a wedding, gave auditions to entertainers, made contracts with orchestras for four dances next week, had a conference with the publicity man and moved three guests who wanted different rooms. At two o'clock I ate a sandwich and changed to afternoon clothes and until six called on lady arrivals, planned a funeral, attended to details of an opera party, arranged a suddenly-decided-on supper dance in the Jacobean Room, organized a bridge tournament, engaged a kindergartner for the playroom and handled special requests from the manager's office until six-thirty, when I went to my room. I was too tired for dinner, so I had an oyster stew, changed to evening clothes and was on duty in the dining-room and lobby looking after my parties from then on until two in the morning, when the transparent-package-convention banquet and dance ended."

"I take it all back," said Randolph fervently. "I wish I could help you—for instance, about a thing like the Ounce affair—"

"Who knows? Maybe you can. But now, really, you mustn't stay here, please—"

"It isn't right." Randolph rose. "There's nothing right about any rule that says we can't know each other. Here I am, a straightforward business man who has reached the top by his own efforts and hasn't got a dollar that isn't clean. You say we can't be friends. I say we can. You are going to meet me at the Sardanapalus at three o'clock and we are going for just a pleasant, restful ride. Fran—I mean Miss Justine, you wont be a crab, I mean you'll come. Listen, I'm alone in the world. I've found out that big business isn't everything. Money isn't everything. You aren't afraid of me, are you?"

"No, I don't think I have to be. But I really know hardly anything about you, don't you see? You'll have to go now. You must."

"How are you going to know me better if I don't see you?" He captured her slim hand. "Now say you'll be there!"

"Well, all right. Three o'clock," said Frances, after a second's rapid thought. "But do, please, go now."

Mr. Randolph walked lightly down the grand staircase. In the lobby he allowed the bell captain to help him with his overcoat.

"I want a cab," said Randolph. "How long will it take me to get to the Conveyors' National Trust Company? I have to attend a directors' meeting there at eleven o'clock."

"You've got time, sir," replied the bell captain respectfully. Henry C. Prounce, who was sitting by a palm with Mrs. Prounce, was near enough to hear.

"Wasn't that Mr. Randolph, that big Western oil man?" asked Mrs. Prounce.

"Yes."

"Why didn't he speak to you?"

"He didn't see me, I guess. Anyhow," explained Mr. Prounce frankly, "I hardly know him. I only talked to him a minute once at the cigar-counter, and he hasn't seemed to remember me since."

"Well, all I've got to say is, if my luncheon doesn't wake things up and get us acquainted with people, I'm about sick of everything." Mrs. Prounce's jeweled fingers drummed her knee. "I thought if we came down here and took a suite we'd be in fashionable life. Just to sit here and hardly speak to anybody but bellboys and waiters—what's the use of having money and being retired?"

"Florida will be pretty good—" *(Please turn to page 125)*

PURELY AN ACCIDENT

by Sam Hellman

Illustrated by Tony Sarg

IT was Denny Gale, a bubble-blower on an afternoon sport-sheet, who interested me in Milt Meek. Denny'd seen the youngster flatten a few leather-pushers at fire-house and shooting-gallery scraps, and figured him a find for the Big Time. I'm finally persuaded to amble out to an armory in the Bronx for a peek at the pork-and-beaner. The second prelim's about to start when we gets there.

"Meek," announces Gale, pointing out a pale-faced, frightened kid, teetering on his toes in one of the corners.

"Undoubtedly," I grunts. "Looks as if he'd already had two strikes called on him."

"You'd think so," says Denny. "And Battling Banks over there probably has the same idea. But ten'll get you twenty that Milt lays him like linoleum. Are you on?"

"Nope," I returns promptly. "My mother taught me at one of her knees to make no blind bets. For all I know, that Banks baby may have a streak as wide as a poppy field. . . . . What's this lad of yours supposed to have besides an uncle in the hay-and-feed business?"

"Not a thing for a flash," comes back Denny, "but everything-plus for a pay-off. He's not such a brawling bruiser to look at—"

"Hardly," I cuts in. "Off-hand, I'd take him for a boy scout who'd mislaid his daily good deed and was afraid to go home."

"You would," growls Gale. "You're the type that picks his pugs by their pans. To you, a bashed-in beezer spells *skill,* and a corrugated ear means clever footwork."

"Maybe they don't spell those things," I returns, "but they're ornaments, at any rate, that prove the bearer can take it, and has."

"Perhaps," says the scribe. "But Milt doesn't have to take it. He's not a catcher. He's a pitcher. . . . . Watch!"

At the bell, Banks goes for Meek, both fists flying. With a scared look in his lamps, Gale's geranium steps away, and then, apparently as an afterthought, lets loose a long right. From where I sits, the wallop doesn't seem so steamy, but unfortunately for the Battler, his chin meets it coming in. The biffer's bounced back heavy on his heels, and it takes all the little he has left to climb into the safety of a clinch.

For the rest of the round Meek sets the patrons of the game up to as sweet an exhibition of box-fighting as I've seen in several years of rainy Thursdays. The kid's got the complete works, bound in leather—speed, a bean and a sock. He smacks Banks around at will with everything but the building loan on the arena, and not a glove is laid on him in return. By the end of the session the Battler's in ribbons, and so goggle-eyed he's practically punching at Milt from memory.

"Well?" inquires Denny.

"Oke so far," I replies. "But can he follow through?"

"He doesn't have to follow through far," says Gale. "They're all short horses and quickly curried, with Meek."

And in this instance, so it appears. The second stanza's barely under way when Milt feints the Battler's hands to his face, and pistons one to the plexus. Banks thuds to the canvas; and the referee, after a brief look, departs on a walking tour around the world. There'll be time enough to complete a count when he gets back.

"Interested?" asks Gill as Meek's helping the handlers remove the débris from the ring.

"Mildly," says I. "The boy's not exactly a floppo, but a win over a push-over in the Bronx is hardly anything for me to get gala about. Who's looking after him?"

"Nobody," returns Denny. "The bozo's been ham-and-egging around the town on his own, and fighting his head off for the split of a dime. Better find a spot for him in your stable, feller. He's a cheap act, but he might stop the show for you. How about having a chin-chin with him?"

"Oh, very well," says I, and follows Gale back to the rub-room. At close range Milt looks even less the scrapper than he did behind the ropes—a shy, bashful morning-glory who gets all flustered up when Denny introduces me as a big shot in the biff-bang business.

"Nice load of wood you just chopped," I remarks affably.

"Purely an accident," murmurs Meek. "If we ever mix again, Banks'll probably tear me in two. He's got it over me like a—"

"Huh!" I gasps.

"But for that lucky punch I landed at the beginning of the fight," goes on Milt, "I'd never—"

"What do you mean—lucky?" I interrupts. "Didn't you shoot that right at his jaw?"

"No," he answers. "I just stuck out my glove to hold him off, and he bumped his chin into it. Besides, I don't think the Battler was feeling so good when we started—"

"I don't know how he was

"He was worrying over what would have happened if he'd brought a hat."

"Purely an accident," murmurs Meek. "If we ever mix again, Banks'll probably tear me in two."

feeling when he started," says I, "but he seemed a trifle upset when he finished. What are you trying to do—alibi yourself out of a win?"

"Not exactly," returns Milt, "but any time I beat anybody, you can bet it's just horseshoes. I don't understand the first thing about fighting—"

"You don't, eh?" cuts in Denny. "What were you doing when you tumbled Red Harrigan and Mickey Loftus and Cast-iron Cassidy? Playing sonatas to 'em or singing sextettes? You haven't lost a one of your last fifteen bouts, have you?"

"That's what the records say," admits Meek sheepishly, "but you mustn't believe everything you read in the records. In at least seven of the spats the other boy got about as dirty a deal as I've ever seen. Take the case of Loftus, for example. I dropped him cold with a punch that was low enough to break his knees, but the dumb referee wouldn't allow the foul. If it wasn't for windfalls like that, I'd be sleeping in the streets."

"Judas H. Iscariot!" I yelps. "What are you doing—taking me for a ride? Didn't you cop off any of your rows through sheer merit or because of early piety or a vegetable diet or something?"

"Very few, if any," he comes back. "To begin with, I was never cut out to be a boxer—"

"Then why," I barks, "did a doughnut-hole like you get into the game?"

"Well," says Milt, "I was broke a year or so ago, and a guy offered me ten bucks to take a beating from a baby he was building up. This lad's cutting me to pieces when he suddenly slips on a wet spot in the ring and falls jaw first against my left hand—"

"I suppose," grunts Gale, "you didn't even know your hand was there."

"It looked like easy money to me," goes on Meek, "so I went around hunting up more rows. I figured if I dragged down enough losing purses, I could get by in pretty good shape."

"Fair enough," I observes. "And how many short-ends have you dragged down so far?"

"No short-ends, so far," replies Milt almost regretfully, "but I have a feeling I'll get my hair full of resin on the next out. It wouldn't surprise me, either, if I was to be laid away for keeps with a cracked skull or a busted spine."

"Come on," I growls to Denny. "Let's get out of here before he breaks my heart." Gale tries to park me for more palaver with his punk, but I've had enough of the merry Meek.

"You're making a mistake," says Denny, when we're outside. "The kid's got everything. You're passing up a goose that lays golden eggs—"

"I don't care," I snaps, "if he lays golden bricks. I wouldn't have such a crape-hanger around me on a bet. Imagine a boxfighter apologizing for his best and expecting the worst! What's the matter with the wet smack?"

"He has an inferiority complex," says Gale.

"What's that?" I asks. "A make of car?"

"No," returns Denny. "A make of mind. If you were cutting for high card, for example, with a boy having an inferiority complex, and drew the deuce of clubs, he'd figure himself lucky if he tied you. Kids with an I. C. have no belief in themselves. They're pessimists, and—"

"I see," I cuts in. "The sort of bozo that wears both a belt and suspenders, and besides has his pants made tight around the waist. Well, you can sell him down the river to somebody else. I want lads with confidence—"

"Sure," snorts Gale. "Like you got now! Lads with a lot of confidence but not enough of a wallop to knock a Singer midget out of a high-chair. This confidence stuff is hamburger, no matter how often you run it through the meat-grinder. What'd you rather have—a guy who's sure he's going to win and doesn't, or a baby like Milt, that's trimmed before he enters the ring, and comes out of it dripping with gravy?"

"Where have you been lately?" I inquires. "Haven't you heard that confidence is half the battle?"

"In your iron hat!" scoffs Denny. "Ninety-eight per cent of the blokes in the poorhouse were confident they'd never get there, while the Meeks who were afraid they might, are fumbling around with their safety-deposit keys and cooking up codicils. An ounce of bashful brains is worth a ton of cocksure confidence. You'll be sorry if you don't—"

"Oh, all right," says I, kind of weary of the subject. "Tell him to drop in tomorrow. I'll give him a chance, though I hate birds who are always expecting to fall down manholes."

"What if they even do," comes back Gale, "as long as they climb out with a bottle of perfume in each hand?"

I'M down at the Arena next day making merry with the mail, when Sylvia the stenog drifts in from the outer office.

"A young man to see you," says she. "He acts as if he hopes you're out of town."

"Who is he," I asks, "and what does he look like?"

"Meek," returns Sylvia, "and that's full coverage."

"Send him in," I orders, "or if necessary, push him in."

Milt's a rather nice-appearing kid in clothes—a clean-cut slim, with curly hair and without a mark on his map, though he'd been boxing nearly every other week for a year, according to Denny.

"Well," I remarks, sociably, "how are you feeling after last evening's pick-'em-up-and-lay-'em-down?"

"Not so good," he mumbles. "Banks must've hurt my hand

Milt sinks his right into Casey's jaw, and Kennedy's kid picks a soft spot for a rest-cure.

when he bashed his chin against it. It wouldn't surprise me any if the bones were broken in several places."

"Let's see," says I, reaching for the lunch-hook. There's not the slightest thing the matter with it. The mitt's not even puffy. "Better have it amputated," I suggests, sarcastic. "There are distinct symptoms of blood pressure in your wrist."

"But it hurts," insists Meek.

"Let it hurt," I advises, "if it gives you pleasure, but get off the Wailing Wall for a moment. How'd you like to fight for me and meet some prominent coin? I think I can dig up a match for you with Casey Goodrich or Bill Peters or—"

"Me go against Goodrich or Peters!" he gasps. "Why, they'd murder me with the handshake!"

"I know it," says I cheerfully, "and that's why I'm interested. You see, there's never been anybody killed at this club, and the boys are beginning to look at me askance—in fact, a bit quizzically. If I don't stage a slaughter here soon, they're likely to revoke my abattoir license. What's the top dough you've pulled down for a flurry of fisticuffs?"

"Two hundred dollars," replies Meek, "but I felt like a robber taking it. The other boy—"

"Yes, yes," I interrupts impatiently. "I know. The other boy actually had you out when he tripped over his eyebrow and collided with a right hook you thought you'd left in your English walking suit."

"It wasn't quite like that," says Milt. "We'd just broken from a clinch I'd climbed into to save myself, when he swung—"

"Sure, sure," I chokes him off. "All God's chillun got swings. But let's row back to our muttons, or rather our mittens. How about it? Want to come along with Papa and see the golden gates?"

"You'd be a sucker to take me on," predicts Milt. "I may have been able to hold my own with the cripples in the Small Time, but I'd get nowhere in the Big Tent. You don't want to have your name mixed up with a joke loser and become a laughingstock, do you?"

"There's little danger of that," I assures him. "There aren't any laughingstocks these days. They're all ex-laugh. Anyhow, I don't expect you to be a loser. I know you can't fight, but I'm counting on wet spots in the ring and loose chins bumping into your fists to bring home the side-meat and the garden greens. Are you signing on?"

"All right," returns Meek. "I should worry under whose management I have my block knocked off. What would I get out of a fuss with Casey Goodrich, for example?"

"Well," says I, "if you win—"

"Never mind that," he cuts in hastily. "What do I draw down for taking a beating?"

"That," I answers, "is usually a matter of arrangement between the managers and the wise money that's bet on the other lad. I trust you're not asking me to participate in a frame-up."

"Me!" exclaims Milt. "Me in a frame-up! Hell, they couldn't ice a fight cold enough for me to cop, and it wouldn't be a frame-up if I lost."

"Everything with us is going to be on the up and up," says I. "I'll draw up a contract this afternoon and get busy *pronto* on a mill for you. Suppose you drop into the gym and loosen up a bit. Don't let yourself get stiff. You can work out with some of the boys back there."

"You're the boss," shrugs Meek. "But a fat lot of good a work-out'll do me!"

With which he departs, and I calls in Sylvia to fix up the papers for Milt's monicker.

"Pardon me for listening in," says the stenog, "but do I understand that a fighter's been here who actually doesn't think he could whip Jack Dempsey, Mickey Walker and the third battalion of Philadelphia Light Horse in the same ring?"

"Such, indeed, is the strange case," I replies. "Young Mr. Meek has what is known to the trade as an inferiority complex. He figures he's getting the breaks every time he breathes without inhaling a handful of rusty nails and a jag of germs."

"Too bad," remarks Sylvia. "But at that, it's quite a treat to have some one on the premises who didn't write the words and music and stage the dances. Can he fight?"

"The records claim he can," says I, "but Milt insists he's been victimized by horseshoes, four-leafed clovers and rabbits' feet. As a matter of fact, the boy has everything but confidence in himself. With a little faith, he'd go far."

"Maybe he would with a little Sylvia," observes the stenog. "Meek kind of interests me."

"Go to it, girlie," says I. "Many a nix has been stepped into a Napoleon with baby talk. Brighten up the corner where Milt is, and I'll cut you in on a piece of the gate. However, it'll be some job prying that laddie loose from his inferiority complex."

"Not if I put my mind to it," declares Sylvia. "I could make him feel so superior you'd think the lake was named after him."

THAT afternoon I runs into Slick Kennedy, Casey Goodrich's manager. He and I'd been working the battle-of-the-century side of the street for years and thoroughly understood and trusted each other. We've even passed checks between us without having 'em certified.

"Slick," says I, "it's about time for that horse of yours to run a heat, isn't it?"

"Who's your set-up?" he asks.

"A mignonette named Milt Meek," I tells him. "Mean anything to you?"

"Meek, eh?" repeats Kennedy. "That the bum who's been beating up the aged and infirm out in the woodsheds? Be yourself and behave. How you going to get a gate with him?"

"Easy," says I. "Milt is Denny Gale's find, which means plenty of smoke in his pipe. The kid's grand hot-stove stuff for the other sheets too. He hasn't lost a fight in over a year, and ten or twelve of his wins were bed-time tales. I'll take a thirty-per-cent cut for him whichever way the mill goes. That fair enough?"

"Yeh," grunts Slick, "but just how good is this tramp?"

"Good for a tramp," I returns. "I don't know much more about him than you do. I saw him for the first time last night up in the Bronx, where he spilled a palooka in a prelim. It's all one with me if Casey kills him. My only interest is to please Gale. We need him in our business. What say?"

"K.O.," nods Kennedy. "Goodrich can use a work-out. How about two weeks from tonight?"

That's all right by me, and I beats it back to the Arena. Meek's out in the gym worrying a punching-bag.

"Well," says I, "I've arranged a debate for you with one of the classiest finger-talkers in the—"

"Oh, yeh?" mutters Milt, and starts to walk away.

"What's the big idea?" I yelps. "Don't you care about the who, the when and the what for?"

"Why should I?" he comes back. "A licking's a licking, no matter who hands it to you, or when, or what for. But I'll bite: who is it?"

"Casey Goodrich," I tells him. "You and I split thirty per cent of the net. Nice?"

"You can have it all," says Meek, "if you'll guarantee my bills at the hospital. By the way, do you know that girl working in your office?"

"Casually," I replies. "What about her?"

"Nothing," he mumbles, getting all flushed up. "I was just wondering if you knew her."

MILT'S training for the Goodrich go is a joke. It's the sketchiest ever. A bit of rope-jumping and bag-punching, and he calls it a day. As for work-outs with the other boys, it's thumbs down.

"Why should I take a chance?" argues Meek. "They're all better scrappers than I am, and any one of 'em's likely to break my jaw or something and put me on the bum for the big bout."

"You can use head-guards and mouth-pads," I points out. "They'll protect your pan."

"Nix," he growls. "Those things may soften socks for other guys, but they wouldn't for me. I don't want to get all bunged up—"

"What do you care?" I cuts in. "You expect Casey to knock you out, don't you?"

"Sure," says Milt. "There's no doubt about that, but I'm sort of hoping to get into the ring in one piece, and maybe stay a round."

"Well, well, well!" I exclaims. "Things are brightening up around here. So you're hoping now, are you? That's great. Listen, have you been seeing anything of Sylvia?"

"I've talked to her once or twice," returns Meek. "But I haven't been interfering with her work," he adds hastily.

"That's all right, boy," says I. "Talk to her as often as you want. She's a sweet kid, and I have a hunch she likes you."

"She'd be crazy to," growls Milt. "Anyhow, she's engaged."

"Engaged?" I repeats. "Sylvia engaged? Who to?"

"I don't know," he comes back, "but she must be engaged. My luck's like that."

Meek returns to his rope-jumping, and I drifts over to the office for a chat with Sylvia.

"Good girl!" I opens up with a paternal pat. "You've got Milt actually seeing something to the dough-nut besides the hole."

"I haven't noticed any change in him," says she.

"But I have," I assures her. "A week ago he figured Goodrich'd knock him out with the handshake. Now he hopes to last a whole round. Keep it up, little one. Maybe you'll have him stepped up to three or four rounds before the night of the mill."

"I'll try," promises Sylvia, "but there never was a fellow for borrowing trouble like Meek. He cries himself to sleep over the news that there's only enough coal in the United States to last for eighty-six million years, and considers it a break when he finds out later it's really eighty-six million, two hundred and thirty thousand years. We went out to lunch together the other day, and—"

"That must've been jolly," I remarks. "What'd he have to say for himself?"

Sylvia sniffs.

"Nothing," she returns. "He was too busy watching his hat. As a matter of fact, he'd come to the restaurant without a hat, but he was probably worrying about what would have happened if he had brought one."

"Probably," I agrees. "What'd he set you up to—a graveyard stew?"

"No," says Sylvia. "He ordered sweetbreads. Somebody told him they were bad for him. 'What's the difference?' says Milt. 'All food's bad for me.' Can you tie that?"

"I can even beat it," I comes back. "He thinks you're engaged."

"Oh, yes?" says she. "He must have heard that talk about me and the Prince of Wales. Who's the fortunate fiancé?"

"Meek doesn't know," I replies, "but he tells me his luck's like that. Better watch your step, girlie. The boy's getting hot and bothered about you. He's likely to ask you most any time to share the family tomb with him."

"There's no immediate danger," declares Sylvia. "I like a good cry as well as the next woman, but I don't think I'd care to marry one."

"Milt wont be that way forever," I predicts. "I expect him to be Laughing Larry, the Life of the Party, before long."

However, little progress is made toward pinning a rainbow round the boy's shoulders in the following week. In fact, he's at a new low for the movement when he meets Casey Goodrich the afternoon of the fight for the weighing-in. Kennedy's pug's a goat-getter of the old school, and immediately proceeds to give Meek the works, opening the festivities with a handshake that brings a yelp of pain from the kid.

"Can't take it, can you?" sneers Casey. "All the money you got you don't last two rounds."

"What odds'll you give?" asks the sap.

"Two to one," offers Goodrich.

"Not enough," says Milt. "I'm not in the same class with you. Make it five to one, and I'll put up a couple of dollars."

"Lay off that stuff," I whispers to him angrily. "Everybody'll think the mill's already in the can."

"It is, as far as I'm concerned," comes back Meek. "If I come up for the third round, I'll kiss you."

"Well, that's something," says I. "You've gone up a round since I last talked to you. It may interest you to know that Gale and I are wagering five hundred iron men on the fight."

"On me!" he gasps.

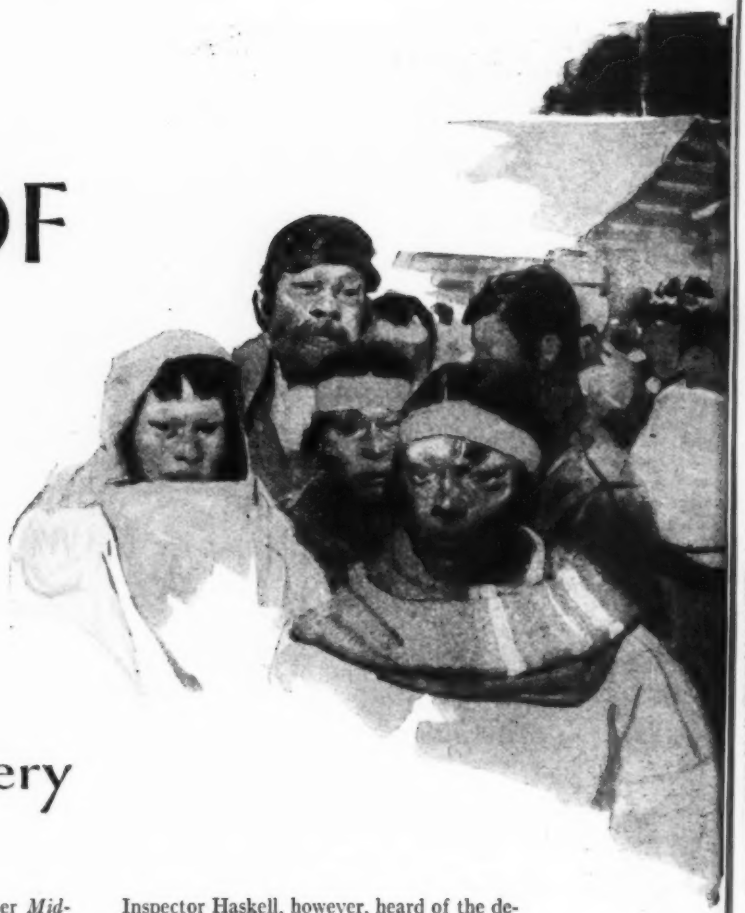
"Not exactly," I tells him. "We're betting there'll be a wet spot in the ring that Casey'll slip on just as you're bringing your fist up from the floor to wipe the sweat out of your eyes or to shoo away a humming-bird or something like that."

"The only thing that'll be brought up from the floor," says little Boy Blue, "will be me—after the count's over. Let's get out of here. I've a dinner date at the hotel."

"With Sylvia?" I asks. *(Please turn to page 108)*

"I'll see her after the count over me is finished."

HEART OF THE NORTH



by

William Byron Mowery

The Story So Far:

SIX strangers had held up the Mackenzie River steamer *Midnight Sun,* murdered the mate Montgomery and looted the rich cargo of gold and furs.

They sent for Sergeant Baker of the Mounted at Fort Endurance. A good man, Alan Baker. He had expected to get his commission last fall when the post was raised to an inspectorate. But a political appointee named Haskell had been given the inspectorship and the command.

This came just after Baker had sent his best friend Spaulding to his death on a desperate Northern patrol. Spaulding's sister Elizabeth had been left helpless—in her own opinion at least. And Baker, out of loyalty to his dead friend, had engaged himself to her. But when he thought of another girl in his life, of Joyce MacMillan, the old longing for her surged through him.

On learning of the *Midnight Sun* affair, Baker at once went to Inspector Haskell, and out of his superior experience and knowledge proposed a plan of pursuit. But Haskell overruled him—ordered him to divide his force of six men when they reached the Thal-Azzah swamp, in which the bandits had presumably taken refuge. . . . .

On the upriver journey Baker and his men stopped at the trading-post of Dave MacMillan, Joyce's father. He was away, and in his storeroom they found furs stolen from the *Midnight Sun.* Later, dividing his force as ordered, Baker and two men came up with the six outlaws—and were defeated. Bearing a desperately wounded comrade, Alan and one constable had to retreat while the bandits made good their escape.

Back at Fort Endurance, moreover, he suffered worse defeat. For Haskell brazenly denied having ordered him to divide his force, and as punishment for his "failure" reduced him to the ranks. And Alan, believing that his only chance for clearing himself lay in a lone-hand independent pursuit of the outlaws, bought out of the service—even though Haskell exacted a signed admission of culpability as part of the price.

Journeying to Edmonton, Alan hired a soldier-of-fortune pilot known as Buzzard Featherof, purchased weapons and supplies, stole a machine-gun from the local armory, and set out back to the Thal-Azzah to capture those bandits.

Inspector Haskell, however, heard of the departure of Baker in an airplane, of the stolen machine-gun. When he learned, also, that gasoline was being stolen, and when Corporal Hardsock insisted on three days' leave, Haskell deduced the truth —that Hardsock had a rendezvous with Baker to refuel the plane.

In a swift launch Haskell followed Hardsock to that rendezvous, but the wily old constable learned of the pursuit and managed to signal Alan away just in time to avoid having his plane rammed by Haskell's launch. They crowded Hardsock aboard, and the plane swung away to the MacMillan trading-post, where they found Joyce safe, then winged on in pursuit of the outlaws.

They came upon one who had been wounded and left behind, captured him and learned that the bandits (mutinous members of the crew of a stranded whaler) had doubled back to capture Joyce —to use her as a shield against pursuers' bullets, their leader Jensen said, though he had other plans of his own.

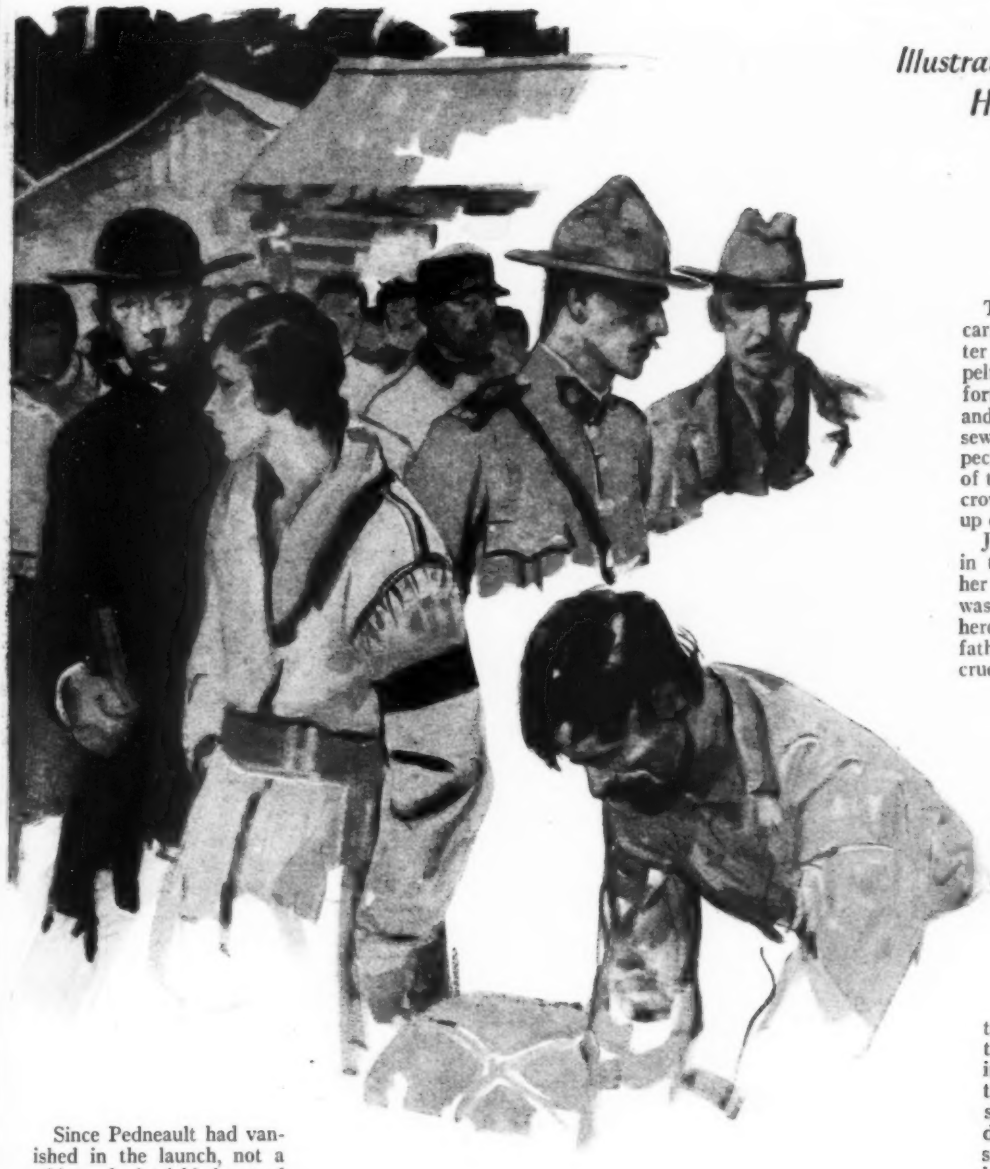
Returning to the trading-post, Baker found Joyce indeed gone and the old man who was her companion murdered. . . . . With his friend Pedneault also pursuing in a launch, Alan set out on the criminals' track. And next day from his plane he looked down on the two canoes and saw Joyce captive with the five outlaws.

Bravely she solved one problem for him—dived overboard while the bandits were staring up at the plane, and allowed him to open fire. But his advantage was short, for a rifle-bullet crippled the plane, forced it down, while the outlaws sought shelter on a rush-grown island. Undaunted, Baker placed the machine-gun in a canvas canoe, and although terribly wounded, carried his weapon to a swan's nest and firing from it cut down the outlaws to a man. . . . . Again at Fort Endurance, however, affairs had gone against him, for Haskell had persuaded Inspector Williamson of Alan's guilt. "I'm backing you to the limit against Baker if he tries to stir up any further trouble," the Inspector told Haskell. *(The story continues in detail:)*

IT was four days later that those who waited at Fort Endurance learned what had happened northeast in the Land of Many Waters.

Copyright, 1929-'30, by The McCall Company (Redbook Magazine). All rights reserved.

Illustrated by Herbert M. Stoops



His glance went to her black arm-band. "Leaving tonight?"

Since Pedneault had vanished in the launch, not a whisper had trickled out of the Thal-Azzah about Baker's aërial patrol against the bandits. But when the news did break, it came with a rush. One evening at sunset an airplane came swinging around the timbered headland down the Mackenzie. Flying low, just over the water, it veered in toward the steamer landing, touched lightly, skimmed the wavelets and taxied close in.

As an excited group began gathering at the wharf, the scarlet-and-gold police launch hove in sight around the headland and bore up toward the post. The two craft manifestly had timed themselves to come in together.

Three Indian canoes darted out to tow the plane in to the landing. Father Claverly had come down the terrace and stood a little apart, quietly watching with observant eyes. Haskell and Williamson had come down; and Elizabeth Spaulding, slipping through the crowd, was trying to edge up near the pier-heads and be the first to greet Alan Baker.

As the launch drew close, the crowd saw it carried four men. When it nosed alongside, they recognized Pedneault and Bill Hardsock, muddied, unshaven; Alan Baker, a bandage around his head, his left hand wrapped in surgical dressing, his left arm in a sling. The fourth man was an outlandish individual of yellowish complexion and almond eyes, with one arm splinted and bandaged.

The freightage that the launch carried—a machine-gun and clutter of rifles, a half-dozen bales of peltry, each bale worth a small fortune, shovels and corded packs, and five stout leather pouches sewn with rawhide in the prospector's fashion—the mere sight of that cargo drew a gasp from the crowd and brought them edging up close.

Joyce had come with Buzzard in the plane. As she unsnapped her safety-belt and stood up, she was remembering her last time here at Endurance, when her father was still alive. It seemed a cruel irony of fate that he had died just when his innocence had been proved. Small comfort to know that his name, his memory, were cleared of guilt.

By the time she and Buzzard had come ashore, Alan had stepped out upon the planking. He had taken charge of the unloading—ordering the light-fingered Loucheux to keep back, requesting several trappers to help with the cargo, instructing others how to moor the plane. Joyce thought it seemed natural to see Alan directing his men again—assuming a leadership that was his by natural right.

In another moment she saw Elizabeth elbow her way through the group pressing around Alan. A gust of emotion—jealousy, scorn, anger—swept across her pretty face as she watched Elizabeth's greeting. It was stagey; it was all artificial. Elizabeth's gladness at his return, her sympathy over his wounds, were effusive and contemptible. Joyce thought of herself swimming across to Alan at the swan's nest, and of the compassion that tore at her when she found him there, wounded, bleeding, half-conscious. She felt she had known more real sympathy in those moments than Elizabeth could feel in her whole life. A jealous proprietorship surged through her. Alan had got those wounds fighting for *her;* she had dressed them and taken him to *her* home, and *she* had nursed him through those long hours of feverish pain!

Watching intently, she saw Alan pull himself up formally, a bit coldly, when he faced Elizabeth. He started to reach out his hand, but Elizabeth slipped an arm around his neck and drew him down.

Haskell came shoving his way out to the wharf edge. It was rather obvious to Joyce that it stung him to see Baker directing things, and he intended to assert his authority.

"Hardsock, you and Pedneault are under arrest!"

Bill scarcely glanced up at him. Muddied and haggard from two days of shovel work cutting a channel to refloat the big launch,

he and Pedneault continued tossing the pouches and fur bales out upon the planking.

"Did you understand, Hardsock?" Haskell repeated. "You're under arrest."

Bill looked up. "I heard you," he said in weary scorn. "But haven't time to be arrested just now. Put it off a few minutes, can't you? Here's a hundred and fifty thousand in furs and gold that'd better get under lock and key before part of it walks off. And a prisoner to take up. —Ped, Alan said don't get Joyce's peltry mixed up with the stolen bales."

Williamson came down to the wharf-edge. Joyce saw him hesitate a moment, then hold out his hand to Alan. It was only a momentary pause, but she saw it distinctly, and understood the reason.

It roused a hot anger in her. She was proud of Alan for the way he reacted. He too had noticed the hesitation, and he remarked curtly, refusing his hand:

"Don't bother, Superintendent. You might lose caste. I've heard I'm a criminal."

Joyce expected the division commander to make some stern retort. But he did not. Instead, he was visibly hurt by Alan's words. His eyes were taking in the recovered loot, the tired men, Alan's wounds.

Presently he asked gently: "How badly you shot up, Baker?"

"Nothing much—except a finger gone."

"I see you won out against those men. This prisoner, I suppose, is one of them. Did the others escape?"

"They're over in the Thal-Azzah. We did take the trouble to give them a regular burial."

"Dead?" Williamson started a little. For a few moments he was silent. Into his eyes came a far-away expression, as though he was thinking of superlative patrols in the history of the Force, and was realizing that Baker's adventure against these six criminals was one of them, and one of the best of them.

Finally he said: "Wont you come up to the cabin, Baker? I'd like to hear your report on this."

"I'll come up." Alan sent an ominous glance at Haskell. "I've got several things to say to you, Superintendent."

Joyce felt some one touching her arm; and turning, she saw it was Father Claverly.

As he shook hands he asked her: "Joyce, if you have time tonight, step over to my study and visit me, wont you?"

His glance went to her black arm-band, the only token of mourning she'd been able to find; and Joyce felt he wanted to comfort her about her father and talk about her plans, now when she was alone and going into a new life.

"Why yes, Father Claverly, if you wish. I'd better come before ten; the steamer may be here any time after that. We passed it about seventy miles down."

"You're leaving tonight?"

"Yes, I want to go. There'll be no other for two weeks. Bill told you I'm going back to Ottawa?"

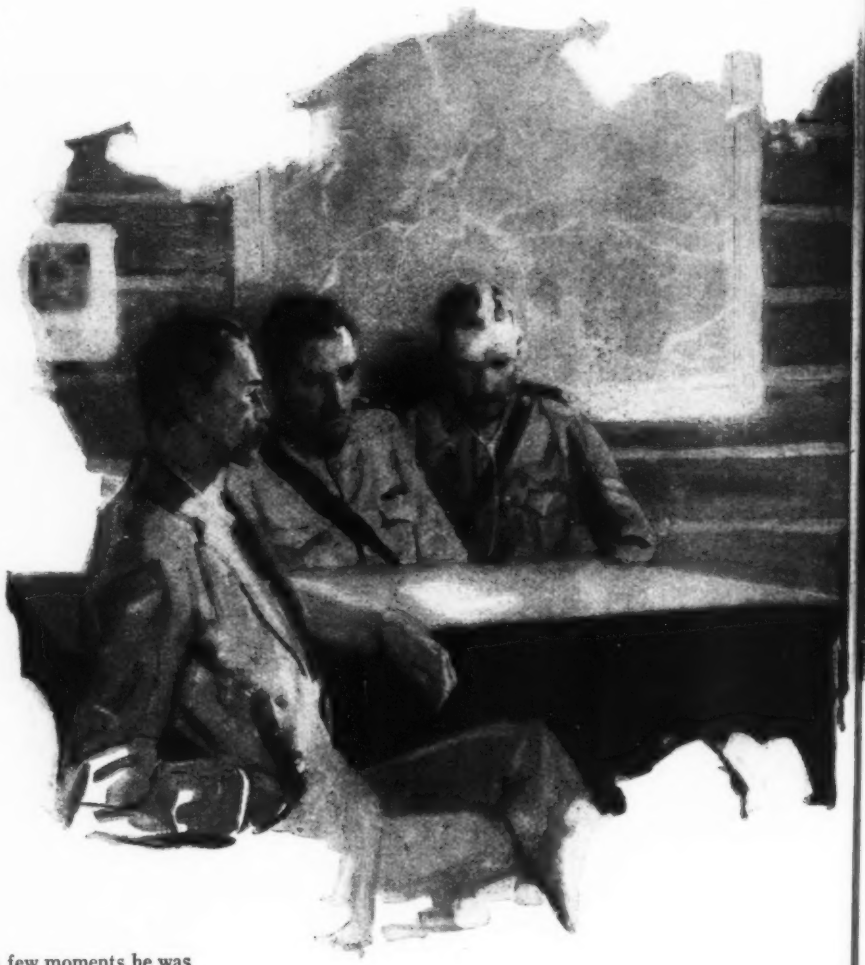
Father Claverly nodded, and a little afterward he left her.

Alan turned away from Williamson, joined her and Buzzard; and the three of them started up the terrace together.

At Mrs. Drummond's house, Alan stopped. "Joyce, I'll leave Buzzard to you now. What time he's here Mrs. Drummond will be glad to have him."

Buzzard held out his hand. "Good luck over there, son, with this bird Haskell. Make hash out of him. Give him the works. If you need any physical help— You're under the weather yourself. . . . . I could kick him clear down the slope into the river for trying to shoot us there on En Traverse."

Joyce was deadly serious in her last words to Alan.



"You'll not forget what we talked over—the Inconnu trap?"

"I'll not forget. But he may not walk into it, Joyce. He's shrewd, he's careful."

"You've got to be shrewder, Alan! You can *make* him walk into it. Let him think he's got you beaten and hopeless. Hide what you feel. And don't antagonize Superintendent Williamson. You almost did, down there at the wharf. I was proud of you for that, Alan, but you're too blunt and honest."

"I'll try to be more tactful."

She held his hand a moment in her warm clasp, thinking of her father lying dead at Resolution, of Alan's noble struggle to save him, of Haskell's breaking her father's will to live. It was some solace to know she had helped Alan plan a trap for the guilty inspector—a deadly trap if Haskell only walked into it.

As she quietly wished him good luck, in her heart she was fervently saying to him, "God go with you, Alan." And because she had passionately resolved not to see him again before she left, she meant her words not only for the stormy hour ahead of him, but for all the years of his life.

ALAN strode into the cabin in a savage fighting mood. He had risen from a sickbed to come to Endurance before Williamson left, and he had sworn he was going to crush Haskell. The Inpector had forced him out of the Mounted; had caused Larry to be crippled for life; had refused protection to Joyce in her desperate need; had made a scapegoat of Dave MacMillan to save his face; and more than anyone on earth he was responsible for that sorry tragedy at Resolution.

From those moments down on the wharf, he knew that Haskell had prejudiced Williamson against him. His own act in signing that statement of responsibility and in buying out had served further to

"Inspector, you say you asked me to lead that Inconnu detail. I say you are a liar!"

damn him with the old officer; Bill's desertion and Pedneault's lie made his prospects darker still.

Almost the only hope he had was that trap he and Joyce had planned—an idea born in Joyce's quick brain and developed between them during the three days she had nursed him.

When he went in, he found Williamson and Haskell sitting at the desk waiting. Haskell did not move; but Williamson, considerate of his wounds, drew up a chair and invited him to sit down.

"Wont you give us the story of your patrol, Baker?" he requested kindly.

Alan countered: "My story doesn't begin with this patrol. It begins last fall, when this gentleman here came down north. I want to tell it clean, from then till now."

"That's your right," Williamson assented.

Alan hoped that the story, by the sheer blunt truth of it, would carry conviction. But as he swept down across the last nine months, that hope speedily flickered out. Plainly Williamson doubted him. He could fairly see Williamson making reservations to everything he said.

When he finished, the old officer did not comment. The silence was foreboding. Almost in desperation, Alan took up a couple of matters that lay very near his heart. He felt that he must speak of them now, before Williamson, still mindful of and impressed by the patrol, was altogether steeled against him.

"There's two or three favors I want to ask of you, sir. Since they're not in my own behalf, you may agree to them. One is about Chink Woolley, the man we brought in. I want to put in a word for him. He deserves heavy punishment, but he shouldn't be hanged. He gave us some priceless information. We might never have saved Joyce MacMillan if he hadn't. He was the nearest approach to a man in that pack. Those other men intended to kill him. He knew it. But at first he tried to shield them. I can hardly forget that. If I can't be present at his trial, I want to turn over an affidavit in his behalf."

"I'll attend to it," Williamson agreed. "Your word should have weight; you were the storm-center of this trouble. The man did help save Miss MacMillan; that should keep him from hanging."

"Then, about Featherof, my partner in this patrol. He stole some Government property and broke some flying regulations. But he made the whole thing possible; he threw in with me without a thought of pay; he risked his life half a dozen times. We're now in position to restore that property or else pay for it in full. Will you get Featherof out of this jam?"

"How about yourself, Baker?"

"Well, I don't want to be jailed, if I can help it. But I suppose your favors will stretch just so far. I was the instigator, and if anybody has to pay, I'm the one."

Williamson was thoughtful. Few times in his career had he ever allowed motive, however worthy, to be excuse for breaking the law. But as he glanced at Baker, w o u n d e d, maimed in one hand, still pale from loss of blood, he thought what a heartless travesty of justice it would be if Baker were imprisoned. Whatever the truth about his trouble with Haskell, the great fact remained that he had gone on a thankless and prodigious patrol and had run desperate criminals to earth.

"I'll do what I can for you both," he promised, with no reluctance. "When I go back outside I'll talk to the Edmonton officials and try to get those charges *nolle prossed*. But you and Featherof see to restoring that property."

Alan promised: "We wont fail you on that. It's mighty fine and square of you." After a moment, he said: "Considering all you've agreed to, I hate to ask still another favor. But I've got to. I've got to speak up for Hardsock and Pedneault. They have charges against them, serious and true charges. But there's this to be said, sir: The gas and oil Bill stole was what kept us flying. Bill stayed alone there on the island, guarding that loot, willing to fight it out with five men. Pedneault came with the launch and strengthened our hand when everything looked black; and that launch brought back a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in stolen furs and gold.

"Neither man deserted. They both intended to return here the moment our patrol ended. They rendered a tremendous service to the Force. They were true to duty in the highest sense of the word. Ought men to be punished, after what they went through and what they accomplished? Are you going to look at the good they did—or at nothing but the bad?"

Williamson did not answer. He could not agree to dismissing these grave charges, yet he felt the human justice of Alan's appeal. It seemed to him that the matter went deeper than a question of insubordination. Those men had been under Baker's sway, and he knew what a powerful influence Baker had over his men. They had only been loyal to their leader. If there was any blame, it rested with Baker, for conniving with them and using his strong sway over them.

Thinking deeply, he gazed through the window, down upon the dark river. In this tangled affair, it was a terrible task to judge wisely, to do the right thing. Baker's long patrol, his indomitable courage in going after those men, his relentless drive in hammering his daring plan through to success, his final battle at the swan's nest—the whole thing was a splendid feat. In his forty years the old officer had never seen a more magnificent piece of work. It was like Baker, like the brilliant sergeant whom he once had trusted and fought for.

But the rest of that story, his trouble with Haskell—Williamson did not accept that as truth. From start to finish Baker's account was in out-and-out conflict with Haskell's; and to the stern old officer, judging with impartial mind, Haskell's story seemed more credible. The Inspector had praised Baker warmly, but Baker just

now had said some harsh things about Haskell. Quite plainly Baker harbored a personal hostility. No doubt this had warped and twisted his story out of all semblance to the truth.

One thing Williamson did know beyond any conjecture. Baker's account clashed with Haskell's all along the line. One of these men was an out-and-out liar. . . . .

So far apparently merely listening, Haskell was fairly writhing with thwarted anger.

In the one thing that mattered, Baker had triumphed over him again; he had been let off scot-free from those charges—free to take Elizabeth away, free for their marriage in Edmonton and that honeymoon in the Blackfoot Selkirks.

In the tightening silence, waiting for Williamson to start probing, Haskell looked along the terrace and saw a thing which struck him with chill premonition. The doorway of the mission hospital opened; Pedneault and Bill Hardsock came out, bringing Larry Younge with them. Bill on one side, Pedneault on the other, half-leading, half-carrying their crippled partner, they were making straight for the cabin.

In their slow measured tread there was something that alarmed Haskell; something that seemed grim and purposive and foreboding.

When they trod into the cabin and Williamson heard them, he turned, frowning, and demanded:

"What do you men want?"

"Sir, we came here to put our paddle in," Bill stated bluntly. "We knew you were thrashing out this trouble between Alan and the Inspector—"

"Your counsel wasn't asked. This matter is between Baker and Inspector Haskell."

"Bill, don't try to run a buck," Alan interposed, fearful that this unexpected move of his three men might kill any chance to trap Haskell. He added:

"If the Superintendent doesn't want you here, obey him and go."

Bill stubbornly refused. He said to Williamson: "You've got a name, sir, for giving every buck cop and non-com in your division a square cut and seeing all sides of an argument. I don't think you'll kick us out without hearing what we've got to say. This is as much our fight as Alan's. We've had to pay, too, for the Inspector's acts. Here's one of us crippled for life b e c a u s e the Inspector hog-tied us on that p a t r o l with some damn'-fool orders. After a thing like that, are we to shut up and take it and not even be allowed to—"

"Sit down!" Williamson bade them. "I'm going to get to the bottom of this. When your time comes, I'll hear what you've got to say. Now, Baker, I want you to answer some questions. What made you split your detail on that first patrol?"

Alan remembered Joyce's last words to him—"Let Haskell think you're beaten and hopeless." It went against his whole nature to play a part, especially so weak a part; but he forced himself to it. He said in hesitant voice:

"Haskell ordered me to, sir. Ordered me to follow both branches. When I objected, he threatened to bust me and keep me here at the post."

"That's a lie!" Haskell challenged. "I allowed him to do as he thought best. He purposely made a failure of that patrol. I don't ask you to take my word, sir. Corporal Whipple was here in the cabin, and heard our talk. Furthermore, in his signed statement Baker admitted to responsibility."

"What proof have you got, Baker?" Williamson demanded.

Alan kept silent, deliberately allowing his silence to damn him. Williamson's probe was leading in the right direction.

To Alan's consternation Bill Hardsock burst out: *"Proof?* Hell's blue blazes! Alan was half-sick, all the way up the Alooska, because of them orders! He felt he was being forced to take us men into a terrible danger. We all knew it was crazy to split up—"

Williamson silenced him. "You're merely making an assertion, Corporal. You have no proof. Baker, do you admit responsibility for that patrol?"

Alan shook his head. "No, I—I—don't," he stammered.

Haskell smiled. He had Baker on the run.

Bill's chair came down with a crash. "Alan, for Lord's sake, deny it! Say something!"

Williamson reminded: "Baker, you signed a statement of responsibility. Whipple was a witness to—"

"Whipple got a corporalcy for swearing to that lie!" Bill defended hotly. "Ped and Larry and me, we were down at the wharf throwing things together."

"Bill, shut up!" Alan pleaded. "Sir, that statement—when we came back—yes, I signed it. But I—I had to."

"You had to?"

"Yes. To get out of the Mounted. He wouldn't let me buy out unless I did sign."

"Why under heaven did you want to buy out all that fast and furious?"

"I wanted to be free," Alan led on, step by cautious step. "I wanted to go after those men."

"Baker, look here," Williamson said sternly. "You infer you wanted to go after those men so badly that you were willing to buy out, cut off your record and sign a lie. Why, then, wouldn't you coöperate with Haskell to get them?"

"Well, sir, he—he wouldn't coöperate."

"I can't believe that. He tried to help you even afterward—after you bought out and was on a private venture."

"When was that?" Alan queried.

"At En Traverse Lake."

"So he was trying to help us! Well, I didn't—ah—have just that impression at the time, sir."

"He even shot signals for you to wait."

Bill Hardsock swore luridly. "Of all the fork-tongued lies, that's the beat of 'em all!"

Alan allowed it to go unchallenged. If Haskell got by with so brazen a perfidy as that, it would make him even bolder than he was now.

"But, sir," he led on, "when I came back from the Alooska patrol, he wouldn't coöperate then. He d i d n ' t even seem much interested, seemed to me, in getting those bandits."

"Not much interested?" Haskell echoed, with a great show of astonishment. "Sir, I wanted him to make a patrol to the Inconnu River. But he was in a temper. He wouldn't even listen to my suggestion."

A wild elation surged through Alan.

Williamson bore down on him hard. "Baker, answer that charge! Haskell suggested a patrol to the Inconnu. In my opinion that was a splendid suggestion. It was almost the only hope of capturing those criminals. You wouldn't listen to him. How then can you assert you were forced to buy out?"

"He didn't—it wasn't him that made that suggestion," Alan stammered weakly. "I think—I believe I made that suggestion myself. But he wouldn't let me go."

"That's a lie!" Haskell pounced upon him. "I suggested it. I begged him to make that trip."

"How about that, Baker?" Williamson demanded. "He says *he* suggested it. You say *you* did. Have you got any proof?"

Alan looked at Haskell. "You suggested that Inconnu patrol? It was your idea?"

Haskell was smiling openly in triumph. "I did. Whipple can witness it."

All Alan's hesitation dropped away from him. There was no longer need to dissimulate.

Elizabeth's gladness at his return, her sympathy over his wounds, were effusive.

Compassion tore at her when she found him there, wounded, bleeding.

He turned to Williamson. "You heard him. You heard what he said. He told you he suggested that Inconnu trip! He just repeated it, and he said Whipple was a witness. Don't let him back out of it now."

"I don't have to back out of anything," Haskell snapped. But his smile suddenly had vanished. Staring in sudden uneasiness at Baker, he sat tensed, waiting, with a nameless fear whispering to him.

"Yes, I heard him," Williamson answered. "What about it?"

Alan rose slowly to his feet, pulling himself up to his full lanky and powerful height. In that moment when he realized Haskell was caught, his mind whipped back to Joyce's home on the Alooska, to Joyce's room where he had lain through weary hours of doubt and pain, and where he and she had carefully plotted this trap. He felt a wordless tender gratitude to Joyce; her quick brain had been the first to see its crushing possibilities.

"Inspector, you say you asked me to lead that Inconnu detail. You say *you* suggested it. You say it occurred to *you* that the bandits would escape by that river. *I say you are a liar!* I propose to prove you're a liar."

He paused a moment, then raised his right hand and pointed at the wall chart behind Haskell's desk.

"The Inconnu River is not shown on that map of yours, Inspector. You tried to find out from Hardsock, from Younge, from that Indian, Little Otter, where the river is. You didn't know. You don't know now. How could you suggest sending a patrol to a river when you haven't got the slightest knowledge of its location? Step up there to that chart, you, and show us the Inconnu!"

His words fell like a bombshell. For a stunned moment there was silence. In sharp question Williamson's eyes turned upon the Inspector demanding answer.

Haskell sprang to his feet, snarling at Alan. "I don't take orders from you!" His panic, his livid face, betrayed him.

"Then consider it an order from *me!*" the old officer commanded. "Show *me* where the Inconnu is!"

Haskell did not stir. His impregnable defense had crumbled.

He heard Williamson thundering: "I say, answer Baker's question! How could you suggest a patrol to a river that you know nothing about?"

Haskell did not answer. Caught, trapped—he had gone too far—he had overplayed. . . . . He heard Larry Younge's savage mocking laugh; heard Bill Hardsock chuckling: "Tried to steal Alan's thunder, and got struck by't!"

The room seemed to be swaying. . . . . Williamson's angry erect figure became a blur. . . . . Across the desk he saw Alan Baker's face in a sort of haze, not smiling at him, not mocking, but hard, pitiless. The man had beaten him, had taken away the girl he loved—this man whom he hated so fiercely that once he had tried to kill him.

In that moment he was shaken with an impulse to smash his fist against that hated face, as though by doing that he might blot it out. Fighting for self-control, he turned away toward the window, unable to bear the eyes of those men upon him. He was dazed and stunned by the suddenness of his disaster. He could not think; his mind was a turmoil; the silence was like a din in his ears.

Presently he heard Williamson order: *(Please turn to page 118)*

There in the cell he kissed her for the first time. Then he talked about the case.

The LIPSTICK STAIN

A mystery involving a girl who cast off her creed—which had been disbelief in all men's sincerity and no faith in the emotion called love.

by Virginia Dale

Illustrated by H. R. Ballinger

IT was called the Lipstick Murder. A thing so frail as a lipstick, connected with a thing so strong as a death, caught the crowd. Then, too, a chorus girl was implicated. And though chorus girls and lipsticks do go rather urgently and obviously together, a man like Forrest Dumant is apt to keep clear of both.

Until breath had been forever stilled within him, no one had suspected he hadn't. But death has a curious way of being the beginning of many things instead of the end of everything. Now that Dumant had been found dead, beside him the telltale highball glass that had held poison, quite a lot of people were saying they had suspected this and that of him for a long time. The powerful friends whom his suave, sophisticated disdain had held at arm's-length during his life, rushed forward now to claim for him what they called "justice."

"But you can't keep Jill Durou in the jail!" young Dennis Krahl cried to the prosecuting attorney. "Without bond!" he added. "It's terrible. It's ridiculous. Call her as a witness if you must. But this is inhuman. It's worse: it's wrong and unwarranted."

The prosecuting attorney tapped on the wide mahogany of his office desk. He regarded young Dennis carefully. A coming lawyer, this Krahl. Too bad if he ruined his career at the outset by an interest in this girl. Was there something deeper than friendship between them? He leaned forward and said: "Listen: we feel she's a material witness. If you're wise, you wont try to get her bond. For if you do—" His voice hung. "We may find it necessary to bring a charge against her that will keep her where she is."

"But how—" Dennis began.

"She admits having been at Dumant's apartment on the night of the—" He stopped, substituting *death* for the word *murder* he had intended using. "The night of the death. There was poison in one of those highball glasses. There was a streak of lipstick on one of the serviettes which had been brought up with the set-up. Well! It is best," he concluded quietly, "to leave the girl where she is, I tell you. It's only been a matter of a few hours. Give me a few more, and we'll know everything."

Dennis murmured: "Will you arrange to let me see her—as a friend?"

The prosecutor thought rapidly. "Yes," he answered. "I'll do that. I know your integrity, your loyalty to the law—"

They parted on that note. . . . .

"How long had you known Dumant?" Dennis asked Jill Durou. It struck him suddenly that Jill was far too frivolous a name for a girl imprisoned. But was it more ludicrous than this dreadful, unspoken suspicion fastening on the Jill who— Grimly he remembered all Jill had been to him, all he had hoped she would be.

"I'd known him three years, about," she was answering softly in that new afraid voice. It hurt him, that new voice of little Jill's. But he thought: "I must know everything. I must help her. How, why, did this happen to her?"

Aloud he said harshly, because his mind was in havoc: "You never told me you knew him." He must keep clear of emotion. He must be her lawyer, not her friend now.

"No, Dennis. It never happened to come up." She hesitated briefly. "I suppose," she went on after a moment, "there were a lot of things you didn't know about me."

"Yes, I suppose there were."

She felt she was losing him, that he was slipping farther and farther away by every word she used in trying to keep him. She stared now dumbly ahead, her larkspur eyes growing larger and looking purple. The walls of her cell seemed to crush toward her, then recede. She thought: "This can't be happening. This can't be me—*me!*"

She set fire to his pity even as he tried to concentrate on ways and means to get her out. Who were these "big men," these friends of Dumant's? What did they know that he did not? The prosecutor's words rang back: "If you're wise, you wont try to get her bond." So, "Jill," he said gently, "we must go over it again. Tell me about going to his apartment."

Obediently she began: "It was after the show. I thought I'd— I'd just like to see him. So I just ran in, Dennis." She used his name like a caress.

On that fatal night she had gone to Dumant. She had told Dumant everything.

"What time did you leave?"

"It must have been about—two."

His New England conventions hated that. What right had she, the girl he had been hoping to make his wife, to be in any man's apartment at two in the morning? His mind reminded him: "You've been in her suite that late, later. You know theater people turn days into nights." And in defense his other self answered: "It was different with me. I loved her. I never so much as touched her." With this constant struggle within himself, he drove back to the case. He must find out why the law considered her too important for liberty.

"And no one saw you leave, Jill? Why, in heaven's name, didn't you take the elevator?"

"I don't know. I often walk down four flights. It's nothing. How could I know," she threw out desperately, "it was going to make such a difference this one time?"

"And you swear you weren't there when he telephoned down for ice at three-thirty?"

"I wasn't there, Dennis."

He believed her. Then with his next question and her inevitable answer, he knew she was lying. He had said, "But the doorman at your hotel says you didn't come in till nearly four," and she had cried: "He's wrong! I did!"

They were quiet a little, each trying to dig beneath the words of the other, knowing that words are often the gaudy bauble used to confuse truth. She was thinking: "He knows I'm lying. But my dear, my dear, trust me!" So intensely was she begging, it seemed as if he must hear her thoughts instead of the answer she had cried aloud.

He could not feel her straining toward him, hurt and crushed as he was. He was older at law than at love, young Dennis Krahl. For a moment he would have given all his youth for experience's wisdom. He caught again that afraid look of hers. If she was innocent, would she be so afraid? Ah, but guilt would not have made her more sure. Why was there no exact pattern of behavior—one for the guilty, one for the innocent? Surely God added to the confusion of His world when different deeds resulted in the same conduct.

"Jill," he began again, trying to forge the truth from what he knew was her lie, "you know how serious this is. They think it's serious, or they wouldn't have gone to such lengths to keep you here. We must go over it all again. You say you weren't there when Dumant went to the door to take the ice and glasses from the boy at three-thirty. The clerk, the elevator boy, everyone at his apartment hotel says no one else went to his place after you. No women live at the Abbey. Yet there was a streak of lipstick found later on the serviette the boy brought up with the glasses."

His voice broke in the dim cell. She said nothing. He waited, then went on: "If you admit making that streak, Jill, it will make all the difference." Again, she said nothing. "No one saw you leave," he reminded her. "The doorman at your apartment says you did not get in till nearly four. You say you left Dumant's about two. It takes twenty minutes, thirty at most, to get from the Abbey to your place."

"Yes, yes," she cried suddenly, as if, instead of laying the facts before her, he had demanded if they were true. She leaned forward. "What does it matter if no one saw me leave Dumant's? What does that prove? The clerk was sleeping in a chair. And why can't my doorman be mistaken? Why should his word be better than mine?" For just a second there was a flash of her old certainty.

"That is reasonable," young Dennis told her, pausing to wonder why the reasonable was so often opposed to jurisprudence. "But," he pointed out, "you are being held, Jill. The law must suppose you would be willing to conceal what was not—not to your advantage, and accept the word of one not—not so vitally interested," he ended.

He had singled Jill out; she was no longer inferior, but envied.

The gray walls of the cell brooded on them. There was the sound of feet outside, and from somewhere, not far distant, the noise of sobbing. It was such a right, despairing noise in this place so filled with despair. Dennis went on:

"If you admit the lipstick streak, you eliminate the chance of another's being with him after you left." That admission would mean so much; it would mean she lied to him, that she had been in Dumant's place so late—dimly, the climax of all it might mean, grew in Dennis' mind until it crashed with awful clarity. "My God, Jill! We mustn't let them bring the murder charge against you!" So devastatingly had the thought struck him that he felt he had shouted the words.

But she was sitting motionless. "I've told you everything," she said. Fright and a strange belligerency were in her tone.

Dennis rose to go. Outside, footsteps stopped at the cell door. "A gentleman," the warden said, "is outside there, Miss Durou. He said to tell you if there was anything he could do for you—"

She moistened her lips. "Who?"

"Mr. Borelli."

Her answer flashed back: "Tell him not to try to see me. There's nothing—nothing—he can do for me, ever."

The man went away, and Dennis turned. "Borelli! He came to me first, you know, Jill. He wants to help if he can, he says. He—"

"He? No, no, Dennis. Not Borelli. No."

"My dear!" For the first time in all this terrible business the old love was in Dennis Krahl's voice. She caught it breathlessly. It came like a shining real thing in this murky cell. "He does still care," she told herself. "He's so different from anyone else I've ever known—perhaps it's just his way not to show it here. He wouldn't be here if he didn't care a little. Perhaps nothing

is going to part us, after all." Women in love are like that: ready to invest their loved with the thoughts they want them to have. But in this case the woman was right. Dennis did care.

"Jill, Jill, you must tell me everything. I can't bear to see you so afraid. Trust me. Tell me the whole truth. Trust me." It was as if he would conjure truth, like a living thing, from her faith in him. He waited. There was a look about her that baffled him. If she had been an ordinary client, some strange girl who had come to him from nowhere, he would have been convinced she had some guilty knowledge. But, "This is Jill, Jill," his nerves kept reminding him. A hundred dear inconsequential things that had happened between them came back. Memories of precious moments overwhelmed him.

And suddenly his mind was swept clean of all these things, and he saw only this girl in a cell, put there because the murky cloud of a horrible suspicion somehow attached to her. He—his people—didn't *know* prisoners! For all his work among them, despite the brilliance of his youthful pleading for them, criminals had remained to Dennis a separate band, stragglers from the path of decency, pitiable, tragic outlanders. Now this girl—the girl who had been his Jill—had become one of them. Men like Dennis Krahl think they can throw away their traditions, their concepts and principles, when there is no need to do so; but faced with the necessity, the clan feeling of their inherited, bred-in-the-bone classifications is stronger than their intellects. Recollections of his mother, that frail and gracious lady whom first his father and then he had shielded from ugliness, passed in his mind. He had brought her more unhappiness by his association with "that girl in the chorus" than she had ever before known. But he had felt a rightness in that, because he had believed Jill to be his kind, his mother's kind, even discounting the difference in their lives. And now all that secure feeling of rightness was in confusion.

She sat saying nothing. She would not answer. And so presently he had to go. He was before Borelli without being aware he had passed down the long dank corridors to reach the reception-room.

"How is she?" Borelli asked eagerly.

"When did you see Dumant last?"

Tony Borelli, the orchestra leader, his dark good looks, his slim figure that seemed made of rhythmic whipcord, was shadowed in sympathy. "Why, it was—that night." He almost whispered the words. He went on: "I met him as I came in, about seven. Rode up in the elevator with him. I live on the floor just below, you know."

"And there was nothing unusual about him?"

Borelli permitted himself a fleeting smile. "A man not expecting to be murdered would act as usual, wouldn't he? Or would he?" he added quickly, realizing Dennis had regretted his question as stupid. "It would be interesting to know whether a man about to die has not some flickering sense of finish. The thing about death that makes it fantastic," he pointed out, "is that no one who has experienced it can tell us about it. It is the one adventure that cannot be shared by the living."

Not at all taking in what the other was saying, Dennis stood stolidly. Borelli also represented another world; had it not been for Jill, Dennis never would have known this jazz king. When he had first seen him in a night-club, directing his "boys" with the engaging nonchalance that marks the more successful in his trade, Dennis was entertained. That was all. It never would have occurred to him that this dark, lean man, who made his body into a metronome for public favor, could ever have anything in common with him. When Jill first introduced them, he disliked Borelli. But when he found the leader's conversation spotted with an incalculable philosophy, Dennis began rather to like him. At this moment he felt a curious fellowship with Borelli.

"How is Jill?" the leader asked. His voice had an engaging husky quality.

Dennis shrugged his shoulders. It was a gesture of ambiguity. "There's no chance of establishing her innocence and getting her out quick?" Borelli demanded. Anxiety was on fire in his black eyes.

"No, no, of course not," Dennis answered. The decisiveness of his answer carried assuagement to his own tortured self. Of course Jill would be all right!

"Wonderful that she can bear up at all," Borelli murmured. "Aside from her own trouble, it must be awful for her, knowing Dumant's gone."

"Yes," Dennis nodded, busy with his own thoughts. Suddenly Borelli's words, as if they had been suspended and only now struck into his understanding, splintered about him. *"It must be awful for her, knowing Dumant's gone!"*

His look flew to Borelli. "What do you mean? Aside from this rotten holding of her, his death doesn't mean anything to Jill!"

"Why, weren't they to be married?"

Hot, tearing fingers seemed to be clawing at Dennis. Then he felt every drop of blood in him drained away, leaving him cold and clear and keen. He heard his own voice say: "No, I didn't know."

He was amazed at his quiet. He knew he was thinking: "Then she never loved me. She was playing *(Please turn to page 110)*

His Side of It

Illustrated by C.D. Mitchell

by Margaret Culkin Banning

The Story Thus Far:

"QUITE sure that I'm the one?" Fanny had asked that evening when Jerome took her in his arms the first time. "That I'm the specially built model?"

"As sure as I am that I belong to you."

His lips were deep in hers. He could take her breath away, but after a moment she found it again.

"Of course that's a sentence right out of stock," she said. "It fits in awfully well, but that's what it is."

Always Fanny was like that, eternally seeking the reality behind the romance. And that same evening she gave Jerome a glimpse of reality stark enough. For on the way home she had him stop at the hospital where her cousin Dorothy Carey was expecting her third child. The crisis had come; Dorothy was asking for her absent husband Gilbert; and Jerome was sent by Fanny to fetch him.

Jerome found Gilbert Carey—at a night-club, too drunk to be brought to the hospital, though still capable of borrowing money. Jerome returned to the hospital, reported to Fanny; and then as there remained nothing more either could do, he took Fanny home. . . . . So ended the evening he and Fanny discovered they had fallen in love.

Always Fanny was like that: When it came to choosing a house, she repudiated the nice conventional new suburban dwellings affected by most girls of her circle and chose instead to rent half of a queer huge old mansion in town. Her wedding, too, was shorn of the conventional embroideries so dear to tradition. Instead of the usual honeyman hegira, moreover, she chose merely a journey to Chicago, some five hours away.

Jerome was doing fairly well as a junior executive in an old grain firm. And he intended to be generous with Fanny in money matters.

"Everything I have belongs to you, darling," he said once.

"But I mean," she explained, "that after all, you'd have to pay any housekeeper—or any mistress."

"That's a poor way to talk, Fanny."

She laughed.

"You simply don't get what I'm talking about. But don't bother. Of course you're generous! But women ought not to have to live on a theory or chance of generosity. Suppose you changed your mind and got miserly. Then your wife would be stuck. There ought to be a kind of minimum wage for wives. Don't you see?"

Later, "How have you been feeling?" he asked her.

"Oh," said Fanny, "I saw the doctor yesterday. I'm elected, all right."

The miracle was before them. Their love had come to life.

"You're glad, dearest?"

"Of course. I'm frightfully pleased."

"Dear Fanny—dear little mother," he murmured, with his lips against that fair brow.

But Fanny shook him off.

"Don't try to make a chromo picture of it, Jerry. I'm not the dear little mother type. I'm a tall girl and I haven't shrunk. I'm glad about the baby, but I simply can't take up knitting soft things and hiding them away." *(The story continues in detail:)*

Copyright, 1929-'30, by The McCall Company (Redbook Magazine). All rights reserved.

The endeavor of a man and a girl to share the same happiness and maintain separate personalities

"Don't sit around making sheep's eyes at me because I'm a mother, Jerry!"

JEROME wondered if Fanny, adrift on ether, could hear them talking. She lay so still, and yet she did not look asleep but only as if she had closed her eyes from utter weariness. During the last few hours her face had thinned to fragility, and she seemed very young and greatly in need of protection.

The Doctor was joking with the nurse. "Well, Miss Kensitas, how is it that you always seem to get boys on your cases?"

Miss Kensitas, laughing as if it were the correct response in church, did not know.

"You know what I always want done," he said, his voice swinging from facetiousness to authority.

"Yes, Doctor."

"I'll look in tomorrow morning."

"Yes, Doctor."

Jerry wondered irrelevantly if nurses ever said no to doctors. There was nothing like this hospital discipline, even in the army. But he didn't want the Doctor to go away, while Fanny lay like that. "My wife is all right, Doctor Weatherby?" he asked. "You're absolutely sure?"

"Right as rain. Nothing at all to worry about, Mr. Lucas."

"She's coming out of the ether now," said the nurse.

Fanny opened her eyes, saw them all disinterestedly and let her eyelids fall again, as if they were heavy. It frightened Jerry.

"Everything's all right, darling. Everything's all over," he said.

"Was it quite a respectable baby?" she asked, and every word seemed hard to form.

"It's a splendid boy—and you've been so wonderful, so brave."

"It's a damned hard job," said Fanny. "Did I swear like a trooper?"

The nurse was behind them now, professionally coy. "Do you want just a peek at this little newcomer, before I take him off to his friends in the nursery?"

Suddenly strength came into Fanny's eyes. She stirred, tried to lift herself up. But the nurse held the burden in her arms low so that it was not necessary.

"Don't try to move yet. Here he is."

Fanny stared, and for the second time Jerome saw tears in her eyes.

"He looks as if you'd grown old and small, Jerry. I've just made you all over again."

"I love you both so much, Fanny!"

"But isn't it amazing? I had no idea that it would be so unmistakably our baby."

He could not speak for a minute. They were close, closer than they ever had been, over this creation they shared, and which belonged to them so completely.

"I think he knows you're his mother," he said a little huskily.

"He'd better," said Fanny; "he'd better recognize us both."

The nurse broke in with a faint manner of having seen all this many times, of always being glad to see it, and knowing just how far to let it go.

"Now I think we must let Mrs. Lucas rest. This fine son of yours is going to need a good deal of her strength later."

Jerry looked for the Doctor, but he had already gone. He was a very busy man and wasted none of his expensive professional time when the medical scene became domestic. Jerry, in his turn, became authoritative: "I want you to take very good care of these two patients, Miss Kensitas."

"Oh, we'll look after them nicely," said the nurse, and Jerry knew that he was dismissed. He did not like the complete competence with which this hospital took the birth of his son for granted. Something more should be made of it, of Fanny's pluck, of the way she had come through.

He kissed her as if she were holy, and she smiled through lashes that dipped into dark shadows of pain and fatigue.

"I've not been a very good husband—but I'm going to be a better one, sweetheart," he whispered.

"You're quite good enough for what you get, poor Jerry." She laid her cheek against his hand, and forgiveness passed between them as she murmured: "Being under ether is like a secret. I wish I could remember—"

"She must rest now," said the nurse, and Jerry went away.

He was proud and responsible. Out of the great fear and pity, triumph had come. There is no better hour for a man than the one when the woman whom he loves and who loves him bears his child in safety; and walking down the brick-walled street from the hospital, Jerry knew that, as knights in castles and peasants in hovels and men of business and kings and artists all have come at one time or another to know it.

With him there were no bells to ring out announcing the birth of his child. He told his stenographer and a few friends, and the

word went around the trading floor, so that men meeting him in the building all afternoon shook hands or slapped him on the back and said that they were glad to hear it, or that they supposed he was passing out the cigars.

The stenographer in Bob Winton's outer office, Stella Pratt, looked at him as he passed, and he grinned back at her. Everyone knew Stella. She was one of the fixtures in the building. Before he was married, Jerry used to hear a good deal of talk about her. He knew that once she was supposed to have fallen hard for him after a Board of Trade dance when he had paid her a good deal of attention. She was a nice dancer. And she'd won an election bet from him once. She was a pretty, silken girl, but she never sank in very deep with him, partly because he suspected, as did everyone else, that Bob Winton had once had more than an employer's interest in her. There was nothing about her body that was not a little on display. That was all right. Jerry had nothing against her.

"I hear you've acquired a family, Mr. Lucas."

"Sure have," said Jerry.

"I certainly congratulate you," she said, and added: "I hope your wife is doing well."

"Oh, yes, thanks."

"She's in the hospital?"

"Yes," said Jerry again, this time with a shade of reserve, and went away vaguely wondering if there were anything more to that question than the words. She certainly didn't imagine that he was the sort of man who took advantage of a time like that to step out.

Still, Jack Russell's attitude wasn't so different. He had a plan for a week-end game.

"You're on the town for a while, I hear, Jerry."

"I have to keep hanging around the hospital," said Jerome. "I've got to bring up that boy of mine."

"Oh, they'll throw you out of there," answered Jack. "How about a little high-class bridge before the weather gets any hotter?"

"I'll see," said Jerry; "but we're pretty busy at this time of year."

He wasn't as busy as he would have liked to be. That was one thing that bothered him. But with Mr. Austin still sick, and with no authority to go ahead along new lines of development, Jerry couldn't do very much.

It had come to a point where they were giving him oxygen now; and Elsie Cobb, the daughter, had come home from Europe. That looked serious. Mrs. Cobb seemed very foreign and very disinterested on the one occasion when Jerome had seen her and tried to talk about the possibilities in her father's business. She wore her hair in braided loops that hung loose like earrings over her cheeks, and she had her two strange Grimm's-fairy-tale children with her. Her husband hadn't turned up at all.

Jerry sent Fanny two dozen roses. He had left the hospital at eleven in the morning and wanted to go back at noon, but when he called the nurse, she had discouraged it. She said that Fanny was sleeping, and that five or six o'clock would be the best time to come in. Her way with husbands seemed firm and practiced, and Jerry gave in. He spent a few minutes subsequently talking with an insurance agent who made it a point of good salesmanship to follow up all births and came hot-foot to Jerry's office to get him to increase his insurance policies. The agent had a patter which was strangely like a parody of some of Jerry's own reflections on his responsibilities. But Jerry was short with him. He couldn't take on anything more.

Nothing much happened during the day, which made him restless, for he was eager for action. There was an office force large enough to handle the machinery of the business, and Jerry could do very little to speed it up. He had plenty of time to consider his own personal finances, which were worrying. This having a child was going to cost a lot of money.

But every time he thought of that, his heart melted. He could hardly wait to see his son again. He wanted another look at that living possession which he had never seen until this morning. He wanted to see for himself how Fanny was. She must be guarded from everything for a while now, and not worried. Vague things he had heard about nursing mothers came back to him. There was a ballad that he couldn't quite remember, something about that. Having a child was going to change their relations, deepen them. It was bound to change a woman. The mother instinct developed. Dear Fanny—she always had been so, but this morning when she'd put her cheek against his hand, she had been all love.

He must show her that he was worth it. There must be something he could do for her. He must find a way to make some money. If things were going to go on like this indefinitely, he really should scout around for another opening. But the trouble was that the grain business was so overcrowded with the sons of owners. There wasn't so much room at the top. And then, there might be a lucky break right where he was soon. It would be sad to see poor old Mr. Austin go, but there couldn't be much left for him in life now except further pain. Jerry thought confidently that, if later he could have a free hand with this business and just a little money to go ahead with, he could show people what was in the cards.

After five o'clock he had a caller whom he couldn't ignore, an important elderly man who was interested in securing a new building for the Board of Trade. Jerry explained that he couldn't underwrite any subscription for the enterprise himself without Mr. Austin's agreement, and that it was out of the question to trouble Mr. Austin at present.

"Yes, of course," said his caller. "I hadn't quite realized how serious it was. Well, the time comes for all of us. The bell rings, and we have to go. Very sad. Fraser and Austin was a firm we all looked upon with great respect."

The way he spoke of it as moribund got under Jerry's skin.

"It is a good firm," he said, with a slight accent on the present tense which he hoped carried to his hearer. But it was humiliating not to be able to promise anything for the firm in regard to the new building. Mr. Austin had been generous enough in giving his managers authority, but he had always kept his fingers on the reins when it came to matters of large subscriptions.

"Tell me this," said Fanny. "Why do you need the two of us? What do you find in her?"

Jerry had reached the hospital before he shook off his vague depression. Then it cleared. Everything was going to work out all right. If it didn't, he'd make it. The elevator was too slow in coming, so he went up the noiseless, rubberized stairs, two steps at a time. Here and there a door was open on one of the corridors, and he could see people in bed. A man in a wheel-chair was being pushed down the hall of the third floor. The nurses looked very clean and starched, and the air smelled of disinfectant.

Fanny was on the fourth floor, the one reserved for maternity cases. Jerome had a sudden quiver of fear as he neared her door. Of course she was all right, but suppose she wasn't? He opened the door almost upon his own knock, and was astonished.

When he had left the room, there had still been a trace of crisis in it, of urgent care, of hush. That had quite vanished. The place was fragrant with flowers. There were baskets with tall curving handles that were laden with them, tall glass vases full of a dozen kinds of blooms. His roses were doubtless there among the others, ranged on the table or bureau. On Fanny's bedside table there was a cluster of arbutus in a bowl.

Fanny's bed looked different. It didn't seem like a sickbed. There was a pale green negligee thrown across the foot of it, and Fanny was lying with pillows banked behind her, looking like a gypsy with her hair ruffled against them. Her arms were bare, for the jacket of her white silk pajamas was sleeveless, and she was smoking a cigarette and talking to a very handsome young man who, judging from his clothes, was an interne.

The nurse was by the window, arranging some flowers which she evidently had just brought in.

"Hello, little Father!" said Fanny. "—I beat you to that, didn't I?"

"What are you up to with that cigarette?" Jerome asked.

"They did hold out on me until just now," she admitted, "until I proved that I was a very quick recoverer. This is the first I've had. —Dr. Morrow, this is the man who laid me low."

Jerome got red, and Fanny laughed at his confusion.

"The Doctor knows all about such things," she said comfortingly. "He's very well informed, and doesn't believe in the gooseberry bush."

"Aren't you being pretty gay?" asked Jerry.

"I am gay," said Fanny. "I'm fearfully gay. I feel gay and good-looking too, than which there can be no more perfect combination."

The handsome interne chuckled fatuously. What was he hanging around the rooms of women patients for, anyway, thought Jerry. What did they pay these fellows for? Internes were supposed to be learning something, to be hauling accident cases out of ambulances, he'd always thought. Jerry didn't like the young man from the start. When Fanny got men looking at her like that, sort of resistlessly, she could be a devil. And now in bed like that, with those bare arms, was putting it on pretty thick. He realized that he hadn't even kissed her, but the moment for that seemed to have gone by.

"Where did all the floral decorations come from?" he asked.

"I don't really know," said Fanny. "Miss Kensitas does. I'm going to get out a form letter. I suppose Lois has been on the job, calling up everybody, and they've all been doing their duty. I wonder if we could use some of the flowers to make a float out of this bed? The kind you see in parades. The bed has wheels, and if they were twined with asparagus fern and baby's-breath, and I were strewn with roses, you could wheel me up and down the hall. A mere suggestion of the *Lady of Shalott*."

Jerry spoke to the nurse.

"Mrs. Lucas is all right?"

"Tell him I'm not really delirious."

"She couldn't be better," said Miss Kensitas. "Everything's getting along beautifully. And now, Mrs. Lucas, if you can spare me for a little while, I'll go over to the Nurses' Home and have my dinner. I'll leave the button right beside you, and you can always flash the hall light for the nurse on duty if you want her."

She went, but the interne lingered.

"We were having a fascinating discussion," said Fanny, "about whether it really is necessary to bring forth children in sorrow. He's been telling me some of the perfectly frightful things they used to do. *Sairey Gamp* was an expert surgeon compared to some of the people they used to turn loose on helpless women. And their frightful devices!"

"Couldn't you find something more cheerful to talk about?" asked Jerome.

"But it's enthralling!"

"I think you're going too fast," said Jerome.

The interne, not entirely impervious to hints, said good night.

"Don't forget that book with the engravings you promised me," Fanny called after him, and he nodded a further promise as he went out. Jerry sat down by his wife's bed and picked up her hand.

"You're too lively," he protested. "Remember you have to save your strength. You've got that baby to consider now."

"Very true," she agreed.

"How is he tonight?"

"Romping around with the other little boys," she said.

"You were wonderful this morning."

"Pretty sobby," she demurred.

"No, you were superb. All through it."

"I guess it was the ether," said Fanny.

"It's all over, anyway. And now we have a new life ahead. With that boy of ours to think of."

He was hunting for the mother instinct, but he couldn't seem to put his finger on it, much less his tongue.

"I wish," remarked Fanny, "that you wouldn't talk as if I were a reformed criminal because I happen to have borne a child. He's a nice healthy baby, and there he is, and what of it?"

"There's a lot more to it, isn't there?"

"Is this a lecture on maternal duty or something?"

He laughed, and kissed each finger, making pleasant work of it.

"What do I know about maternal duty? That's your job," he said.

"Well, don't expect me to be too dutiful. Don't expect me to be always bathing and changing your son. I told you that before, Jerry. That small lump of humanity is very nice. But he may as well get in proportion to the rest of the world."

"You're hardly acquainted with him yet," Jerome told her.

Fanny's eyes opened wide to let out some exasperation.

"You've been reading soppy books on psychology, Jerry," she accused him. "You're waiting to see a Great Change take place in me."

"I'm doing nothing of the sort."

"Well, don't. I shall see that your son gets his carrots and cereal and raw beef when the time comes. And of course I'll nurse him. But don't expect me to take on this holier-than-thou expression all these self-conscious mothers have. And don't sit around making sheep's eyes at me because I'm a mother, either, Jerry!"

Jerry looked rather abashed and a little amused.

"This young doctor was telling me about the use of mandrake as an anesthetic," said Fanny reminiscently. "Did you ever know that the mandrake plant was supposed to be shaped like a man, and to shriek when its roots were pulled out of the earth? They used it for love-philters."

"Where does that bird come in, anyway?" asked Jerry, ignoring the information. "What's his job around here?"

"He's an interne. Finishing up his obstetric experience. He has an awfully good mind."

"He likes his face too, doesn't he?" inquired Jerome. "How about getting a night nurse, Fanny?"

"We don't need one, do we? This one will take care of both me and the baby for just a little more money, and there's always a nurse on the hall, after Miss Kensitas is off duty. It isn't as if there were any complications."

"No, I suppose not," said Jerry.

He'd been intending to insist on getting a night nurse; but after all, if Fanny was coming along so well, it probably wasn't necessary and one expense could be saved. A look at her tonight was enough to prove that childbirth, in spite of the pain, was after all only a normal function.

"There's no need for a night nurse unless you're bent on having one," she repeated, with a sort of question in her voice this time.

"Just as you like, old girl."

"I'll manage without one, then."

"Is Miss Kensitas competent? Does she take good care of the baby?"

"She looks like a hazelnut, doesn't she?" asked Fanny.

"I've hardly looked at her."

"You should. She has a small round face just like one. She knows all sorts of definite, explicit things about life and people, and absolutely everything about this business I went through this morning. And yet she wants more than anything else to get married!"

"Is that so queer?"

"Well, you'd think that after hearing women howl and shriek, she'd have a certain reluctance."

"There's more to marriage than that, isn't there?"

Jerry was trying to be light, because she wouldn't let him be tender. She pondered the romanticism of Miss Kensitas for a few more minutes. "She wants a rich man, too. She has a simple trusting faith in riches. It's the practical side of her romantic nature."

"Where's the kid?" asked Jerry.

"In the nursery down the hall. In a kind of wire basket that looks for all the world like something to dry dishes in."

"I'll go have a look at him."

"You'll have to wait until the nurse comes back. Parents have no rights."

He was at a loss. He felt large, helpless, useless and not admired. He kept getting in his own way whenever he tried to say anything.

"Jerry?" Fanny's voice was questioning.

"I'm not doing anything of the sort," Jerry protested. "You look like water in the desert to me."

"Yes, dear?"

"What sort of a man do you think Henry Pollard is?"

Jerry paused for just long enough to round up his opinions of Henry Pollard and decide how many to give his wife. He certainly wasn't going to worry Fanny just now by saying anything against her brother-in-law. Of course Pollard had never been a man that other men really liked. He was a cagy sort of person, smart and a good lawyer, all right. Probably he'd get on, because he'd always be smart enough to cover up his tracks. But there would be tracks. He remembered with distaste a story he had heard about Pollard. But it was difficult to explain to Fanny that line of demarcation between a man whom you could whole-heartedly applaud and always say was a good fellow, and one about whom there was something just a little off color, not quite as it should be. And anyway, since his marriage, no doubt Pollard had straightened around absolutely. It looked that way. There were always men like that who couldn't stand certain sorts of strains.

"Pollard?" he answered. "Oh, he's all right. A smart lawyer. I wouldn't be surprised to see him make a lot of money, now that he's got his line on Mackail."

"But personally, I mean?"

If she were worried, she'd better be reassured, thought Jerry.

"I guess he's all right. I never knew him very well, you know. He's a little older, and never was much of a mixer."

"All right," said Fanny. "If you wont, you wont."

"Wont what, dear?"

She had no answer to that question apparently. Though her next remark still related to the Pollards, it had swung clear of Henry.

"Lois was in this afternoon. She was full of praises and con-

gratulations, and quite relieved, I think, to find that she still holds the championship. Wouldn't it have been terrible for Lois if I'd been ungracious enough to have triplets? She said, 'How much did he weigh?' in a positively hushed voice, and when I couldn't remember whether it was seven or ten pounds, she thought I must still be under an anesthetic. She's very sweet about her vanities. The reason you don't mind them in Lois is because they are nearly all outside herself. But I hope I don't turn out to be the competitive kind of mother. Don't let's brag about our child, Jerry. It's so tiresome."

"You needn't try to organize the world just yet," said Jerry. "Be easy."

"I'm very easy. I hope you can find something to do to amuse yourself while I'm laid up."

"I want to spend as much time as I can here with you."

"Oh, go out and have a good time," said Fanny. "Why not? It's one of the few times when a man can get asked out by himself or go about alone, when his wife is in the hospital."

"Yes, but how about you?"

"I'm not going to mind it here. It's fun. The nurse tells me all sorts of things, and when she bores me, I can always pretend to go to sleep. When I get a little more husky, I'm going to do a lot of reading. It's rather fun to be free from housekeeping for a while."

"And of a husband?"

"Silly Jerry! Everyone needs a vacation now and then. I shall lie here in bed and flirt with the doctors and have a perfectly good time. I'm quite looking forward to it."

"I see," he said.

It was a curious thing, but they didn't seem to have a great deal to say to one another. Now that the crisis had passed, there wasn't much to talk about. Fanny asked Jerome if he'd heard anything more about Mr. Austin, and he said that there had been no change.

"If he does die," said Fanny, "how is it going to affect you? I mean in a business way—what will happen to the firm, Jerry?"

He wasn't going to worry her with that, either.

"Oh, we'll just carry on, I suppose. I'd like to get the business going well and then swing into the saddle myself. Buy it, I mean, after a few years."

"I wish you could."

"You watch my smoke," he bragged. "I can do anything now."

He liked to be close to her. They always seemed to have a surer physical understanding than any other kind of one. He pulled a low chair up to her bedside and wanted to sit quietly there with his hand on hers, his eyes on the slim outlines of the body which he so loved and which had proven so splendidly capable.

Some one knocked at the door.

"I'll chase anyone who's there," said Jerry impatiently. "You can't see people yet."

"Better find out who it is first."

It was Mr. Ransom, hesitant, awkward, calling to see how his daughter was. His wife had been there earlier.

"Let him come in for a minute," called Fanny.

Mr. Ransom had become rather different in the last few months. Since he had been given a new political job as census director of the whole district, he had lost the down-at-the-heel look which had characterized him in midwinter. He made a pass at kissing Fanny and looked ill at ease.

"How are you?" he queried.

"Trying to help you with the census," answered Fanny lightly.

A strange look came over Mr. Ransom's face.

"That's a nice little job," he said; "and I certainly never would have got it if I hadn't gone down to Washington and seen Cameron. I only wish there were more money in it."

Jerry took that remark to be an indirect allusion to the fact that his father-in-law still hadn't paid back that hundred dollars which he had borrowed from him. He felt sorry for the poor old fellow.

"That's what most of us wish about our incomes. But we all get along. Nobody that I know is very hard up against it," he remarked cheerfully, "and most of us can spare a little."

"They promise me that I'll get the next big plum that's available out here," Mr. Ransom said, still apparently talking to Fanny. "I don't see how they can go back on that promise. Don't think they will."

"They wont," said Fanny.

"You see, if Fred Johnson decides to run for Congress next year, there's got to be a new county treasurer appointed. Confidential, of course, Fanny. But once you get that job, it's not hard to keep it. You're there until you die."

It didn't seem quite the talk appropriate to the moment to Jerry's thinking, even if Fanny did seem interested, or pretend that she was.

"Have you seen the boy?" he asked. "That grandson of yours."

"Not yet."

The nurse who looked like a hazelnut came in just then, very bland and cheerful.

"Is my son on display?" asked Jerry.

Fanny exclaimed: "How you swagger, Jerry!"

"You can see him for just a minute," conceded Miss Kensitas. "It's really against the rules for visitors to go near the nursery at this time, but if you and this gentleman come along with me, I'll give you a glimpse of him."

Jerry went and marveled. There were so many babies in the glass-walled nursery which he was not allowed to enter. The nurse brought his own son out, and it seemed to Jerry that the child had changed since morning. He seemed very small and remote, under all this expert care. But there was no time for reflection. The machinery of the hospital moved along, disposing first of Mr. Ransom and then of Jerry.

(Please turn to page 147)

Decorations by Russell Patterson

It seems to Heywood Broun that

We Need a Rules Committee on Marriage

EACH year the mentors of football gather to find out what's right and wrong with the game. Here they rewrite a rule, and in another place they cut a stipulation out, and keep the code in concord with the current trend of public opinion.

Millions are concerned with football; but even more are taken up with marriage. And yet for this bigger game there is no supervising committee of any sort. Unlike football, local custom and tradition serve to set a somewhat nebulous program of regulation in each community. Football is the same from Maine to California, but marriage varies with climate, altitude and the prevailing religious denomination. Even divorce is more or less a local issue, though there are statutes written down in diverse books. But of course the rules for marriage should be only the dimmest kin to the regulations for divorce. Indeed, if there were a rules committee for the married, it might have much to do in relieving the traffic rush between all outer points and Reno.

The committee ought to include men and women of varied type. Each church should send its representative, and naturally those beyond the fold should also be allowed a voice in conference. The doctors and the lawyers ought to be heard, and women who work outside the home, and housewives, and those who shift the task to Bridget. But until some such cosmopolitan committee is appointed, it might be well to draw up a preliminary outline of rules to stand until replaced by something more authentic. And so at the moment I shall have to be chairman and committee too.

My qualifications for the task are not extensive:

I belong to the newspaper profession, and it is generally held that reporters are among the worst of husbands. I was born and have lived almost all my life in New York; and New York, I have been told, is not the whole United States. I am a member of the Unitarian Church, ex-officio, and will be forty-two on my next birth-

We've all heard of brides and grooms deserted at the altar; but the thing is unusual. Few of us have the courage to undertake such summary action at the eleventh hour.

day. On the other hand, I have been the husband of a feminist for almost twelve years. I am the father of a child; and if not precisely marriage's best friend, I am far from being its severest critic. In drawing up a set of rules, I shall endeavor not to let my own prejudices be paramount, though naturally I must be influenced to some extent by my own experience.

As in the case of football, it seems to me that the code of marriage should begin with the kick-off. This is one of the best-adjusted features of football, and one of the worst-contrived factors in marriage. Many a union is blighted at the very beginning. Marriage, like football, suffers from too much publicity. I am all in favor of smaller stadia. If statistics could be obtained, I rather think that it might be shown that the number of failures following large weddings is greater than the average. This must be so, because of the fearful deterrents which the large wedding sets up against any last-minute change of mind. A drowning man is said to survey his whole life. So it is in the case of bride and groom. Very clear thinking can enter into this last-minute résumé. Thousands of men and women have been a little dubious as to whether it was love or not until the afternoon of the appointed day. At that stage a certain number realize that the whole thing has been a mistake. We've all heard of brides and grooms deserted at the altar, but the thing is unusual. It makes the front page when it happens. Few of us would have the courage to undertake such summary action at the eleventh hour. Thousands of unhappy men and women are mismated for no better reason than that when they saw the light, the caterer's hirelings were already in the house, the guests arriving and all the presents on display in the parlor. I think it would be much better to send the ice-cream back than be unhappy.

Under even the best of circumstances belated remorse must cost a wrench to all those involved. Accordingly, the number of those participating ought to be as few as possible. It takes only three, I believe, to make a marriage, though possibly in some sections a fourth must be gathered in to act as witness. I see no good reason why the total attendance at a ceremony should ever go much above a quorum. The presence of a weeping parent and of beaming relatives never yet served to set man or maid at ease. The seriousness of the occasion is decidedly marred if Cousin Kate has come down from Syracuse to giggle. Possibly the stipulation of, "None but the contracting parties, parson and witnesses," is too severe, but at least weddings should not be employed as occasions to pay off business and social obligations. Surely no one should be eligible to attend unless he or she has some actual emotional stake in the event, and not always then.

Even those who shudder at the thought of trial or companionate marriage should approve the companionate engagement. Once a pledge has been passed, the two involved have a chance to take stock. The moment marriage impends, each has an opportunity to do some heavy thinking. Possibly I should not have used the word *pledge*, because it seems to me that the engagement bond ought to be of the lightest nature. Steps should be taken to get away from the notion that there is something discreditable in a broken engagement. If there were more broken engagements, there would be just about the same number or fewer divorces. People who decide that they don't want to be married even before they have tried it are not likely to be successful merely by a process of gritting their teeth and going through with it.

And why should anybody be ashamed of changing his or her mind? Either party ought to be equally free to call off the entanglement. The world at large, I understand, reserves this privilege largely for the woman. I'm for taking it away from her. It is traditional that a woman may change her mind, but in fact a man may want to do so. Without rancor, bitterness or gossip, either party to an engagement should be allowed on thirty seconds' notice to abrogate the agreement.

Gossip, of course, arises from too much preliminary publicity. Public engagements are even worse than public weddings. Save in cases where religious faith makes banns a necessary part of the ceremony, all engagements should be secret. When the community has not been informed of the intention of Mr. John Doe to wed Miss Jane Roe, there will inevitably be less commotion and tongue-wagging if either Doe or Roe relents at the last minute.

The custom of asking anyone, who knows a reason why John and Jane should not be joined

(Please turn to page 132)

Who knows a reason why John and Jane should not be joined together?

SEA GODDESS

by Bernard De Voto

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

THE delectable Frances Hinman shook salt water from the bob she scorned to cover with a bathing cap—and scowled. She flung herself down beside me on the sand, summer perfection but very little veiled by a bathing suit—and bit her lips. She clasped her tanned and rounded arms over her tanned and rounded knees—and looked ready to cry.

"I don't care, Uncle Roger," she addressed me. I am not Fran's uncle. I am not related to her. And the affront is that she can't think of me as less than seventy years old. "I don't care," she repeated, and sprawled at full length so that she could double both fists and pound the sand with them. "Monomit Point isn't the Lido. And it isn't Deauville. And I think that beach pajamas are downright immodest."

Fran probably did think so, too. She wore something like twenty inches of d r e n c h e d silk, and was shocked by Faith Donahue's pajamas—by everything related to Faith, as well: by the burnt-orange beach umbrella, by the ultramarine steamer rug and the ochre pillows and the British chair and the Irish wolfhound. And in particular by the captivation of Eric Graham, who lay between the wolfhound and Faith Donahue and momentarily went farther along the pathway down which innumerable men, in Faith's time, had preceded him.

"You brought her here." Frances pivoted on one hip and turned on me eyes half desperate and wholly violet. "What's

Faith found it exciting to stand beside me at the wheel. Vineyard Sound is tempestuous water.

When the idol is a living woman, worship is a habit hard to break

Faith Donahue doing at a stodgy little place like Monomit Point? Are there any baronets here to feed her cues for epigrams? Are there gaming and international love-affairs? You know darn' well there's nothing but the Saturday night penny ante game at the club, and the Alter twins' double engagement. And this—this overseas adventuress comes *here!* Why? Well, you ought to know. You're the only friend she's got on earth—"

"Not quite, Fran," I said. "All the world worships Faith. Don't minimize her adoration merely because Eric Graham is bewitched. You've probably sent her violets yourself, more than once."

"I'll send her strychnine! She can't swim a city block!" Fran said witheringly. "She couldn't make my yawl fast to the dock. She couldn't so much as start a motor or clean a spark-plug. She wouldn't last ten seconds on a surf-board. She's never been known to lift a tennis racket. Why, Uncle Roger, she even has the maid bathe her dog!"

Those lovely eyes despised Faith Donahue, but my heart was flinty. "She is a totally inefficient person," I said, "but she has one expertness. She can walk straight into men's hearts and simply play hell. She can identify herself with everything that's lost and irrevocable and tinged with the world's sorrow and desire. That ability is more highly thought of than the Australian crawl. Yes, my dear, and you've often watched her doing it in some one's pretty fiction before footlights, and you've dissolved in joyous tears. So it's not very mature of you to holler when your young man is victimized."

"Oh, look!" Frances said despairingly. Faith Donahue, standing up, had moved out from the protection of the umbrella and was taking off the Lido pajamas. "Do you suppose she's got on anything at all under them?"

"My dear child, I've known Faith all her life. Commandments and legislation have always seemed immaterial to her, but she has never endangered an amenity."

It was true, and Faith now endangered no amenity. A fragment of knitted silk left her so nearly naked that she was decent by the summer standards of the Point. Frances sighed deeply, and no wonder. Faith Donahue—I was the only person in the world who knew her age, which was three years to the day less than mine—had graduated into sophisticated comedy from the earlier, pre-war Follies. You looked at her now, and it was as if fifteen years had not been, as if a girl stood before her first spotlight for her first dance. Yes, she was our national miracle, and ashes in Fran's heart. She folded the gaudy pajamas, bade the wolfhound guard them, and moved down to the float, Eric Graham half suffocated with adoration at her side.

"Oh," Fran prayed, "send a tidal wave! Please, God, let there be a shark! Just one drowning—that isn't much to ask."

Faith waded up to her knees, on to the edge of her bathing suit. Then, reaching the float, she sat on it and let the warm swells caress her ankles, and looked bewitching and unattainable and remote. Eric Graham, not possessed of any great ability to express himself, was spectacular in dives and other honest acrobatics, and finally came and sat so close to Faith that she was probably restraining an impulse to cuddle in his arms. Along our whole beach, I knew, disapproval mingled with shocked pleasure. And Frances Hinman rose up and moaned.

"She'll marry him! I ought to know."

"Marriage has never been Faith's way," I said. "Would you rather, perhaps, that—that she didn't marry him?"

Fran started down the beach. "I can swim halfway to Europe, Uncle Roger. Then I'll drown. Cable a description of my birthmarks to the coast of Ireland."

She took out straight to sea, surmounting the gentle combers with a crawl stroke that was sheer beauty in the sun. On and on, effortlessly. But Eric Graham gazed at Faith Donahue and had no rumor of the sea nor of Monomit Point.

In a few minutes he and Faith were on the beach again, and he was filling his arms with umbrellas, cushions, pajamas, beach chair and odds and ends. Faith called across fifty yards of sand: "Come and take the king home, Roger."

That was King Liam, the wolfhound, who condescended to accept me. "I think there's luncheon," Faith said. "I told Marie. Anyway, there are cordials. We can find people to eat with us. You perhaps, Mrs. Appleby?"

The question slid into the alert ears of Emmaline Appleby, who of all local disapprovers was least admiring of Faith Donahue. I glanced at Emmaline's knees and felt that pajamas should be made compulsory at the Point. "Thank you, no, Miss Donahue," Emmaline said.

"But they are enchanting cordials, Mrs. Appleby. Many kinds—even Triple Sec—enchanting! I can't sympathize with the local idea that anything but gin works against public morality."

She sent rippling toward Emmaline her second laugh. Not the laugh, that is, which accompanies Faith's entrance in the first act, not the throaty chuckle that binds you to her with triple steel—but the delicate ice that reproves presumption about the middle

of the second act, the perfect insult set in platinum and indifference. Emmaline Appleby, not habitually speechless, was transfixed. We moved away from the beach, Faith walking lightly in golden sunlight, her possessions blowing in Graham's arms, and King Liam marching ahead of me like the trumpeters of an army. What the parade needed, I reflected, was two dozen supers bearing tinware, and a tenor singing an aria.

Yes, I was responsible for her presence here, for the anarchy at Monomit Point. . . . . By the grace of having been born in the little Western town that produced Faith, and by the further grace of having proved the one man in her experience who wouldn't fall in love with her, I had been for more years than seemed probable her only friend. She had brought periodic color and warmth into my academic life. And I had served her in return: the one unimpeachable confidant and the only person in the world who had never desired to see her boiled in oil.

She had been three months into the run of another success—the perfect Donahue play draped round her by worshiping collaborators, with all the men roués and all the women envious—when I made my December visit to New York. Also, a desperate young millionaire had sailed for the Riviera, with little allusions in the dramatic columns, and a naming of his predecessors by the well-informed. I found Faith, having renounced another lover at the exact moment when he began to bore her, somewhat obsessed with the idea of renunciation. She had, probably, a slight touch of influenza, and it reinforced boredom. She was full of dolorous reveries and a conviction that the world was barren. So, at tea in her suite, and in taxicabs while I took her about the city, she frequently cried on my shoulder and told me that her life was dust. She was cured of vanity, healed of ambition, and forever delivered up from love. When this run was over, she would renounce the stage and the world too. There were convents — though I felt that monasteries were nearer her talent. There were cottages in the fields. There were lonely glens and mountains, whither a maimed soul might go to heal its wounds and dedicate itself to simplicity. . . . . There had been a scene something like that in her play of four seasons ago.

The most consistent of her desolations had to do with the summer. She would not go to Europe! There, in Europe, worldliness dwelt and vanity abounded, and her changed heart could not be humble there. She repeated the declaration so often, so vehemently, that I believed she thought she meant it. Quite impulsively I remembered that the Morisons would not be using their cottage at Monomit Point. To my surprise, Faith was charmed with my description of our little colony at the southwestern base of Cape Cod. It would be unworldly and forgotten, she decided. She could hide there, ignored, unnoticed, and learn the sweetness of the great sea, and teach her soul the truth of simple things.

I had had no idea that Faith would remember the Point beyond the moment of discovering a successor to the renounced young millionaire. But in April I was commanded by wire to lease the cottage for her, and thereafter almost daily to do something else about it. In May she made Sunday trips to prepare it. In June, with a cook and a maid and a chauffeur and a wolfhound, she arrived to begin humbling herself with simplicity. And now, beginning July, the Point buzzed with savory talk, and the parents of Eric Graham, desperately afraid that she might marry him, were more desperately afraid that she wouldn't—and Fran Hinman prayed for a shark or a small drowning. But there was no male of any age, and no female under twelve, who did not worship her.

Our procession reached her cottage. King Liam bestowed on me an imperial sneer before occupying a *chaise-longue*. Young

"Oh," Fran prayed, "send a tidal wave! Please, God, let there be a shark! Just one drowning!"

Graham surrendered his equipment to the maid and stood, dank and worshipful, looking at Faith. She informed the maid: "There'll be people for luncheon. Oh, various people." She drifted lightly by Graham, touching one finger to his arm. "You are the sole creator of my next season's triumph, darling. I'll have a note on the program: 'Miss Donahue's complexion by Eric Graham.'" She drifted on by him and up to me,—she had the actor's necessity of rearranging the stage with the dialogue,—and it occurred to her to kiss me. She was always kissing me, to express good humor or to achieve it. Now, she tortured young Graham, but ignored him. "You can eat lunch in bathing-trunks, Roger. You're so much less academic in them. Stay and talk to me while Eric runs home to change for the sake of the proprieties."

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Eric Graham was—well, he was the rising splendor of a banking firm and would some day be a vice-president. No complexities troubled him; nor was his intelligence embarrassingly great. He lived in a world where the notions of State Street and the Back Bay were sanctified as of heaven, where behavior was determined by the better Harvard clubs, and where facility at speech was not held desirable. He didn't want to leave Faith, and he didn't want to leave Faith with me, but she had told him to go.

He contrived what was for him a rather splendid flight of the imagination. "I say, after luncheon go round the course with me, Faith?"

"Golf?" a contralto laughter lived like sunlight in the room. "I require you to adore me, Eric. There are so many adolescent wenches with freckled noses. Bless one of them with a round."

He tortured his imagination to a second plan. "Then how's a drive down the Cape? Dinner at Hyannis?"

"Breeze is uncouth to one's hair."

He had conceived two different ideas. A third one was quite beyond his power until he should remember his power boat. Faith relieved the strain. "We shall sit on my lawn. I'll read the poets to you."

Her nose wrinkled at him, and his grin was as wide as King Liam's sneer. Giving off light, he galloped out of the house and across the lawn. Faith insulted the king by making him yield his place to me, a plebeian. Then with her own hands she bore me a cocktail and seven inches of Russian cigarette.

"I'll dress, Roger," she said. "If I leave the door open, please respect the proprieties."

Even in the Follies, Faith's singing voice had been employed only for comic effects. Its casual uncertainty now drifted through the door, interrupted by the splashing of a shower or exclamations among her shoe trees. Life at Monomit Point, I thought, was very pleasant at sunny noon with a cocktail and a cigarette and Faith singing. But I didn't approve the tormenting of Fran Hinman.

"I think, Faith," I called to her, "that you must enchant me for a while."

"Darling, of course!" came sunnily back to me. "Haven't I always? If you hadn't been born a monk, we'd have had a thousand heartbreaks. But why now?"

"Because," I specified, "it's bad theater to disturb Fran Hinman."

"Why, Roger! The child adores me. Everyone at the Point does." Faith undoubtedly believed just that. She always did. There was a sententious pause, then a wisdom. "As a leader of my sex. I believe in the development of intelligence. Nature is experimenting with us. She's trying to put brains in the female head. I'm a signpost pointing the way."

"I didn't mean to give you a chance to discuss yourself with impersonal candor, my dear. I only meant to command you to restore his normal tranquillity to Fran's young man."

"But Roger!" That crystal voice rose in three perfect diatonic fifths. "I don't want him tranquil. I want him mad! You see—oh, Roger, it's unbelievably splendid—I'm in love with him."

"No, you're not," I said vigorously. "You have renounced love, which leads only to desolate tears. *(Please turn to page 134)*

IN TUNE WITH

MAURICE MOSCOVITCH

This man at the right learned English in two months! As a Russian immigrant, playing in Yiddish on the Bowery, he had no need, no time for English—and Broadway had no time for him! In 1919 he went to play in London's only Yiddish theater. That engagement was brief: the rôle of *Shylock* was offered him. To a corner of Wales he took himself with Russian and English versions of the play. "Twelve hours a day I fought your phrases; I had no tutor. See my hair? Gray—in those two months." A record run of eleven months was his reward. And remember, he was *forty-six* at the time! Moscovitch is now on Broadway—at fifty-eight—playing in "Josef Suss," a dramatization of Leon Feuchtwanger's famous novel "Power." The street makes misjudgments; but as long as Moscovitch lives, Broadway will remember that the Bowery is only a nickel ride from Times Square.

JOSE SEGRELLES

We welcome to American art, and to Redbook in particular, the paintings of Señor Segrelles, the Valencian whose interpretations of American life will be featured regularly. He came to New York just three months ago and immediately put on canvas his spirited impression of our metropolis reproduced on another page. Segrelles studied under the great Sorolla, and his illustrations for the works of Dante, Poe, Cervantes and Ibañez first won him fame. He never uses a model. Sometimes he makes a statue to enable him to "see" his subject more concretely, but in the main his paintings are pure imagery.

NORMA SHEARER

There were twelve available parts on the Long Island movie lot. There were three hundred available applicants—all together in one studio. One Miss Shearer coughed; no result. She stretched her arms over her head, and her feet broke into a soft shuffle. The weary director weakened. That left eleven available parts and two hundred and ninety-nine available applicants. Norma was eighteen then. She got "bits" to do after that. But the "bits" never covered expenses for herself, mother and sister, and three Shearers had to go home to Montreal. Then a fitful director remembered Norma's face and her address; and in two weeks there were three Shearers in Hollywood.

Photo by Mitchell Studio, N. Y.

MARY SYNON

Walking to public school, high school, to the University, through the streets of Chicago, Mary Synon learned to write. The drama that stalked every street was her teacher. Poverty and pain passed her house day after day to the County Hospital; machine workers shuffled and jostled by to the looming factories; a gangster was shot dead on her doorstep; Chicago's most notorious gambler lived across the square.

There weren't many women on the Chicago newspapers, and fewer still were reporters. But the managing editor of an afternoon newspaper smilingly took a sporting chance on a very earnest and tense young Miss Synon who asked for a man's job. The risk was slight. She did a man's job.

Daily she grew up with her town as she wrote its record. Above all, she was imbued with its vigor. Her story, "No Margin," appearing in this issue, proves that.

OUR TIMES

MARGALO GILLMORE

as she appears matched against Leslie Howard's wit and talent in "Berkeley Square," the season's most unusual sparklingly gay tragedy. This play is reincarnation in reverse gear. A young man goes back to 1784 and falls in love with a young lady of that day. Miss Gillmore is the perplexed lady—a hauntingly beautiful lady who tries so hard to visualize the incredible world of the Twentieth Century that her ardent suitor convinces her really exists.

At heart Miss Gillmore is a very vigorous, vivacious young modern, very much in tune with our times, but her rare beauty of face and voice generally casts her for the meek, mincing maiden of other days.

As a dying suicide, hovering between earth and sky, she had a disconcertingly vital spell binder a few years ago. The play "Outward Bound" unfortunately opened on Christmas night in Atlantic City. The audience, of course, was brimming with Christmas spirit, and in no mood for eerie other-world stuff. They hissed and booed robustly. Miss Gillmore lost eight pounds that week! And she arrived in New York to play the wraithlike rôle with more conviction of her own ghostliness than the audience could appreciate. We hope her managers will let her break loose in her next play and behave like a very real and energetic girl of today.

Photo by Pirie MacDonald

CONINGSBY DAWSON

is an Englishman at present living in New Jersey, and the son of a minister whose passion for social reform held him to the neighborhoods of London yielding the highest percentage of souls fit for reclamation. On the notorious City Road the incipient novelist's years from three to five were spent. His only playground was a cemetery—John Wesley's tomb a mountain to clamber over. There he first gleaned the misconception that mushrooms were best grown among coffins—having observed the sexton adding surreptitiously to his income by conducting a mushroom farm in the crypt. Opposite the church stood the artillery barracks whence soldiers in scarlet tunics and busbies marched on Sundays. "When I'm a man, I'll be a soldier if I can," wrote Dawson the elder in a poem about Dawson the younger's wild enthusiasm. In due sequence came Oxford—then trenches and wounds. Most of his war books were penciled at the front in the lulls between attacks. His epic short story, one of the world's finest short stories, "The Unknown Soldier," was a logical development of his early years in the manse, and his uncovering of courage in the rank and file of the trenches .... Mr. Dawson starts his amazing chronicle of a disillusioned American girl on Page Twenty-eight.

Squarely into the arms of his mistress soared the shrieking dog.

Lumbago on the Left

Being a record of the heroic self-sacrifice demanded of a son by his father's unflagging preference for blondes

by Arthur K. Akers

Illustrated by Everett Lowry

THE familiar shivery feeling which periodically came over young Howard Foreman as he faced the prospect of learning to call some younger member of the chorus "Mother," was creeping up his spine now like some cold-footed centipede.

Across the polished desk from that precise and serious young thinker sat the cause of it, his visiting father, J. William Foreman—once of aluminum-ware, wholesale, now retired and devoting practically his entire time to his lumbago. . . . . Outside, it was May, the month when lumbago began to break up in the spring thaws and young Foreman's parent began to take notice and a front-row seat at the local equivalent of the Follies; followed shortly by stage-door visits that in turn had come to be followed by visits to J. William's bank—for the sheaves of cool green poultices that alone seemed effective in allaying the anguish of the fractured feminine heart. Once as alimony and twice as near-breach-of-promise cases had Father paid and paid, with the lesson apparently still unlearned as each successive spring arrived.

For having married once, and gloriously, into the ranks of the theater, the duly widowered Mr. Foreman, Senior, had since spent a painful portion of his time and fortune in striving to explode the popular theory that lightning never strikes twice in the same place.

And now it was spring again—spring with its glad symbols and symptoms, which the experienced eye of Foreman, Junior, took in once more with sinking of the heart. For in Father's buttonhole flamed a flower of passionate pink. In his mild blue eyes shone a new ardor. His morning coat, his freshly creased trousers, his closely clipped white mustache—all bespoke a fresh and fatal interest in life and romance. Already the younger Foreman could hear the scantily clothed darlings of the Gold Coast whispering rapturously, "Heavy sugar!" as they gathered their lip-sticks and other mining tools for the Big Bonanza ahead.

But this time there was a difference. Instead of the usual, "My boy, I've found her!" his parent exclaimed: "I've found a doctor—a new one that knows his business!"

Ever so slightly Howard Foreman relaxed. This could only be postponement.

"Fresh air and sunshine, he says," chirruped Foreman *père* happily. "Nature's own remedy. Sunshine in shorts, in short. Mayfair in May for us, where the life-giving rays of the sun shall pour into every pore. I quote from him. *There's* a doctor that knows his violet rays! Strip off your clothes and soak in the sun, he said, and lumbago will leave you like rats off a sinking ship!"

"Fine!" cheered young Howard Foreman guardedly. Mayfair, the family's seldom-used riverside country place, offered undeniable advantages now, including remoteness from footlights and night-clubs, and the watchful presence of Mrs. Page. Mrs. Page, lately installed at Mayfair as a sort of permanent guest and housekeeper combined, recalled across long years of absence as an attractive woman, addicted to Persians, Pekinese, match-making, and a long-limbed pig-tailed daughter of the late slate-pencil age.

"Between sunbaths, and of evenings—in dressing-gown and slippers quite properly, of course," pursued his parent, "I shall be about my book, 'The Epic of an Epoch in the Aluminum Association.' I've phoned Mrs. Page to expect us—"

"*Us?*"

"I—I've arranged for a stenographer."

"Where did you get *him?*" His heir clung to a forlorn hope by emphasizing the pronoun.

J. William Foreman fussed guiltily with his gardenia. "W-well," he confessed, "the agency is sending her. She's acquainted

with spelling—and is a blonde. Beyond that,"—virtuously,—"I did not specify. And Mrs. Page provides ample chaperonage."

He paused lamely. Making a son understand was difficult at times. "And after all, my boy,"—he clutched suddenly at the nearest floating straw,—"with her help the work, I am confident, will go forward. Which is the important thing—that the work shall go forward!"

With which noble utterance Mr. Foreman betook himself hastily and gracefully from an uncomfortable situation, twirling his stick triumphantly, and with no inkling of what lay ahead.

A protecting impulse on the part of his freshly perturbed son to accompany him to Mayfair was forestalled by Fate, negatived by existence of an engagement previously made with a young friend already entrained to keep it.

"Bings" Turner, room-mate of college days, was not a serious thinker, but—as he had observed after spending priceless night hours of his scholastic career in introducing a bewhiskered gentleman-goat into the private den of a strikingly similarly whiskered dean—he assisted in preserving the balance of a world all too prone to take itself seriously.

"You've been reading the patent medicine ads again!" that engaging young idler accused his friend on sight, some hours later. "Spots on the liver, full feeling after drinking, inability to find the right fork at a dinner, tendency to forget the color of your banker's eyes? Do the symptoms click, old top?"

"This is serious," demurred Howard sadly. "It's Father again—"

"Ah, yes!" Bings brightened. "Any chance to go about with the old chappie, you think? Last time I was out in his company he became illuminated above the mezzanine floor with genuine Hoboken Scotch, and chartered a bus to go home in—a large seagoing bus with him sitting alone on the back seat saying, 'Home, James!' to its driver. Most touching! That was right after he pulled the little party to three girls from the Red Slipper show, and a cab-driver that he was planning to send to one of the ritzier theological schools the next day."

Young Mr. Foreman registered suffering. "He's going down to Mayfair tonight, to take sun-baths and dictate to a girl—a blonde!"

Bings Turner considered cheerfully. "I should like to go along too," he ventured hopefully. "The old boy's judgment is absolutely sound—in some matters. If the stage has lost this round to stenography, you can bet your last vitamine there's a reason worth looking at: you admit yourself you've never had to buy off a bad-looker yet. I—"

Pain, coupled with alarm, swept the younger Foreman's face. "Pardon me," he interjected hastily, "but this is purely a family matter, old man. No inhospitality and all that, but he's best in my hands—might misinterpret your presence as an encouraging atmosphere. The situation calls for repression."

"She's acquainted with spelling and is a blonde."

"My boy," said J. William, "I've found her. A woman in a million!"

"Run a description of the girl," suggested Bings. "She may have a mole or other blemish in the interests of Safety First."

"I have not seen her, and do not care to," returned Howard Foreman precisely. "Nor do I approve your practice of falling in love with a new girl every week. But there's nothing to do, Bings, but beg off on our fishing-trip. I've simply got to go down to Mayfair and see him through this attack—at this season, you know."

"Oh, well; it looks a lot like rain, anyhow," Bings acquiesced as he squinted philosophically through the open window. "Good lumbago weather, they tell me. And in matters feminine, for that matter, the Pole Star learns constancy from me. Never forget that, old son. Let me know if I m needed for bridesmaid." . . . .

But if a young insurance broker proposes, it is often a client that disposes. So Howard Foreman did not go to Mayfair that day—horrible though the consequences were afterward to prove. Instead, in walked his largest out-of-town client, and a week's session on certain long-deferred fire-prevention matters began.

In the few hours it left him for rest at the latter end of each unquiet night, he groaned and tossed beneath dreams of his parent involving himself deeper and ever deeper in one of the hectic entanglements which annually kept his colder-blooded and serious son so busy with the bank-roll each merry month of May. A blonde, too! Dreams further fed and fanned by messages from Mayfair, beginning with:

"Lumbago leaving. Did a thousand words on Epic this morning, in the rose-garden. Finding June a most efficient secretary. Please send down my white flannels and Panama."

Howard Foreman groaned. So her name was June. June what? But it sounded dangerous enough alone.

Then, a day later:

"Five hundred words this morning. Sun most helpful in the garden. Your young friend Mr. Turner arrived unexpectedly and sends you word 'the half has never yet been told.' Also to keep your shirt on. His meaning obscure to me. June is most competent assistant I have yet had."

And on the third day:

"Two hundred words this morning, but lumbago still improving. Mr. Turner arranging to stay longer. June has become invaluable—a stenographer with a soul. Have my jeweler select suitable gift for her for me."

Then, on the sixth day, this vastly disquieting news from Bings Turner in person:

"Dear Howard, old son:

"Only a strong, silent man like myself could stand it. Your paternal ancestor is a picker among millions. His judgment and mine coincide utterly. What causes me to go off and gnaw great oaks back into little acorns is having to stand helplessly by and

watch him hurriedly worming his senile way into the girlish affections of a peach young enough to be his granddaughter.

"Wire any derogatory information concerning him which I can use against him in my own interests. Consider all's fair in love and war. This is both.

"The ever constant,
"BINGS."

"P.S. Don't come yourself. Poor June is quite torn now between our two opposing types and ages of masculine pulchritude. Don't come around offering any weak compromises to her in the shape of your own bloodless person.

"P.P.S. Add Casualties. Have been bitten twice by Mrs. Page's pampered pet doggie Tootles. Send ground glass for his meat at earliest opportunity." . . . .

"I shall be out of town on business until further notice," Howard Foreman grimly told his secretary before he had half finished reading this latest missive.

"Will you want your golf-sticks, then?" she inquired respectfully.

"On *business,*" repeated young Mr. Foreman firmly. "All I expect to need is my check-book."

And thus down through the soft May afternoon, in a big topless yellow roadster, roared a serious young thinker bent on blighting romance in the bud. After purging the scene and situation of Bings Turner, he reflected as he rode, it should require possibly two additional days to make Mayfair safe for Father by paying off the newest siren and putting her firmly in her proper place—not less than two hundred miles from the susceptible J. William.

"I'm Howard Foreman," he stated crisply some hours later to a slim figure beside the drive in the Mayfair lawn, as he halted opposite her and slid from beneath the wheel.

As he did so, a small, whitish, morose-looking specimen of the lower forms of canine life accompanying her entered his life by eying him hostilely and lifting a furtive lip.

"Oh, yes! And I'm working for your father!" the girl acknowledged his introduction incompletely. "Get back, Tootles! *Don't* bite the nice man, please!"

"He's a dear," she reverted. "Your father, I mean."

"The customary report on him at this season of the year," returned the younger Foreman stiffly. "But they usually drop the word '*for*' at about this stage."

The shot went far over her head. A trifle disquietedly he realized it. Nevertheless business was going to be business, he told himself sternly—no matter how pretty she was.

"And Mr. Turner?" he questioned in his policy of unpleasant things first. "Is he about?"

"N-n-no. —*Down,* Tootles! —He left an hour ago to run over to the village in the next county for artichokes. I told him once I liked artichokes. He is like that, don't you think?"

"Yes, only more so," confirmed Howard Foreman vaguely. "I—I mean he will probably grow quite different after this."

Howard Foreman's brain revolved fruitlessly about the problem of getting rid of this girl, as he splashed in his tub before dinner. Undeniably she was beautiful and different—disturbingly so. Not the regular type that successive springs had so unfailingly brought. Different—therefore dangerous—and to be dealt with accordingly and sternly. This June—June who? He recalled irritatingly that he did not even know her name. Not that it mattered, however, when she was so soon to be sent packing by him.

But before the glow induced by a rough towel and noble purpose had died, certain horrid sounds in the twilight indicated unmistakably the return of Mr. Turner with artichokes for his latest love. For veiled personal reasons Bings had replaced the normal horn of the normal-minded person upon his car with a fire-engine siren. So now upon the highway leading past the golf-course to quiet Mayfair arose howls as of demons in anguish. A further furious winding of the device, arousing the canine countryside over an additional three-mile radius, evidenced his discovery of the parked roadster of young Howard Foreman.

And, "What ho?" came the call of the visiting fireman.

In his most dignified manner young Foreman descended to greet his friend.

"Follow me no farther, Sir Mortimer! I will *not* give you the butt of this cigarette!" declaimed Bings upon sight of him.

But the younger Foreman beckoned him gravely to the veranda. "What about this situation here?" he demanded.

"It's too late for parricide," returned Bings Turner solemnly. "Bings alone can save him."

"Meaning?"

"That the elderly party in the short spotted panties is otherwise a goner. Thoroughly cuckoo already. Outnumbered and unsung.

The only happy thing in the whole wretched affair was his discovery that his coat would not stay about June's shoulders without being held there.

Wholesome nourishing soups that are strictly vegetable

For use during Lent
For vegetarians and the family table all year

ON THE DAYS or in the seasons when meat is excluded from your diet, meal-planning is especially puzzling. How you welcome the tonic, invigorating flavors and the wholesome nourishment of these four Campbell's Soups—Tomato, Pea, Celery, Asparagus! They contain no meat in any form. Instead their strictly vegetable goodness is further enriched with choice butter. And they also make wonderful Cream Soups, with the addition of milk instead of water. (See the labels.) 12 cents a can.

Tomatoes, asparagus,
Celery, peas—
Enjoy them in Campbell's
Whenever you please!

TOMATO SOUP
Irresistible in its vivid color and its racy flavor! Isn't it wonderful that you will never have to omit Campbell's Tomato Soup—even in Lent!

PEA SOUP
Campbell's Pea Soup is a pride to the hostess and a veritable treasure of health and goodness for the family table. How children enjoy it!

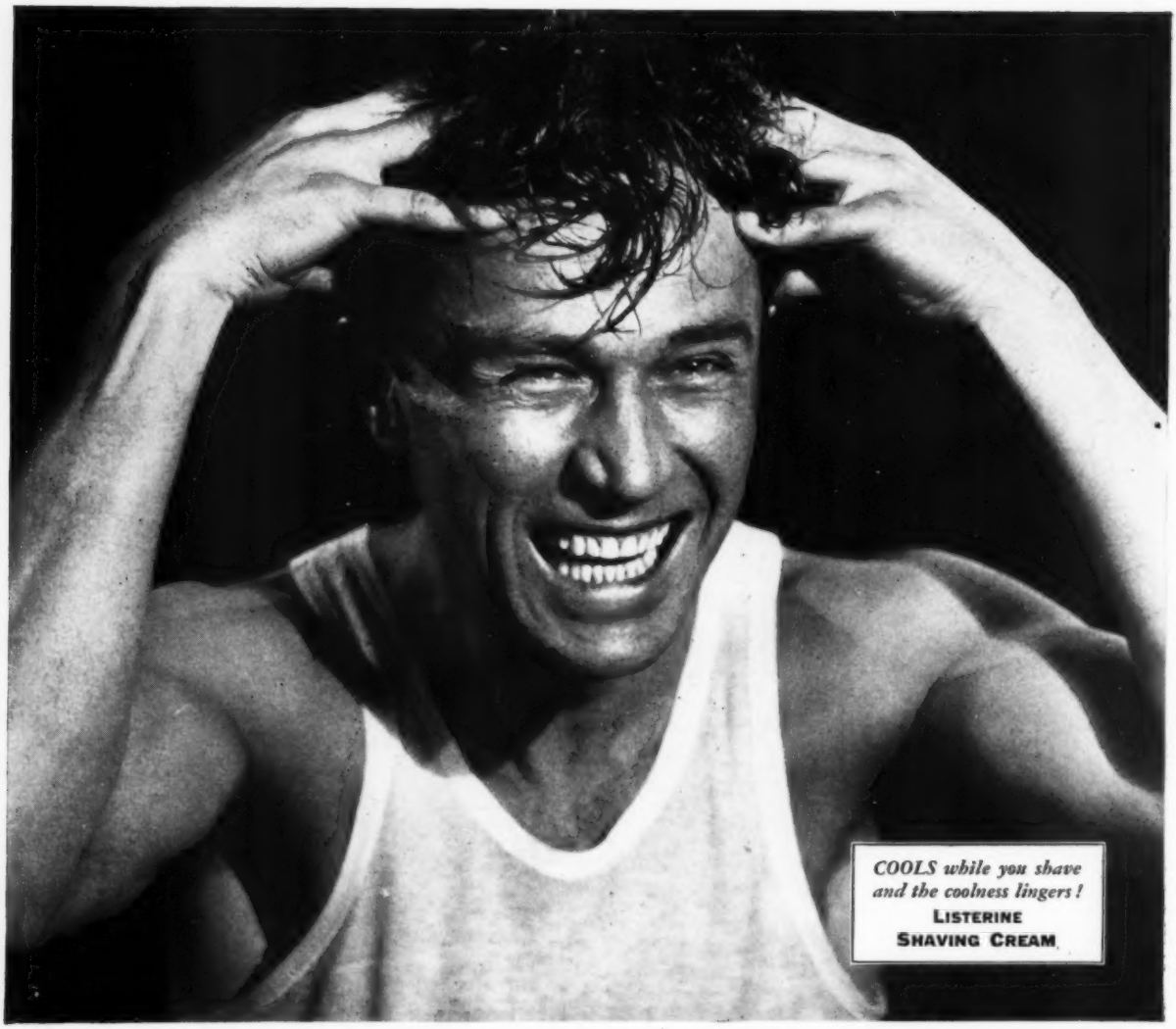
CELERY SOUP
If you delight in the tonic and refreshing flavor of crisp, snow-white celery, Campbell's Celery Soup is bound to be a favorite of yours.

ASPARAGUS SOUP
The first green shoots of spring! Enjoy them all year in Campbell's Asparagus Soup, blend of finest asparagus, garnished with asparagus tips.

Campbell's Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

Once a week do this . . . .



Invigorates scalp . . . CHECKS DANDRUFF

WHENEVER you wash your hair—and most people do it once a week—douse full strength Listerine on the scalp either before or after the rinse. Then massage the scalp and hair vigorously for several minutes.

You will be simply delighted by the wonderful feeling of cleanness and scalp exhilaration that follows this treatment.

Moreover, it is unquestionably one of the best treatments for dandruff—to prevent it, and to overcome it once it has started.

Many hundreds of people have told us that since making Listerine a part of the weekly shampoo, their scalp has felt better, their hair has looked more attractive, and is entirely free from loose dandruff.

Of course, if dandruff does get a start, it will be necessary to repeat the Listerine treatment systematically for several days, using a little olive oil in conjunction with it if the scalp or hair is excessively dry.

Listerine checks dandruff because it attacks infection that causes it, removes and dissolves the particles of loose dandruff and heals and soothes the scalp.

LISTERINE

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds

Leave him as he is for another week, and his attendant will be wheeling him up the aisle to 'Lohengrin' beside the loveliest of Junes. Only I can save him now."

Howard Foreman thought of something else. "June *who?*" he interrogated.

Bings gasped and simulated a backward stagger, his hand to his forehead. "Do you mean you don't *know*, old Frozenface?" he demanded. "Quick, varlet, the complications! And spare not the horses! Why, my boy, June is—June Page! Inadvertently returned by the author of the Epic to her mother's arms, address and chaperonage here in the capacity of his secretary! He was so busy getting a blonde, it seems, that he too forgot to get her name. It cramped the old boy's rich romantic style for fully fifteen minutes when he pranced up the drive, with her so tickled she couldn't talk, and presented her with a flourish to—her own mamma!"

"June *Page?*" repeated Howard Foreman dully. Fresh complications loomed ahead indeed now! "That long-legged, pig-tailed child that I used to—" He paused in pain as further depressing pictures induced by the discovery and situation galloped heavily across his brain: Daughter — matchmaking mother — Dun and Bradstreets — wealthy widower already infatuated—secluded country-place in springtime—desperate single-handed resistance on part of serious-minded son—old steel engraving of hunted stag being pulled down by the pack—strains of the wedding march! Thus association of ideas wrought their worst upon him. An out-of-the-frying-pan-into-the-fire sort of sensation enveloped him. Higher still towered the task before him. He couldn't eject June bodily *now!*

In this new emergency an earlier statement of Bings' recurred to him.

"What's the big idea *you* can save Father, Smoky Joe?" he repeated feebly.

"Counter-attraction. John Gilbert's only rival. In a word—me. Had Machiavelli lived later, he would have been my pupil. Even Tootles has a place in my plans if not in civilization. And can you imagine a beautiful young girl looking elsewhere when *I'm* around?"

HOWARD could, but didn't. The idea suited him too well. For the first time in his life admiration of Bings as a Thinker welled within him. Outside of an impersonal regret at seeing so fair though designing a creature wasted upon the inconstant Bings, he realized it was a ripping notion. Indeed, its excellence grew upon him. Contemplating it, he perceived that there was no longer need for eliminating Bings and June from Mayfair. The *impasse* produced by the discovery that June could not be summarily dismissed from what had turned out to be practically her own home was overcome too.

Therefore, "Bings, your hand!" he whispered in hoarse relief. "I pledge you my fullest coöperation—in winning June for yourself. Devote yourself to her unstintedly!"

"We were made for each other: she likes artichokes too," murmured the slightly taken-aback Mr. Turner. "Permission to coach me from the side-lines is hereby granted."

Yet on the face of Bings as he said it was that angelic look, Howard Foreman was soon to recall with bitterness, which had also distinguished it in the college chapel while he planned the incident of the goat in the den of the dean. Unerring sign that dubious business was afoot in the mind of Bings at that very moment!

"My boy, I've found her!" J. William Foreman confided enthusiastically to his son over a late cigar that evening upon the veranda. "You saw her! A girl in a million! Young, but—er—intelligent. She can—er—give you what you need, a normal home life—ahem—a mother's care—"

The crisis had come! Visions of his father, June, and an altar, shot toward Howard out of the future like the movie of an oncoming locomotive with the young hero bound to the track in its path. He felt like that hero himself. Bings must hasten indeed, siren screaming, to the rescue!

"C-c-congratulations!" he managed to cough.

"June—in June," J. William was experimenting aloud with an idea.

BUT his son no longer heard him. When disturbances came, they came overwhelmingly fast. As he considered this intriguing young June, a new and breathtaking complication arose and smote him. Without warning, he perceived that the prospect of having her about his home no longer, in itself, distressed him. But her capacity there! That was what was newly pushing great icy drops outward upon his brow. *There* was his new and knifelike pain at his heart.

Thus suddenly and devastatingly did the realization sweep over a hitherto immune young man that he was in love—head-over-heels, mad, love at first sight! Young love! In love with June—with his father's fiancée! Worse, in love with the girl he had just sworn to protect his parent against by pledging his own every effort toward aiding the graceless Bings Turner to win her instead!

"Ass! Imbecile!" moaned the shaken, stricken, serious young thinker to himself as he sought the lawn, the air, great open spaces wide enough to contain his pain and bitterness—only to tread heavily upon the misanthropic Tootles, bedded royally upon the lawn! With a yelp of anguish, that pampered animal turned to avenge the insult to his ribs and honor. Far upward toward the stars rose the sounds of his rage and indignation as he circled his attacker in the darkness, rushing his ankles viciously as opportunity offered.

In the house, lights came on, anxious inquiries issued, servants came running. Then, just as the light shone full upon the vociferous and undignified conflict, just as Mrs. Page sped toward it with little endearing outcries, Howard Foreman's football came back to him with a rush, and he landed a drop kick upon the embittered Tootles that would have won him a place upon the All-American any year since Valley Forge.

Squarely into the arms of his adoring mistress soared the shrieking Tootles, to be caught and soothed and crooned over.

"He bit me!" protested young Howard Foreman. "Twice!"

"I'm *so* sorry!" cooed Mrs. Page. "But the nice veterinary will see that no serious harm comes of it."

So it was June who dressed and bound his ankle, while his father beamed approval in the darkness. "Young—but a mother's touch!" murmured that incurable lover maddeningly into his offspring's ear.

LATER, with the heat-lightning flickering sultrily beyond the tree-tops across the river, Mrs. Page came forgivingly forth to talk with the Foremans, father and son, upon the veranda.

"He's more comfortable now," she reported softly. "His little ribs seem unbroken, and he licked my hand so sweetly when I put antiseptic on his little toofies."

"*G-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!*" growled Howard Foreman—strictly to himself.

"June and I are going in for a swim early in the morning," Mrs. Page chatted on. "But you, William, at your age, want to think less about cool water and more about your sunbaths. I remember one summer when Tootles had something the veterinary said was very like lumbago—"

Only a servant calling Mrs. Page momentarily within saved Howard Foreman from doing injury to the furniture. But he was calmer when she returned to resume her thought with: "I'll send up your breakfast to you in bed, William. You don't mind if I call you William, do you? I love to spoil people. And Howard, here, can swim with June and myself, if he'd care to."

"I'd be pleased to," murmured that young man more graciously than he had first intended. She had said, "with June!"

"At seven, then. And we'll be through in plenty of time before starting on that crazy motorboat picnic that young Mr. Turner has suddenly got up to the island out in the river. He looked at the sky awhile, and telephoned somewhere, and then burst in on me like a madman to insist that everything depended on our going—tomorrow and tomorrow only. He said, too, he thought it would be nice for Tootles."

"It looks like rain," strongly demurred young Mr. Foreman immediately on hearing her last sentence.

"No. He claims he knows the weatherman—or his niece," laughed Mrs. Page, "and that, therefore, it wont. He said he wouldn't think of getting Tootles wet."

"I wouldn't drown him, either—if a gun were handier!" muttered that serious young man savagely to himself as he mounted the stairs later to his room, there to toss beneath the influences of the oppressive sultriness of the night, the pain of a chewed ankle, and the conflicting tugs of a hopeless love and his pledged word.

With morning came the bitter-sweet of the swim in the river, with June in a green bathing-suit revealing more intimately than ever that Father was right—she was a girl in a million.

At breakfast there was a light in the eye of young Mr. Turner that Howard Foreman was soon bitterly to remember. But at the moment it seemed harmless, indicative merely of satisfaction with himself, the world, his plans, his picnic—everything, even Tootles. Which fact alone, Howard Foreman later realized, should have been recognized as a danger signal. But as it was, it was only upon landing the picnickers later upon a sand-spit running out from the island that Bings

showed the day's first hint of dissatisfaction. The anchorage did not suit him.

"We old salts who follow the sea in ships have got to have deep water under the keel—or capstan; I forget which," he explained. "So I'll run her around the other side and dock her there, returning overland for the festivities. Don't you think Tootles needs his blanket now, Mrs. Page?"

In his absence, however, Bings' influence with the weather-man's niece began to be openly doubted by the otherwise well-blandished Mrs. Page. "If we get time to eat lunch before that thunderstorm breaks, *I'll* be satisfied," declared that lady worriedly. "One good wetting can undo a lot of sunshine and sun-bathing," she further added.

But J. William expanded his chest and felt otherwise. "We young fellows can stand anything, my dear Mrs. Page," he assured her. "Anything!"

HOWARD turned hurriedly away to avoid watching the admiring look he perceived June to be casting upon his rugged parent, and gave morose attention to the conveying of bottles and baskets to a chosen spot.

"*Please* be careful of that smallest thermos bottle," Mrs. Page sandpapered his raw nerves prettily. "It's Tootles' little milk. He likes it just so."

This time he was saved by the diversion of Bings Turner returning noisily from the other side of the island. "Holystoning the deck and putting a couple of extra coats of paint on the log," he informed them cheerily. "The sea is a jealous mistress. When do we eat?"

But instead of, "Now," Mrs. Page said, "*Look!*"

From the black clouds piling themselves above the river, a blinding flash of lightning shot downward, and a wind arose with the thunder.

"To the lifeboats! Women and dogs first!" shouted Bings as the trees began to bend before the oncoming blasts. "But wait until I run the boat around here! And remember one thousand two hundred and eight were struck by lightning at picnics last year through taking refuge under trees. Remain in the open and rely on Bings!"

The next that they heard from him was dismaying indeed. "Boat's gone!" he yelled as he reappeared. "Must've broken loose! And there's no swimming in *this!*"

June Page was afraid of lightning.

Howard Foreman dimly remembered that now, as with her soaked and summery garments plastered against her young form, she held her palms to her ears and shuddered with every fresh crash overhead.

Shortly after which J. William Foreman completely reversed himself. "My God, my lumbago!" he suddenly remembered something. And thereafter his proud crest drooped as he contemplated possibilities.

Mrs. Page wrung out her skirt and issued *her* S. O. S. for the yapping Tootles under her arm. "Lend me your coat," she called to Howard Foreman. "Tootles is catching his death of cold!"

"Gladly!" lied that drenched young man through clenched teeth. "But here, Bings, call for coats! Give me yours, quick!"

Then to the fluttering Mrs. Page: "Mr. Turner's is warmer—better for him. Wrap it around the da— *dear* little dog! Mine's for your daughter."

The rain beat on. Huddled in the open before its fury, Howard Foreman could see the coatless and dripping Bings endeavoring to follow the advertising advice and be nonchalant with his cigarette and pocket lighter. And meeting with entirely too much success with the nonchalance part of the program. His air was entirely too placid, too much like that of a young man who is succeeding admirably with all that he has undertaken. Even Bings' glance at the unlovely Tootles whining wetly in his mistress' arms was tolerant, kindly. At which uttermost straw, ugly suspicions, reaching back to scholastic days, again reared themselves in Howard's precise mind. When Bings looked most virtuous, as now, dark business had ever been afoot.

Indeed, the only happy thing in the whole wretched affair was his warm little discovery that his coat would not stay about June's slim shoulders without being held there. And Foreman, *père*, was plainly too engrossed in his own dripping discomfort to hold anything—not even resentment that his son was temporarily usurping his rightful place in looking after a fiancée in distress. June herself seemed to snuggle ever so slightly into the curve of his protecting arm, too—until hopes began to stir in the breast of Foreman, *fils*, that the rain might prove a long one.

"Think I'll take a fresh look for the *Leviathan*," Bings at length broke their damp and moody silence. "You never can *stay* certain about a boat."

"How it improves a place for that empty-brained ass to leave it!" J. William Foreman voiced another of his innermost thoughts through chattering teeth. In his soaked and clinging flannels, he was giving all the appearance of a disillusioned rooster in the rain. Much else that he began to utter along the same lines was interrupted by mad shoutings arising from the bushes toward the fatal dock at the back of the island.

"Shipmates, ahoy!" Bings was bellowing. "Believe it or not, *the boat's back!* Stand by, to become boarders!"

Fifteen minutes later, "You people hurry on ahead," Bings was unselfishly directing as he tied the boat up at the Mayfair dock, "and I'll employ yon oncoming agriculturist and his wagon to carry your duffle homeward for you. Tootles shall remain as my personal charge, since he is wearing my coat. But now my chief care is the boat's painter—it's too long and I abhor waste in any form. Now *scoot!*"

SUNSHINE but not sun-bathing—nor Tootles—distinguished Mayfair the following day. Tootles was unaccountably missing. "My grief over the absence of the dear departed shall be pitched upon a lofty plane, no matter what the pain in my neck," Bings justified his ability to bear up cheerfully beneath Mrs. Page's loss. "The last time I saw him, he was returning my coat."

And for her part, after distracted telephoning to various near-by police stations and societies, that stricken lady found other matters loudly claiming her attention. Loudest among these matters was J. William Foreman. And hearing this, an expression so cherubic as to border closely on the offensive overspread the contented face of one Bings Turner.

Thereafter what fleeting views Howard Foreman had of Mrs. Page were as she passed and repassed him on errands of mercy, laden with mustard jars, electric pads, hot-water bottles, steaming towels and the like, while from time to time there issued from an upper chamber the poorly suppressed yelps of the newest claimant for her care, J. William Foreman with a prize-winning attack of lumbago.

ON the veranda below, the absence of Tootles the only bright spot in his ruined life, Howard Foreman gloomily watched June Page strolling riverward with Bings. If his own situation were a self-made wreck, he thought bitterly, how about that of June Page, doomed to a life of fetching and carrying medical appliances after every rainstorm? That, or the worse alternative, of marriage to a practical joker, an originator of rainy-day picnics, a sounder of sirens, a loser of motorboats.

But his ensuing revilings of Bings were broken into by a summons to the sickroom above. There he found his parent alternating between the making of frightful faces as each fresh twinge caught him, and the assumption of a new and lofty look mixed with sheepishness that called startlingly for explanations.

Then, again, his father kicked the props from beneath the careful structure of his son's life—in an entirely new place.

"My boy," said J. William in his time-worn formula, as Mrs. Page departed kitchenward, "I've found her! A woman in a million. Already—*ouch!*—I'm much improved! But—er—she is not the one I last mentioned. After—*ouch!*—all, youth is not all. In fact, I find what a man of—er—my age and—condition really needs is not only a wife but—*ow!*—a nurse! Such an one has just graciously and unaccountably consented to turn her talents from a damned—*ow!*—dog to myself! In short, *Mrs.* Page and I are—er—engaged."

Something in Howard Foreman's breast momentarily stopped work. Then it resumed, and dazzling vistas opened before him. He had done Mrs. Page an injustice. Tables had been turned. The pursuer pursued. The capturer made captive. And—happiest thought of all—June was again eligible. . . . .

Yet one word lurked and lingered in the corner to mar his new happiness. His father had said that Mrs. Page had "unaccountably consented"; and unaccountable things were so often connected with—Bings. . . . . For there was yet Bings.

Bings, and his own pledged word to that originator of outings. With Father thus—er—unaccountably removed, the road to June was merely opened for Bings—not Howard—after all.

In the midst of which dark and gloomy outlook Bings himself reappeared, after bidding June a visible farewell at the foot of the terrace that made Howard Foreman writhe with its length and reluctance of parting.

"Well, old son!" Bings greeted the suffering one. "Lovely lumbago weather we're having lately, eh what?"

Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr.

and her debutante daughter Miss Edith Kingdon Drexel

Beautiful Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr., of Philadelphia, New York and Biarritz, is the former Miss Marjorie Gould, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould. Her daughter, Miss Edith Kingdon Drexel, has been a brilliant favorite among this season's débutantes, since her recent début at the Ritz.

LOVELY DAUGHTER of the brilliant alliance of two famous American families! Miss Edith Drexel's recent début recalls the magnificent coming-out party at the Plaza given for her mother when she was Marjorie Gould.

This season's fortunate young favorite inherits her mother's charm as well as her dark, vivacious beauty, her lovely wide-set eyes and clear, pale olive skin.

Mother and daughter, as débutantes and always, have used Pond's to keep their skin at its best. "In the old days," says Mrs. Drexel, "I used the Two Creams faithfully. Now we both delight in the soft new Cleansing Tissues and perfumed Skin Freshener. My daughter says 'Pond's is wonderful.' . . . And I agree with her!"

Follow these four steps of Pond's Method:

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, several times and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting a little to let the fine oils sink into the pores.

Pond's Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener

Second—wipe away with Pond's new Cleansing Tissues, soft and so absorbent.

Third—briskly dab skin with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and protection.

At bedtime—cleanse with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. D
108 Hudson Street . . . . New York City

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____

Copyright 1930, Pond's Extract Company

"Shut up, you idiot!" Howard barked savagely at the startled Mr. Turner. "If you'd only known the weather-man a *little* better, we'd all have been drowned, too! Where in hell'd you get the idea you were so good, anyhow, huh?"

"From results," responded Mr. Turner still gamely. "Look at 'em, my boy—look at 'em!"

"Yes, look at them!" returned the changed Mr. Foreman the younger, with continuing heat. "Father laid up with lumbago; Mrs. Page half floored over the loss of God's greatest canine mistake; June doomed to the curse of being engaged to you. And I"—his voice broke—"Where do I come in, you—you boat-loser?"

"Me—all me," proudly acknowledged Mr. Turner. "And how else, I ask you, was I to prevent that young girl from wasting herself upon your dear but doddering parent?"

"What's that got to do with a fool picnic in the rain?" snapped Foreman, *fils*.

"Everything. Do you know a better way to open the lovely eyes of a *Juliet* to her peril than by letting her see in advance what her aged *Romeo's* really like when lumbago stalks its prey after a good wetting? Or a better way to bring on said wetting than by timing an outing for just before a storm? And, I further ask you, has it not given her pause?"

"I don't know about *her*," retorted the further aroused young thinker, "but Father, yes! So much so, that I've just had the glad news that he's engaged to *Mrs.* Page. And I suppose you'll grab the blame for *that*, too, Machiavelli!"

"We deliver as advertised," quoted Bings with undisturbed solemnity. "Nothing is unforeseen—or accidental—with the better type of master minds. I get up a picnic, time it for the storm, arrange the elimination of waste and its romantic results, get the boat lost—"

"Get the boat lost? *Get* the boat lost?"

"W-e-l-l, not exactly," qualified Bings sweetly. "It was really there all the time, but you can't be sure of your lumbago if you dash right home the minute it begins to rain. So I took the boat around to the far side of the island, and later I just *said* the boat was lost—as part of my scientific preparations for letting the lovely June see what nursing a lumbago addict actually means."

"So *you* could marry her after she was free at that!" concluded Foreman, Junior, unchanged in his venom.

"I? *I* marry her?" ejaculated the unaccountable and unstable Mr. Turner. "A girl who would let me drive over half a county by night seeking artichokes? *Never!* Barely in time, I saw the loom of domestic tyranny ahead—being sent after lamb-chops and the like—and leaped for the lifeboat! Besides, I am leaving in the morning—for the Antarctic. No nearer place will be safe for me when the fuller finer details of my strategy are revealed—the real foundation-stone upon which all my following glorious successes were reared. First—with my previously mentioned knowledge of female human nature—I perceive that Mrs. Page is the type who simply *has* to love and make a fuss over something. Remove the object of that love, and what have you? Chaos—followed by substitution. In this case that pooch Tootles was taking up good room in a heart that might otherwise be diverted to nobler ends. Hence, remove Tootles, and what have you? Biped rather than quadruped! Parent instead of pup! Then, by a fortuitous act of waste-prevention, I accomplish everything: automatically divert all this misplaced affection and nursing instinct from a dog to a deserving lumbago-ist—your father!"

"'Waste prevention?'" persisted Howard Foreman groggily. "H-h-how in h—"

"By saving from waste the extra rope left over after tying up the boat," interrupted the incorrigible Bings, "I saved all!"

"You mean, you unmitigated idiot, that with one miserable rope-end you removed the canine curse, caused the engagement of Mrs. Page and Father—thus clearing the way for me with—er—June, and even made Mayfair too hot for your own further presence? All these blessings with one rope-end, you say?"

"Pre-cise-ly!" murmured Bings sweetly. "For the value of a rope is often not in its length but in what it connects. In this case, the whiffletree of yesterday's agricultural person's wagon with the collar of darling Tootles—with a non-stop flight of twenty-five miles before he cut the rope, the least that the Farm Problem promised me as I kissed him amid his whiskers and pressed the five-spot within his horny hand. . . . . And if I mistake not, that is June beckoning you from yon tee—to complete her twosome now—and possibly all the rest of your sad and serious life!"

BABES IN THE WOODS

(Continued from page 41)

"Who's been here from the show? Anybody been here from the Fort Wayne quarters?" the bull-boss repeated.

Sleepy, shuffling nearer now, rubbed a lean hand across his chin.

"No. They called up this morning, though. It was the menagerie superintendent. He just wanted to know how the act was getting along. I told him."

"You would!" groaned the bull-boss, and stood blankly watching the baby hippopotamus begin a flabby ascent of the steps. Abstractedly he swung open the tank gate. "I got to go downtown," he said at last. "I got to send a telegram. I'll send that guy a wire!" he continued, talking to himself as he moved to the big gate. "Idea! Him telling me where to get off at!" Then, over his shoulder, "You watch them two when they get to the hay-pile."

"Where'll you be at if I need you?" shouted Sleepy.

"Will I send a telegram from the public library?" Then the big gate opened and banged again. Out at the hay-pile, Billy Sunday looked up, poked another trunkful of food into his mouth, choked, swallowed gulpily and then returned his entire attention to alimentary matters. In the elephant-house Sleepy shuffled out of the way as Bobo at last flopped through the tank gate and took a trail of hay. Then, always considerate of himself, the assistant animal-man went out into the yard and climbed to a high place on the big gate, where a fellow could watch without danger. Sleepy did not trust animals.

At the hay-pile, that action, like others, went unnoticed. The ears of Billy Sunday were wide, and his eyes were popping. Before him was all the hay that even a gluttonous baby elephant could desire; he did not notice the scraping of Sleepy's shoes on the fence; he did not even hear a queer, sloshing sound on the concrete floor of the elephant-house, nor the banging of the bull-barn door as a bulbous form bumped against it on the way out. And for a long time he took no cognizance of the fact that a crunching operation had begun behind him, at first timidly, then avidly, finally to assume tremendous proportions. But at last the gulping and gobbling, the ecstatic grunts and squeals of pleasure, brought him to realization.

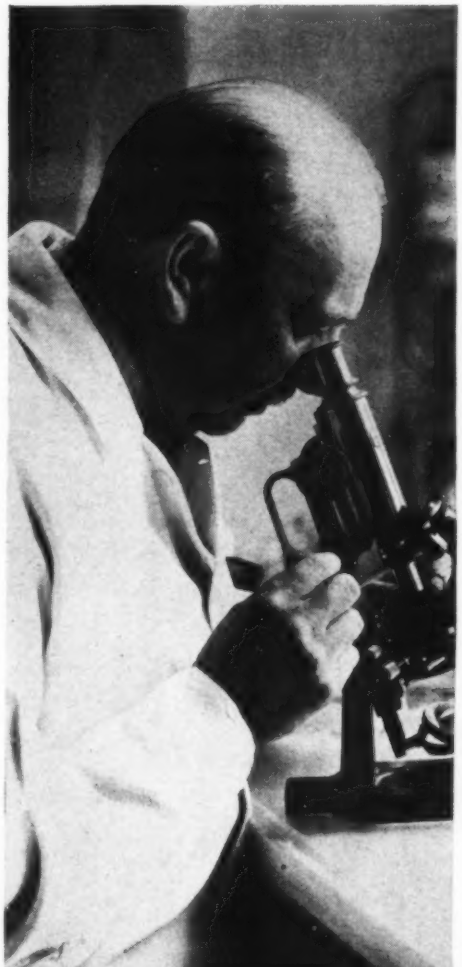
Billy Sunday looked up, surprise in his piggy eyes. Ten feet away stood an animal barrel, with a square head, pop eyes and four little pegs for legs. It was Bobo, the Baby Blood-sweater, his big mouth opening and closing like an enthusiastic steam-shovel, the hay disappearing accordingly.

The baby elephant squealed in anger and gave a four-footed leap which turned him about in the air. The descending impact hurt his sore foot, enraging him the more, and with a limping shuffle he moved swiftly forward to put Bobo in his place with a wallop over the head. But hunger had done strange things. Bobo neither quailed nor backed up. Instead he parted his heavy lips sufficiently to emit a thunderous grunt, and charged—while Billy Sunday squealed anew, and with a spurt of speed covered half the distance of the winter quarters yard, where he halted, sulking, and watched Bobo go unmolested back to the consumption of hay.

That was devastating; and after a few moments Billy Sunday, his head low and his trunk stretched querulously, began to edge carefully forward. A new caution obsessed him; he realized suddenly that his enemy was almost as large as he, and apparently much more vicious. So he progressed with mincing steps, until at last he stood not more than twenty feet away. Here he had even a closer view of his enemy's abilities for food-consumption; hay was disappearing like a thin fog before a hot sun.

It outraged Billy Sunday. It caused queer gnawings and pains in his stomach, flashes of red in his baby brain. At last anger seethed into carelessness. He trumpeted insultingly, then with stiff-legged steps he went forward to claim his portion of joy. Bobo, his sides bulging, halted his feeding and watched maliciously. Closer came Billy, and still closer, while Bobo gave ground for a few steps. It took the baby elephant completely off his guard; with high disregard for his enemy, he moved swiftly forward and stretched out his greedy trunk for a first

He saved a life···and prevented a revolution



Famous specialist calls yeast "best intestinal purifier known··"

AN ASSASSIN'S BULLET . . . a great Balkan political leader at the point of death . . .

Telephone, airplane—and the noted Dr. Singer of Vienna was at the wounded statesman's bedside . . . He recovered! The gathering clouds of revolution cleared. All Europe breathed more easily, applauded.

Such astonishing feats of medical skill have marked the career of Dr. Gustav Singer, famous Austrian internal specialist. Dr. Singer says:

"The best way to suppress intestinal poisons is a good yeast. It causes constipation to disappear. Another remarkable effect is the disappearance of skin eruptions, which result from intestinal putrefaction.

"The vitamin D in yeast helps keep bones and teeth strong."

Every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast is rich in the *two* indispensable vitamins—vitamin B and the "sunshine" vitamin D so important for building up health after the confining months. Eat 3 cakes daily, following directions on the label. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.

What 3 noted doctors say

Another famous internal specialist, Dr. Martin Mendelsohn of the University of Berlin, says, "Yeast tones up the whole system."

The distinguished French stomach specialist, Dr. Georges Farov, states, "Yeast encourages digestion and overcomes constipation."

Dr. Edvard Ehlers of Copenhagen, international authority on skin diseases, says, "I invariably prescribe yeast. Its effect is incontestable."

"My doctor advised yeast to clear my system of poison"

(Right) Mr. C. B. Webber, *of Boston, writes:* "After an illness, I still didn't feel right. My doctor said I hadn't got all the poison out of my system, and ordered yeast. It did everything he said it would."

(Left) "How miserable I was!" *writes* Mrs. P. J. Riley *of Cleveland.* "I had indigestion and constipation and felt only half alive . . . After eating Fleischmann's Yeast my troubles cleared up completely."

© 1930, Standard Brands Inc.

bite. The hay dropped almost instantly from his grasp. Bobo had bellowed, and now was moving toward him with streaking swiftness. The peg legs fairly twinkled. Again a bellow came from the behemoth's heavy throat, and then there appeared the biggest mouth that Billy Sunday ever had seen, as Bobo literally folded back the upper part of his head, revealing a terrorizing display of stumpy teeth set in a field of red.

High on the fence Sleepy yelled vainly and waved his arms. The animals neither saw nor cared. Billy Sunday squawked in infantile terror, made another circular leap, scuttled a few steps, tripped and hurtled vociferously into the fence. There was a tremendous crash; nails shrieked from their fastenings, and boards fell away. Billy rolled through the opening, gathered himself to his feet, squawked again and moved for the woods. Behind him, Bobo, blasting anger and triumph, jammed for a moment in the opening, pushed hard, then knocking off a few more boards, waddled through in pursuit—while Sleepy yelled anew, dropped his hat, fell off the big gate and ran, white-faced, for the end of the street-car line, four blocks away. Winter quarters was far from town.

So were Bobo and Billy Sunday, for that matter, and steadily growing farther. Forest growth was some two hundred feet away, and that forest growth meant protection to a young elephant who had bullied in vain and now was reaping the whirlwind. Again he glanced over his shoulder and put more power into his limp. Bobo, sweating tremendously with the flush of vengeance, was gaining.

The elephant hit the undergrowth with a crash, and clattered onward, driven by simultaneous crashing from behind him, as Bobo, troubled somewhat by low visibility, strove to drag his underslung body over rotten trunks of trees, or through blinding underbrush. The flock of crows took swiftly to wing. Squirrels made sudden and chattering ascents of the higher trees. A covey of partridge scattered from beneath Billy's trunk, whirring like an airplane, and sending the baby into new exertions. Then, after a quarter-mile of ardent flight, he came to a struggling halt, caught temporarily in a tangle of wild grapevines which entwined him.

Billy Sunday squealed in frantic anger and lunged futilely. But suddenly, with the innate instinct of the elephant, he became motionless, hardly breathing. The noisy progress of Bobo had told him that the course of the pursuing baby hippopotamus had veered slightly to the left; a moment later, Billy saw the bulbous form of his adversary move through the underbrush a scant ten feet away and go crashing onward, his popping eyes aimed dead ahead. Pursuit was over. The baby elephant stifled a squeal, and stood immovable for long minutes. Then literally on tiptoes, he backed out of the entanglement and trotted away at right angles. At last he halted.

WATER had appeared before him, oozing up through the forest growth; there were dead trees in the distance, rising ghostlike from tremendous, bulbous bases. This was the beginning of the big swamp, with its weird cypress trees where the mistletoe clung like clustered pearls in the higher branches, where the buzzards swooped lazily overhead, and the water-birds called eerily from the marsh-grass. Billy Sunday surveyed it, the heron wading, awkwardly majestic, before him, the vast hangers of gray moss waving like gossamer curtains in the light wind, the light riffle on the water. Hesitantly he stretched out his trunk to an investigative survey of the grass before him, and as quickly recoiled. A water moccasin had swished forth from beneath the very fingers of his proboscis; farther on, a bull-frog, aroused by the intrusion, began a frantic escape through the tall grass. The weaving and tossing was unexplained to Billy Sunday; he grunted with a new fright. Then warily he edged away.

He vaguely knew that he wanted to go back home. But he didn't know just where home happened to be. So he began an edging course along the limits of the swamp, looking for dry land upon which to cross. There was none, so he went back into the woods, a circular journey which led him again to the swamp. For an hour he continued his search, chirruping at intervals with a queer note of fright. The shadows were growing very long now, and the light of the wood was fading. Another hour passed, and the yellow streaks of the sun disappeared entirely; the world was gray now, the weaving fronds of the mosses more ghostly. Queer cries came from the air as the chimney swifts began to circle from the recesses of hollow trees. The whip-poor-wills began their serenades.

MEANWHILE the bull-boss turned ferociously to Sleepy, who had just led him through the big gate.

"Why should I want to look at the hole they went through?" he snapped. "What I want to know is where they went."

"Oh, where they went?" asked Sleepy. "I never seen 'em. I just clumb down off the fence and hurried for you."

"Oh, my Gawd!" gasped the bull-man. Visions of the three-thousand-dollar Alice-in-Wonderland float swam before him. "Two hundred feet of hard ground, before we can hope to find their tracks, and dark coming on. Go back to town and get some men and lanterns! We'll be searching all night."

Then he clambered dolefully through the hole in the fence and began a needle-in-the-haystack hunt for a possible trail to the woods. Dry, hard ground lay before him, tracked by countless hogs and browsing cattle. It was not until late dusk that he caught the trail.

It was also at late dusk that Billy Sunday came upon sloppy signs of progress about the edge of the swamp. He paid little attention to this; a slight hummock of ground had showed out in the vista of water, and he sought the dry land that would lead to it. Suddenly he forgot it. His eyes narrowed and his ears flattened against his head. Three feet out from shore was the bulbous top of a body he knew, and the square, knobby head of an enemy. Bobo, the baby hippopotamus, lay before him, his eyes closed in the joy of warm, muddy water.

Here was revenge!

Billy's steps suddenly became soft. Closer he crept, and closer. His trunk curled. He reached the edge of the water. Then with a grunt of rage and a terrific sweep of his head, he brought his trunk smacking downward. There was a splash, a grunt; Bobo opened his red-rimmed eyes; he thrashed about and sank out of sight. The elephant trumpeted in triumph, and curling his trunk, stood in readiness for another blow.

A long time passed in vigilant survey of the spot where Bobo had disappeared. Then the baby elephant looked up with the realization that something had risen about twenty feet away from shore and was staring at him. It was Bobo.

The escape enraged Billy. He did not hesitate; he plunged straight into the sticky mud and water to his belly. Onward he went, his trunk and head high, until at last he felt himself close enough for another blow. He let it go, a tremendous effort—which, however, struck only water. Bobo had submerged before the descending proboscis could touch him.

That was disconcerting. Billy could only stand in wait again, his trunk raised for action. The minutes passed, one after another, while the swamp grew darker and more eerie. The sweeps had disappeared, giving way to fluttering bats. Weird sounds came across the water; the wind had risen, and was blowing cold. Billy Sunday chirruped nervously. Then he tensed anew. Bobo had come to light again, once more twenty feet away.

Anger surged, and Billy lunged for pursuit. But he lunged in vain; giant hands of mud had seized his legs and held them powerless. He forgot Bobo. He forgot everything except the fact that he was stuck in the mud. Loud squeals came from his wide throat, squeals immediately intensified—for Bobo had realized his predicament and was moving upon him.

Wildly Billy flailed his trunk in an effort to fend off the behemoth. He weaved and tossed and splashed water. Suddenly he blasted a trumpet call; one foot had loosened; obsessed by a hope of escape, he turned his every attention to the three other feet, and in that instant, lost the battle. Bobo opened his big mouth and clamped down. The bite did not catch fair—but it did jam tight enough to take an inch out of one side of Billy Sunday's trunk. The pain of that put extra power into the elephant's legs. Now he was free and splashing like a stern-wheeler as he made for that tiny projection of land.

Out of the slather of water, he finally gained it, chirruping his joy, which was only momentary. Bobo was in pursuit again. Desperation came to the elephant. Swamp was all about him, and this piece of land his fortress. He danced to the edge of the water, and with swift-driven blows of his trunk drove back the assaulting forces. Bobo back-pedaled and swung into a guard position a few yards offshore, while they eyed each other in waiting.

THEN all was still, except for the myriad noises of night in a swamp. Insects whirred and hummed and sang. Frogs croaked, in high sequences, in booming repetitions, in quartettes and choruses. From the trees at the edge of the water, weird voices became audible, calling in ghostly fashion:

. . . the whole art of make-up is contained in these Houbigant essentials for the complexion. Use all three —cream, vanity, powder—and find the aura of ordered, natural charm that is the fragrant heritage of those women who keep rendezvous with Houbigant.

FACE POWDER SHADES . . . RACHEL, ROSEE, OCRE, RACHEL-SOLEIL, NATURELLE, OCRE-ROSEE, BLANCHE

HOUBIGANT

PARIS

"Who? Who? Who—who?"

Bats circled, fluttering closer to the ground, until they veritably scampered about an elephant baby, staring into the darkness for an unseen enemy. Then something crawled between Billy Sunday's legs, causing him to move swiftly and stand trembling for moments afterward. A long, horrible hour passed.

The wind rose higher, shrieking through the cypress trees; it sent the dank waters slapping in ghostly repetition against the hummocked knees of the swamp trees. Out from shore the baby hippopotamus raised his head and popped his eyes in vain. He grunted and dived, remaining to the limit of his lung capacity, then rose again, blinking at the strange, fearsome night. The frogs croaked on. The owls hooted anew from the tree growth.

On shore Billy Sunday took up a sentry-like pacing. His foot hurt more than ever now, and that place where Bobo had bitten a chunk out of his trunk throbbed severely. The youngster grunted, and raising his trunk, sniffed for just one odor of home. Meanwhile in the slimy water a swimming reptile struck the cold nose of the baby hippopotamus and crawled upon it for a brief instant until Bobo thrashed wildly into terrorized descent.

Once under the water, he swam. He continued the process violently when he rose again; a sleepy heron had been disturbed and was flopping about him in screeching efforts at escape. The wind moaned with new, wraithlike sobbing, and the night birds circled and fluttered, tipping the water and crying to one another in mournful, lonely tones. It was shortly after this that Billy Sunday listened in trembling terror to strange sounds of flabby splashings on the other side of the tiny island. Then everything was still again, except for the booming frogs, for the bats, for the hooting of the owls, the incessant hum of insects, the cries of the night-birds and the wail of the wind. Billy weaved and sucked the end of his trunk. He rolled his eyes and bobbed his head. At last he whimpered. . . . .

His ears raised. An answering whimper had come from several feet away, a lonely whimper, frightened and friendly. Billy was silent. The sound came again. Slowly the baby elephant raised his trunk, and gave forth a plaintive call. There was an equally plaintive answer. Slowly, ever so slowly, Billy Sunday moved a step nearer. Again he raised his trunk and voiced once more that querulous call of a lost, lonely animal. And it was echoed, by a signal every bit as lost and frightened, a cry which bore certain qualities that only an animal can know, nuances which spelled armistice, an urge for peace and companionship. Billy Sunday chirruped in reply. Then eagerly he trotted forward, his extended trunk bearing no gantlet, his cry one of understanding. For a long time following that, there was delighted squealing and grunting and shifting of pudgy bodies into joyous cuddling. Then there were only the frogs and owls and fluttering bats—until a light appeared over at the woods, and men began to wade the swamp, sweeping the water and ghostly cypress trees with their flashlights. . . . .

The next day there was a telephone call, from the southern menagerie quarters of the Grand Amalgamated to Fort Wayne. It was not for the menagerie superintendent; ignoring that person entirely, the head elephant man had put in his call direct for the Old Man. Outside the office, three forms could be seen through the window, an elephant *Pythias* and a *Damon* of a hippopotamus, so glad to be together that even the slow-minded Sleepy could be trusted with the preliminaries of their instruction for pulling an Alice-in-Wonderland float.

"So I can't train animals, eh?" mused the boss bull-man as he waited for his connection.

NO MARGIN

(Continued from page 45)

"Like hell!" she burst out, and went into the dark room where Lenny slept.

Through the long night she lay in sleepless misery, but with the coming of daylight she arose, fixed breakfast for Lenny and herself, and awakened the child in time to dress him before she had to go.

"Where's Daddy?" was his first cry.

"Out," was all she could say.

"Didn't he come home?"

"He had to go out again."

"Will he be home with me today?"

"No."

"Then what'll I do?"

"I'll have to take you to the nursery."

"I wont go to that baby place. I don't want to go. I'll be good here. Honest, I will, Mother."

"I know, but—"

"I wont bother Mrs. Driggs. I wont play with those boys on Madison Street. I wont go anywhere except with Rose Gilby."

"All right, Lenny. You will be good, wont you? For Mother's sake?"

"Sure." He gave her a kiss smeared with sugar and cream that she wiped off as she went out, but she felt the touch of it upon her lips through a day when all else in the world seemed desolation and despair. Messages incorrectly given and incorrectly taken, rebukes, battles over precedence of company officials for the right of an instant of time, petty intrigues, miseries great and little flashed like lightning around the board where she sat in a numbed agony which gripped all but the outer surface of her mind. Only by thought of Lenny could she face the hours which followed work, and she held to it resolutely as she swayed from a strap in the overcrowded street car.

The knowledge of the child's love beaconed her home-going way, and she turned into Scammon Court with yearning to hold him close, to set the weight of his clinging body as shield against the arrows of fate, to drink the sweetness of his sticky kisses as antidote against the gnawing pain of realization of the failure of her own life.

"Lenny!" she called almost before she had come to the topmost floor of the building; but it was Mrs. Driggs who once more opened the door of the apartment at the other end of the hall. "Lenny's a little sick, Mrs. Berry," she told her, her high voice rasped by worry. "I have him on the sofa in here."

"Sick?" She sped over the worn boards.

"It's nothing to fuss over, I'm sure," the older woman sought to allay her fear. "It's just his stomach. He's prob'ly eaten something he shouldn't."

"I suppose so." The sight of Lenny's fevered little face sent dread high in the mercurial tube of her concern for him. "I can carry him," she told Mrs. Driggs, and bore him down the hall. "You wont need to stay. I'll call you if I need anything."

"You surely will?"

"Surely."

Swiftly she undressed the child, her task made the harder by his lethargy.

"Lenny, Lenny, dear," she asked him, "have you any pain?"

"I'm tired," he said drowsily.

"I know." She pillowed his head against her breast, and soothed him into hard-breathing, uneasy slumber. For a long time she dared not move, but finally she arose from the bed, arranged the pillows under him, and went to the stove to make tea for herself. "I don't want anything else," she thought listlessly.

As she sipped the hot liquid, she wondered if she should call a doctor. "It'll be just a waste of money if he's all right in the morning," she reasoned, but she looked in her purse to see how much she had to carry her through until her payday in the next week. Eight dollars, she counted, and eighty-one cents. Twenty cents a day for carfare, and the apple that made her lunch. That'd be a dollar. Three dollars for food for Lenny and herself. She'd make it do. Three dollars for a doctor. Then there'd be the medicine he'd prescribe. Just enough to get through. "As usual," she thought bitterly, contrasting her lot with that of the care-free youngsters who worked in the plant with her, girls whose weightiest financial problem was the struggle to buy a dinner dress and a dancing frock from the same pay envelope. For her there wouldn't be a new dress all season. Not a cent over from week to week. Nothing for emergencies. No margin. "I'll wait until morning," she decided.

SHE was washing her cup and saucer when a knock sounded on the door. "Come in," she called, expectant of Mrs. Driggs; but there was no answer, and she crossed to the threshold. A man of an aspect so familiar that she knew his errand before he stated it peered at her. "Berry?" he asked, and thrust a slip of paper into her hand. "For the Costigan Credit Clothiers," he explained. "Five dollars and twenty cents."

"Oh, yes," she said, adding in desperate shrift to hold her tiny hoard, "Mr. Berry's not in."

"You paid it last month, didn't you?" the collector demanded. "And the time before?"

"Yes, but—"

"It's due, aint it?"

"I guess so, but—"

CAUTION! Don't be fooled into thinking a dentifrice can cure pyorrhea; correct acid mouth; or firm your gums. These are to be treated only by a dentist. The one function of a dentifrice is to *clean* the teeth . . . any other claim is false and misleading, say the highest dental authorities.

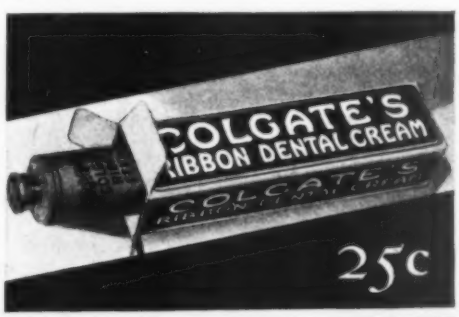
Why Colgate's Penetrating Foam is a "Double-Action" Cleanser

Colgate's cleans teeth two ways. It polishes the surfaces brilliantly with soft chalk powder, the material used by all dentists. But many other toothpastes can do that. Only in a toothpaste like Colgate's do you get *complete* cleansing due to the *washing* action of the famous penetrating foam which sweeps into the tiny fissures and spaces between teeth. This remarkable foam washes out the decaying particles from these hard-to-reach places where ordinary brushing can't clean. Thus Colgate's gives you an *extra* protection. Leading dentists say mere surface polishing is only half the job of cleansing. To *completely* clean the teeth, you must have the double action of Colgate's penetrating foam.

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices where Tooth Decay May Start

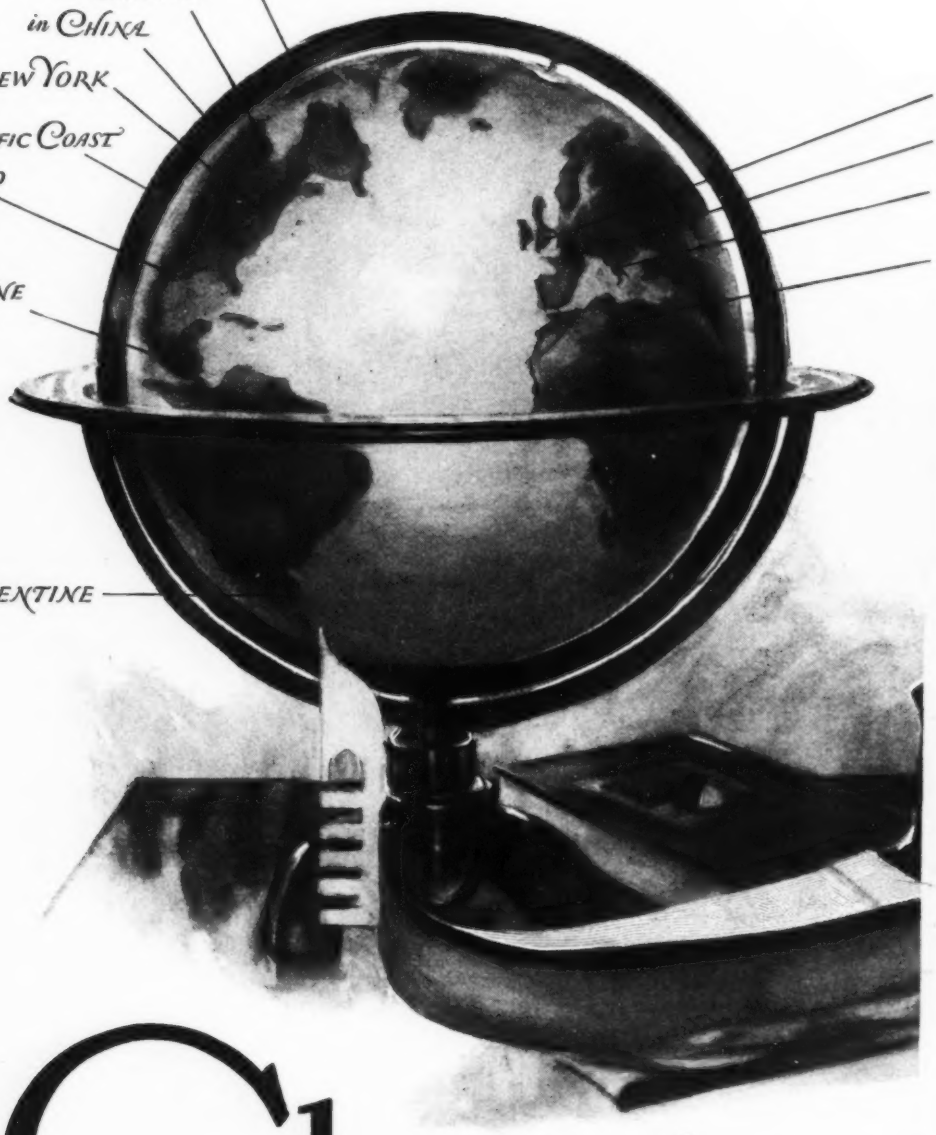
Diagram showing tiny space between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's penetrating foam gets down deep into the spaces between teeth, cleaning them where ordinary brushing cannot reach.



All over

in Alaska
in Canada
in China
in New York
on the Pacific Coast
in Mexico
in the Canal Zone
in Argentine



Chester

SUCH POPULARITY

© 1930, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

the world

in London
in Paris
in Venice
in Cairo

... in a cigarette it's TASTE!

GOOD taste knows no frontiers. We quote below from a letter received by us:

"It will be, I have no doubt, a source of gratification to you to know that Chesterfield cigarettes were on sale and, at that, the leading American seller, in all parts of the world.

"We started our trip on December 2nd, and visited among other points — Madeira Island, Gibraltar, Monte Carlo, Algiers, Haifa, Jerusalem, Cairo, Naples, Suez, Bombay, Java, Dutch Sumatra, Singapore, Manila, Hongkong, Shanghai, Peking, Kobe, Tokyo, Honolulu, the Canal Zone, Havana and home.

"Not only was Chesterfield the leading American cigarette at all points visited, but it was the best seller (all brands) on our ship, the Empress of Scotland."

All over the world you find appreciation of Chesterfield's unchanging standard:

"TASTE *above everything*"

field

MUST BE DESERVED

MILD, yes ... and yet THEY SATISFY

"You're his wife, aint you?"

"Yes."

"There aint no catches in this, lady. He got the clothes. We get the money."

"All right." She paid him, tossing his receipt nonchalantly into the cupboard; but when he had gone, she sat with her head in her hands, beside the table, her thoughts racing in rebellion against the fate which left her to pay for Frank's luxuries while she and her child went without the necessaries of life. "It's not fair—it's not fair," she moaned, then sprang up as Lenny stirred. "It's all right, baby," she soothed him. "Mother's here."

He awoke then, staring at her with overbright eyes. "Where's Daddy?" he asked.

"Out."

"Why doesn't he come?"

"I don't know."

"Will he come soon?"

"I guess so," she lied.

"You wont go away, too?"

"I wont go."

He sank back again into tossing slumber, but every little while through the night he called for Frank. "I want my Daddy," he told her crossly when she strove to ease him. "Go get him, Mother."

"I can't, Lenny. It's dark."

"Make it come light," he bade her.

IN daylight, however, he seemed better, and her fears of the night left her. "He's going to be all right," she told Mrs. Driggs, and arranged with her to look after him through the day. "Rose Gilby'll come up when she's through work this afternoon, and I'll get home as fast as I can."

"Don't worry," Mrs. Driggs counseled her, but her worry loomed in fog-bank before her as she labored with automatic skill to keep the Caron Company in telephonic touch with a workaday world that seemed remote and unreal. Even thought of Frank grew shadowy. Nothing but Lenny counted, and she sped homeward in growing terror through the homeward hastening crowds. "He's just about the same," Mrs. Driggs told her, but she saw that he was in higher fever. "I'll get the doctor," she said.

"Send Rose Gilby," Mrs. Driggs advised. "Lenny needs you more'n he does medicine."

Stella realized the depth of his need even before the doctor, a solemn young man just out of Rush Medical, had told her that it would be morning before he would venture to say whether or not the child had scarlet fever. "Will he have to go to the hospital?" she had asked him with white lips.

"Not if you're willing to isolate yourself for nursing him," he told her.

"I'm willing—but—"

"But what?"

"I'm the family meal-ticket."

"I see." His young eyes were curiously kind. "Well, let's not cross the bridge until tomorrow. You'll watch him tonight?"

"I haven't been doing anything else nights since he came," she told him with defiant pride, and began her vigil of love, refusing the offers of Mrs. Driggs, and the Gilby girls, and Maxie Deller, to relieve her at any hour she might want to sleep. "I wouldn't sleep anyhow," she told them, and wondered why not one of them mentioned Frank.

She gave Lenny the medicine which Rose Gilby had brought, and watched him fall into heavy drowsiness. Against her intention, she must have slept, for she awoke to find him tossing restlessly. "I want Daddy," he was moaning. "I want Daddy. I don't want anything else. Go get him, Mother, go get him."

"I don't know where he is, Lenny."

"You find him. I want him."

"I—can't."

"You can if you want." He flailed the pillows impatiently, then fell back again into troubled slumber, leaving her to face another facet of her problem.

"I can't do it, I can't," she reiterated wearily, but her heart ached at the thought of denying Lenny his desire for his father. "I wont," she steeled her will, but for the first time she saw Lenny as a factor in her ultimate decision. If she kept Frank out of their lives now, what would she be doing to Lenny? Depriving him of a comradeship he adored—taking away from him a father who might, after all, mean something to him. Had she the right? "But he doesn't do anything for him," she justified herself. "I'm the one who stands the gaff for everything. It isn't fair—it isn't fair," her old cry of self-pity persisted; but deep in her heart stirred a fear lest one day Lenny reproach her for her act. "I wont do it. I wont get him," she murmured.

Determinedly she set her face against the weakness which she felt creeping into her heart. She didn't love Frank any more, she told herself angrily. How could she? "I've got some self-respect," she thought, but a betraying loneliness crept in past her defenses. "If anything happens to Lenny— Nothing'll happen, though. I wont let it. God wont let it happen. Oh, God, you wont let it?"

HANDS pressed tightly upon her throat, she faced the ultimate fear of humanity. "We're so alone, anyhow. There's been just us—against everything." Dread, deeper than pride, deeper than worry, deeper than injured love, drove pangs of cramping pain through her soul as stark understanding of the poverty of such lives as theirs came to her. In love, in security, in sympathy, in companionship against aloneness, she had no more margin than she had in money. If she lost Lenny—if she gave up Frank forever—"I'd be all alone," she cried. "I'd have nothing at all."

On the bed Lenny moved in fever. "You're going to take me to the Zoo, Daddy?" he moaned. "To see the bears and the elephants? To give the elephant peanuts?"

"Mother'll take you," Stella promised.

"I want Daddy," the child raved. "Tell him I'm ready," he pleaded hoarsely. "Tell him."

"All right." Tremblingly Stella reached for her little hat and worn coat. "You'll be all right, Lenny, until I get back," she declared in reassurance to herself rather than to him, knowing that she could not explain to anyone, Mrs. Driggs or Rose Gilby or even to Maxie Deller, the reason for her going. "You'll be all right, honey?"

"Sure."

She knew that he answered not from any real consciousness, but from some strange region of his disturbed little mind, and she ran toward the lights of Madison Street, wondering where she might find Frank.

"Not here," the man at the news-stand told her. "Haven't seen him all day."

"He hasn't been around since day before yesterday," the crippled marker at the pool-room declared.

"I didn't see him tonight at all," the haberdasher, just about to close the shop, assured her.

Under the brilliant high lights of the drug-store, she saw Maud Mason locking the cigar-stand. "She'll know," Stella thought bitterly, "but I wont ask her. I wont!" she insisted; but her feet moved through the doorway and toward the counter. "Do you know where Frank Berry is?" she heard herself saying.

"What's it to you?" the Mason girl asked pertly.

"I'm his wife."

"For John's sake!" A bunch of keys clattered to the floor.

"His—our little boy is sick. He wants his father. That's the only reason I've asked you."

"Why, the dirty bum!" Maud Mason's eyes blazed with wrath. "Takin' me to the movies, and him with a sick kid! I'll crown that boy!"

"I don't care what you do to him. Only—Lenny wants him, and he's so sick. Do you know where he is?"

"No, I don't. Honest." Her bold eyes scanned Stella's face candidly. "Who's with the kid now?"

"No one."

"You go home to him. I'll find that bird."

"But—"

"I'll deliver him in good order. Not a bottle broken in the case." Her overred mouth twisted in scorn. "It's always my luck to take the boy friends back to their firesides. Your Frank wont be the first. I'll be lucky, I guess, if he's the last. But can you beat him? A sick kid!" She picked up the keys from the floor. "Run along," she bade Stella.

"He doesn't know the boy's sick," Stella declared defensively.

"They never do," Maud Mason said.

TWO hours afterward, while she watched Lenny's restless twistings and turnings, Frank came to the door. "What is it?" he whispered, nodding toward the boy, but watching her with a strange, appealing wistfulness.

"I don't know." She opened the door for him to enter. "The doctor wont know until morning. Lenny wanted you," she hurried on. "That's why I went for you."

"I know." He twisted his hat in trembling hands.

"You may as well sit down. Perhaps he wont wake now for a long time."

"All right."

With humility which sat oddly upon his usual jauntiness, he took a chair across from her at the table. For a long time neither of them spoke. Then, with startling suddenness Stella began to sob. With a swift movement Frank circled the table, and knelt beside her. "Oh, Stella, Stella, for God's sake, don't!" he pleaded.

"I—I can't help it."

"He's not that bad?"

"I don't know."

"He can't be. It's just a kid trouble. He'll come through all right."

"But if—"

"He will. Don't you remember how sick he was with tonsilitis last year?"

"Yes."

"And when he had flu?"

"He was awfully sick then."

"Well, look how he got over it."

"I know."

"You're all worn out. Can't you take a little sleep? I'll watch."

"I couldn't sleep."

FRANK went back to the other side of the table, staring at her with troubled gaze. "I've been rotten, Stella," he burst out after a long silence, "but I want you to know that I love you. I've never loved anyone but you."

"It's a queer way of loving." Her hands moved above the table as if they still pulled out and thrust in the plugs of her board.

"I suppose so, but it's mine."

"I didn't bring you back to talk about us. We ended that the other night."

"How can we end it as long as he wants me?"

"We've got to. We can't go on."

"There's nothing between me and that girl." His voice deepened into passionate insistence. "Not a damned thing."

"That's only one part of it all."

"What's the rest?"

"What's marriage been to us, Frank?"

"What it is to most people, I guess. Work, and home, and love, and a kid."

"I've done most of the work."

"I know, Stella. I've been thinking a lot these last couple of days. I've seen where I've been wrong. If you'll just give me a chance, I'm through with a lot of things. I'm going to get a job right off. Then you can stay home with Lenny. Honestly, I am."

"You've been saying that for weeks."

"I know, but I'll get it. Give me a chance, Stella!"

"I've given you so many."

"I know. You're a brick. But just this one more!"

"What's there in all of this for me, Frank?"

"What's there for either of us—alone?"

"I know." Inevitably it all came back to that, all of life. What was there in it for any one alone? Impulsively she reached her hand toward him. "We'll try it again—this once."

"It'll be better."

"I hope so."

"Stella!"

"Yes?"

"I almost ended it all when I thought I'd lost you both."

"Oh, Frank, not that!"

"There was nothing for me without you."

"Oh, Frank, Frank, dear!"

"Oh, Stella, I love you so! Can't you see that it's been because I've been ashamed of what I couldn't do for you that I've turned to those other girls?"

"I don't see that."

"It's true, but it's over. I love you, Stella. All the rest of my life I'll be showing you. Everything'll come right now."

IF YOUR BABY IS A BOTTLE BABY

READ:

BOTTLE babies sometimes have a pretty hard time of it. They gain slowly—nothing seems to "agree" perfectly. Mothers can't help worrying.

In thousands and thousands of cases like this, Eagle Brand has come to the rescue. Again and again this marvelously digestible food agrees when all else fails. Many a baby, literally starving to death because unable to digest his food, has been saved by Eagle Brand. What is Eagle Brand? Simply pure, fresh, whole cow's milk, modified by the addition of refined sugar and condensed by the removal of most of the water. The sugar supplies carbohydrates required by all infants. The milk supplies bone and tissue-building material and growth-promoting vitamins —the same food elements that are supplied by pasteurized Grade A milk. But here is the difference: Eagle Brand is so easily digested that it is comparable to mother's milk in this respect. It is so perfectly assimilated that every drop of it goes to nourish the infant—to build firm bones, strong muscles, healthy tissue.

Your baby—is he thriving on his present food? If not, we suggest that you and your doctor consider Eagle Brand. Send for two free booklets. The new and complete edition of "Baby's Welfare" —containing practical feeding information and suggestions for supplementary foods—orange juice, cereals, cod liver oil, etc. "The Best Baby" —a beautiful little book, illustrated in color for keeping records of baby's growth and development. Mail the coupon today.

Eagle Brand

CONDENSED

Milk

THE BORDEN COMPANY,
Dept. J-6 *Borden Building*, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copies of "Baby's Welfare" and "The Best Baby." My baby is——months old.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Please print name and address plainly

"I hope so."

"I'll make it."

Into the gray of the city dawn they sat motionless, their hands clasped, their cheeks touching. Not until Lenny spoke did Stella stir. "Where's Daddy?" the child asked huskily.

"Here," Frank told him.

"You wont go away again?"

In the dim light Frank's eyes sought Stella's. "Not ever," he said.

FIVE nights later, with Lenny well again, Stella Berry went up the shabby stairs of the dim apartment-house. "There, Lenny?" she called.

"Here." He came patteringly from Mrs. Driggs' room, his eyes shining, his arms outstretched. "Oh, my Mother, I'm so glad you're home! You're so late."

"No later'n ever, baby."

"I wish you didn't have to go to work."

"So do I, laddie."

"Daddy's not home yet."

"He'll be along soon. I've got to hurry dinner."

Swiftly she moved around the bare room, speeding the making of a meal. "Were you a good boy, Lenny?" she asked him.

"Awful good. I didn't eat one cookie."

"That was good."

"Here's Daddy now." He flung open the door that she might hear, as he had, Frank's step racing up the stairs, and it was over his head that she had Frank's exultant message: "I've got it, Stella! I've landed it, and it's the best job yet!"

"Oh, I'm glad, I'm glad," she cried, and clung to them both.

"We can get a better place soon," he built his castles grandly, "and some new furniture, and new clothes for everybody."

"And a radio?" Lenny demanded.

"And a radio."

"And you can quit work, Stella."

"I know, but Frank, there's such a lot to pay yet. There's your clothes, and the stove, and there's a coat I'll have to get, and some things for Lenny."

"We'll make it."

"And I want something—a little something laid by for a rainy day."

"Sure."

"So I guess I'll keep on a little while longer."

"Just as you say, old lady."

"And a radio, Mother?"

"And a radio—maybe."

Gayly they finished dinner, and gayly washed and put away the dishes. "Let's celebrate," Stella cried happily. "We'll all go to a movie!"

"Hooray!" cried Lenny.

They whirled off in a rush of happy anticipation which bore them out of the darkness of Scammon Court into the hard brightness of Madison Street. "Say, it's a grand night," Stella declared as they swung into the crowd which pushed toward the lights of the motion-picture theater. She was clinging to Frank's arm as they passed the drug-store, and did not even see the long look which Maud Mason gave her from back of the cigarette counter. "It's a pretty good world, isn't it?" she asked Frank.

"You bet it is," he told her—and borrowed the money from her to buy the tickets. "It's going to be better, too."

"It couldn't be," she said.

PURELY AN ACCIDENT

(Continued from page 65)

"Yeh," he replies; "but the chances are she wont show up. There'll be a subway accident or a taxicab smash-up or a—"

"Doubtless," I interrupts. "I hear there's lots of double pneumonia out in her neighborhood. Well, by-by. See you tonight at the Arena."

"If nothing happens to me in the meantime," says the Pollyanna.

NOTHING does, and at eight o'clock I finds him in the dressing-room looking rather cheerful for a Meek named Milt. "How you feeling?" I inquires.

"Not so bad," he comes back. "If I get the breaks, I might last for five or six rounds."

"You should have started taking Sylvia to dinner a couple of months ago," says I. "Then you'd have been able to finish the fight."

That's a little too fast for Milt, but I drops the subject and walks out for a look at the crowd. The Arena's packed, thanks to the smoke Denny Gale'd stirred up. In a ring-side seat I pipes my stenog. Never before had I seen her at a blowdeo.

"Playing hookey from your knitting, eh?" I remarks.

"Uh-huh," says Sylvia. "I just want to see what kind of a Cleopatra I am when it comes to inspiring warriors to deeds of valor. Think the boy friend can win?"

"There's no law against it," I returns, "but the betting's five to one he can't. You've done your bit, though. Milt's so optimistic now he'll lay you a small wager that the sun'll rise tomorrow if you make the odds sufficiently attractive."

"That," decides the gal, "surely *is* progress."

Meek's the same scared-looking kid I'd seen up in the Bronx when he enters the Arena ring, and he backs away in the same frightened way when Goodrich opens up hostilities. But not for long. After absorbing a few on the jaw and in the bread-basket, Milt sends his fists out on return visits, and the rest of the round is a give-and-take affair that has the patrons of the game standing on their hind legs and making the welkin—or, as we call 'em, the rafters—ring. Casey's not nearly so cocky, as he shambles off to his corner.

"Beautiful billiards!" says I to Meek. "You sure fought that baby to a standstill."

"Yeh," he mumbles, "but he hurt me worse than I hurt him. I think a couple of my ribs are busted, and—"

"Don't let that worry you," I cuts in cheerfully. "You can get spare-ribs at any butcher shop. But talking about ribs, did you know that your favorite rib was out there?" And I directs his gaze to Sylvia.

"She must want to see how I look horizontal," grunts Milt. "Tell her I'll see her after the count over me's finished."

"All right," says I. "We'll have a party afterwards. I'll reserve a table at the—"

"Better reserve a bed at Bellevue," he suggests gloomily.

The second and third rounds are duplicates of the first. Both boys go to it tammer and hongs, and there's little to choose between 'em. The fireworks display takes place in the fourth.

In a flurry in the center of the ring Casey crashes a wallop into Meek's chest that catches the kid off balance and smacks him heavily against the ropes. Goodrich crowds in for the kill, but carelessly leaves the button exposed. Helped by the bound off the ropes, Milt sinks his right into Casey's jaw, and Kennedy's kid picks a soft spot on the floor for a rest-cure.

He's up at the count of nine, but too woozy to know whether he's in a ring or in the Harz Mountains trapping canary birds. Meek's all poised to slip the sleeper to the helpless pug when the referee steps between 'em, pushes Milt away and raises his arm—a technical knock-out.

"It seems," I remarks to Meek, "that you can fight."

"Maybe, a little," he returns, "but that was a dirty deal they gave Casey—stopping the fight."

"Forget it!" I barks. "He was out on his feet. I suppose you're going to tell me now that wallop on the jaw was an accident?"

"It sure was," comes back Milt. "I had to go somewheres when I bounced off the ropes, didn't I? It just happened—"

"You win the antelope's corsets," says I. "Shall I have 'em wrapped up and delivered together with the two grand coming to you?"

"I aint got nothing coming to me," he growls. "I bet my split of the gate on Goodrich."

A FEW days later I arranges for a ten-round imbroglio between Meek and Bill Peters for six weeks hence, and beats it to Florida for a rest. When I returns a month or so later, I looks in on Milt first thing. He welcomes me home with a happy grin.

"Doing much training?" I asks casually.

"Training?" he repeats, and laughs. "What for? I could get out of a sickbed and beat up a palooka like Peters."

"Says who!" I gasps, staring at him. "So it's all doughnut now, eh?"

"Huh?" puzzles Meek.

"Never mind," says I. "But get the idea out of your head that Bill Peters is anybody's palooka. He's a tough egg—"

"Yeh?" grunts the pug. "Well, the tougher they are, the easier I scramble 'em. There isn't a welter in the gang that isn't just a quick lunch for me. I figure on taking a shot at the heavies after I clean Peters."

"All of 'em at once," I asks, "or one at a time? So you're good now, are you?"

"Look at the records," suggests Milt with a trace of hauteur.

"You can't believe what you read in the records," I recalls. "In at least seven of your fights the other boy got a raw deal—"

"The hell he did!" snaps Meek. "If

anybody ever got a raw deal on decisions, it was me."

"Take the case of Mickey Loftus, for example," I goes on. "You knocked him out with a foul blow that was low enough to break his knee, but—"

"That's what he claimed," snorts Milt, "but the punch was inches above the belt. —And how are things down in Florida?"

"Pretty good," says I. "But they're worrying there about a bug that's destroying the oranges and grape-fruit—"

"They're crazy to worry," declares Meek. "What'll worry get 'em?"

THAT'S plenty for me for the nonce, so I takes myself off to the office. Sylvia's there wearing that contented canary-into-cat look.

"Nice job of work you've done with the boy friend," I remarks.

"Like it?" she comes back.

"I don't know yet," says I. "It's so sudden. What've you been feeding the kid—fish from Lake Superior?"

"This, those and them," returns Sylvia. "I just followed your instructions and brightened up the corner where he was. Do I get a pat on the head and an accretion in the envelope?"

"You've delivered," I admits. "The exhaustion of the coal-supply in eighty-six million years doesn't seem to break into his sleep any more."

"Not any," says she. "Milt's been completely renovated and done over in pinks and purples. It was all quite simple. With the leverage of his victory over Goodrich, it was easy enough to lift him out of the Dismal Swamp and plant him on top of the world. I believe I might also mention without fear of successful contradiction that I have a way with me."

"You have, indeed," I agrees. "What is known to us bald-head star-gazers as the Silky Way. I hope, however, that Meek's as good a scrapper in high as he was in low."

"I couldn't tell you about that," observes Sylvia, "but he's better company. He practically ignores his hat in restaurants nowadays."

"And probably his food too, when he's with you," I suggests.

"Food doesn't interest him much," says she. "He eats everything you hand him. 'What's the difference?' says he. 'All food's good for me.'"

I don't see a great deal of Milt in the next couple of weeks; he's putting in less time in the gym than he did for the Goodrich fracas. However, he's in excellent shape, and I'm not worried much. Denny Gale, though, is a bit annoyed.

"What's gotten into him?" he asks me a couple of days before the mill with Peters.

"Nothing much," I returns. "He's merely discarded his belt and his suspenders. He just knows they'll stay up now."

"Yeh," grunts Denny. "They will; but will he? I never saw an angleworm put on a raccoon coat and become a caterpillar quicker than that bozo. You'd think he was the Glad Girls on a Gunboat, to hear him talk. A chunk of black coal one day, a white diamond the next."

"Well, kid," says I, "it's all carbon, no matter how fine you cut it. Remember asking me a couple of months ago which I'd rather have—a biffer with a lot of confidence who took it on the chin, or a

when the event of the evening requires a quick "tub"—try this marvelous beauty bath

If you're compelled to come dashing home from the office or a shopping tour, and the event of the evening requires a quick "tub"—swish half a package of Linit in your bath, bathe as usual, using your favorite soap, and when dry, feel the exquisite smoothness of your skin.

One outstanding feature of the Linit Beauty Bath is that the results are immediate—no waiting.

Nor will you waste precious minutes "dusting" with powder, because after the Linit Beauty Bath there is a light, exceedingly fine "coating" of Linit left on the skin which eliminates "shine" from arms and neck and which harmlessly absorbs perspiration.

Pure starch from corn is the basic ingredient of Linit and being a vegetable product, it contains no mineral properties to irritate the skin. In fact, doctors who specialize in the treatment of the skin, regard the purity of starch from corn so highly that they generally recommend it for the tender skin of young babies.

LINIT is sold by your GROCER

the bathway to a soft, smooth skin

scary guy that delivered? Well, I got the answer."

"Go ahead, Johnny," invites Gale. "Tell Teacher."

"A laddie with confidence who can also deliver," I replies, "and that's Milt now. I look for great things for him."

"They can't indict you under the alien-and-sedition act for looking," declares Denny, who'd once studied law, "but it doesn't follow that a bimbo who can sing the 'Miserere' acceptably in bass can do as well with the 'Jubilo' in a high tenor."

"There's some slight difference," says I with native shrewdness, "between singing and socking."

"All right," shrugs Gale. "Have it my way; but if you find Milt going flat in the duet with Peters, don't blame it on the Russian-Sino situation or on the dearth of organ-grinders on uninhabited islands."

AT the weighing-in Meek pulls the goat-getting gag he'd learned from Casey Goodrich. He squeezes Bill's hand with a grip that brings a grimace to the biffer's pan.

"Can't take it, can you?" sneers Meek. "All the money you got you don't last three rounds."

"Be yourself, bum," snarls Peters. "Who the hell you think you're talking to—your bedridden grandmother? I've licked better guys than you, with neuritis in both arms and lumbago in the back."

"You ought to know all about your back," retorts Milt. "You've been on it in most of your mills. Say pretty please to me, and I'll maybe let you live for four rounds." And so on. . . . .

The Arena's packed even tighter that night than it was for the Goodrich unpleasantness. Waiting for Peters, Meek struts around the ring, blows kisses to Sylvia and otherwise demeans himself as if the horse was in and already blanketed.

"That's the way I like 'em," I observes to Denny.

"You can have 'em," he growls. "I like 'em that way after, not before taking."

Milt starts in with every intention of making a quick kill, but Old Lady Peters raised no come-ons. Bill cleverly blocks the haymakers routed for his jaw and slaps over a few stingers on his own account. It's a rather even first round.

"How was it?" Meek asks me in the corner.

"About fifty-fifty," I tells him.

"Maybe," he scowls, "but I hurt him a lot worse than he hurt me. I'd have put him away if it wasn't for the picture rights."

In the second stanza it looks as if he was going to do just that thing, regardless of the picture rights. A one-two rocks Peters from his toes to his topnotch, and he falls into a desperate clinch. When the referee finally pries 'em apart, Milt glances over his shoulder and winks at Sylvia. It's a five-thousand-dollar wink.

Peters' left thuds into Meek's chin. The kid's eyes open in wide, childish surprise; his knees play the accordion, and he sags to the ground, his face in the dust.

"The Meek," remarks Denny, "inheriting the earth."

Milt tries bravely to get to his feet toward the end of the count, but it's no go. He raises himself halfway, but the effort's too much, and he collapses as the "Ten" is droned into his ears. The boy's still dazed when I leads him down the aisle toward the dressing-room. Sylvia's right behind us.

"This is a great place," mumbles Meek. "You can't even look at a girl without getting your block knocked off."

"That's all right, honey," says Sylvia. "It was my fault."

"It sure was," scowls Milt. "I'd have laid that tramp out cold if you hadn't been around."

"I believe you would've," I remarks thoughtfully.

THE LIPSTICK STAIN

(Continued from page 75)

with me as she cared for this other." It was as if he were three persons at once: the real Dennis only a witness to the lawyer, with his quiet voice, and to the deceived lover.

Borelli cried: "But didn't she tell you? I should have thought it had a bearing!"

"Yes, a bearing," Dennis repeated, again amazed at the steadiness of his words. As if he laid them down carefully, meticulously, in an orderly row. ("And all this time, in whose arms were you?")

He and Borelli parted in the street, courteously. "If there's anything on earth I can do—" Borelli said. He extended his hand, a slim, carefully manicured hand. On the small finger a platinum band held a diamond. It flashed always as Borelli waved his baton. Dennis saw the hand as he fumbled with his gloves. The hand dropped. "He thinks I didn't notice. I'm glad. I wouldn't want to hurt him." But he knew somehow that he couldn't have touched that hand; if it had struck him, he wouldn't have defended himself against it.

"Why, weren't they to be married?" The phrase rode on with Dennis, followed him up to his study, was there when his mother tapped on his door, seemed to echo about him as he told her: "I don't want any dinner. Please leave me alone."

His legal mind straightened out the tangle to: "If she cared for him, that puts a different aspect on everything. Do his friends know?" His lover's mind kept repeating dully: "It is all over between us, then. I was never anything to her—nothing."

If she had been a girl in his own circle, he would not, somehow, have been so ready to believe she had betrayed him. But growing always alongside his ardor for her, Dennis had unconsciously a class awareness. He accepted her category of chorus girl—reckless, feckless, careless; and always when he did not find those qualities in her, he was surprised. Had she been one in his own set, he would not have been surprised. And now Jill no longer stood out as an exception to her kind—she fell suddenly into the design of coryphées as Dennis—like everyone outside the theater—believed it to be. And added to this was her arrest: to his people such things didn't happen!

His nerves and his emotions battered against convictions through long, terrible hours. He heard himself calling, "Jill! Jill!" and smothered the cry as the width above his door became a slit of light from his mother's lamp, quickly turned on, across the hall. He wanted Jill. He sat there wanting her as he had never wanted her before. He breathed her name as the light went out and everything was black again. . . . . Suddenly he knew she was his, no matter what she had done, no matter what she had been. Nothing mattered. "If what Borelli said were ten times true," Dennis whispered into the darkness; "if Jill loved Dumant while she was letting me love her, I don't care! She's mine. I want her to be mine." He whispered: "If she killed him, I'll give my life to save hers." So jealousy conspires, under a mask, with love. . . . .

Somehow it was morning, and he was bathed and dressed and once more in his little car, bound for the jail. He was curiously happy. His feeling for Jill was so intense that, like all lovers, he translated it as strength. With this power in him, all the laws in Christendom couldn't keep Jill from him! His mind was clear, functioning sharply, decisively, on the illusion of that strength which was the other name for love.

She stood in a small patch of sun, her yellow hair caught, as always, in a knot on her white neck. She seemed braver, somehow. He stumbled to her. "Jill!" He held out his arms. There was nothing else in the world for either of them.

And there in the cell he kissed her lips for the first time.

THEN holding her hand at last fast in his, he talked again about the case. But it was only as he was going that he asked: "Jill darling, tell me: did you ever care for Dumant?"

"For him? Oh, no, no, Dennis. Never. He was my good friend. He was always just sweet. No, never Dumant."

He believed her. With that same sense of strength and power he left her.

She stood without moving. She was bereft of thought as his steps stopped sounding. Her face went whiter and whiter. Why had he asked that about Dumant? Even the joy of the fresh assurance of his love became lost in an awful fear. After everything she had done, was he to know, after all? What had he heard? From whom? She tried to reconstruct the panorama of the last hours; scenes flashed to her mind like pictures in a cinema; and suddenly, looming like a close-up, she saw Borelli talking to Dennis. He must have waited for Dennis yesterday! Of course it was Tony Borelli who had told Dennis she had cared for Dumant. She heard him flinging the accusation at her as he had done on that now dreadful night. She saw his eyes afire again in his dark face, sinister and hurt—his hands trembling.

With a queer cynicism in one so young, Jill Durou had had a disbelief in all men's sincerity, no faith in the emotion called love. Why not? Her own mother had

struggled through wretchedness with a drunkard for a husband; Jill had no idea where her father was (she did not use his name), and the marble face of her mother as it had been in death five years before was a bitter symbol for the way decency may be destroyed. And in the theater the object lessons regarding love showed it, for the most part, as an abstract coinage used in exchange for success, ease, luxury. Love was so cheap! She had learned that what should be the most precious of all sentiments was a shoddy, passing thing. Chastity was scoffed at, and the word "good" was applied in derision. The girls with whom she had dressed called her "a professional virgin" with a laugh that laced itself into a feeling of inferiority. Then Borelli had come along.

He and his band were featured in the show called "Joy Bent," and almost instantly he had singled Jill from her sisters in the ensemble. He wanted her, quite frankly, for his "girl." He pursued her in the usual way of such things, and instantly her place in the attitude of the others changed. She was no longer inferior, but envied—that most desirable of all possessions. Going with the state of being Borelli's "girl," was solo dancing with Borelli and his "boys" as her background.

Well, actions are the products of the environment which breeds them. Jill became the girl. It would make a prettier story, but one less identified with its time and location, if she had not. But the thing which lifts it from the run of such stories is that she left Borelli—parted from him long before his fervency chilled, and when leaving meant her return to the chorus. She did it because the forcing-house of falsity that is the theater had not been quite successful in making her into a poisoned passion-flower. When she met Dennis, retribution flooded over her in a way that would have satisfied the most zealous moralist. She would have given her life to keep from Dennis the knowledge of what she had been to Borelli. Apparently now she was going to.

ON that fatal night she had gone to Dumant, stanchest and most undemanding of friends. He was, after all, the only man she had ever known who asked her for nothing more than she offered. (Though in the case of Dennis, her love made her want to outstrip his desires.) "Dumant would always want to help me, and I should always want to help Dennis," she thought. "And Tony Borelli," she had to think for a moment, "Tony is the kind who just helps himself. To anything," she ended, summing up so, unconsciously, the impulses that go hand and hand in this man-and-woman business.

She told Dumant everything. "I don't know what Dennis would do if he knew," she told him; and then she put the oldest question that grows out of the oldest sin: "Shall I tell him?"

Dumant, who never showed to anyone in the world anything that might be troubling him, regarded his cigarette with wise eyes. "No, my dear. Don't tell him. Life gets us all in a muddle sometimes. I've never thought it best to bring the person one loves into the muddle."

"But if he should find out? If,"—her throat went taut.—"Borelli should talk?"

Vivacious, beautiful — Alice White knows, as a charming film star, the wondrous beauty of glowing Princess Pat Rouge.

Into your cheeks there comes a new mysterious GLOW

Into cheeks touched with almost magical Princess Pat rouge, there comes mysterious new beauty—color that is vibrant, intense, glorious, yet suffused with a soft, mystical *underglow* that *makes brilliancy natural!*

No woman ever used Princess Pat rouge for the first time without being amazed. Accustomed to *ordinary* rouges of one flat, shallow tone, the youthful, glowing naturalness of Princess Pat gives beauty that actually bewilders, that thrills beyond words to describe.

The Life Principle of All Color is Glow

The mysterious fire of rubies, the opalescence of opals, the fascinating loveliness of pearls depend upon glow. Flowers possess velvety depths of color glow. In a naturally beautiful complexion there is the most subtle, beautiful glow of all, the luminous color *showing through the skin from beneath.*

Now then! All ordinary rouge *blots out glow.* On the contrary Princess Pat rouge *imparts* glow—even to palest complexions. The wonderful color you achieve seems actually to *come from within the skin.* It is sparkling, as youth is sparkling. It is suffused, modulated. It blends as a natural blush blends, without definition, merging with skin tones so subtly that only *beauty* is seen—"painty" effect *never.*

Only the "Duo-Tone" Secret Can Give This Magic of Lifelike Color

No other rouge can possibly beautify like Princess Pat "duo-tone". Why? Because no other rouge in all the world is composed of *two distinct tones,* perfectly blended into one by a very secret process. Thus each shade of Princess Pat rouge possesses a mystical *underglow* to harmonize with the skin, and an *overtone* to give forth vibrant color. Moreover Princess Pat rouge *changes* on the skin, adjusting its intensity to *your individual need.*

Every Shade of Princess Pat Matches Any Skin

Whether you are blonde or brunette, or any type in between, *any shade of Princess Pat* you select will harmonize with *your skin.* The duo-tone secret gives this unheard of adaptability. And what a marvelous advantage; for variations of your coloring are *unlimited.* There are shades of Princess Pat for sparkle and intensity when mood, gown or occasion dictate brilliance; shades for rich healthful tints; shades that make cheeks demure; a shade for wondrous tan; an exotic, glowing shade for night—under artificial lights.

Be Beautiful Today as You Never Were Before

Princess Pat's thrilling new beauty is too precious to defer. And words cannot adequately picture the effect upon your cheeks. Only when you *try* Princess Pat duo-tone rouge will you realize its wonders. Today, then, secure Princess Pat and discover how gloriously beautiful you *can be.*

Princess Pat

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

CANADIAN ADDRESS, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO

Princess Pat Lip Rouge a new sensation—nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. You'll love this new beauty. Keeps lips soft and free of chap and dryness. Permanent. Dainty enameled metal box.

FREE PRINCESS PAT, LTD.
Dept. A-1274
2709 South Wells St., Chicago

Without cost or obligation please send me a free sample of Princess Pat rouge, as checked.

☐ ENGLISH TINT ☐ *Summer* TAN ☐ NITE
☐ VIVID ☐ MEDIUM ☐ SQUAW ☐ THEATRE

Name (Print)_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

One sample free; additional samples 10c each

A Vacation in a Bottle

How quickly "nerves" are ironed out and glorious energy returns, even in a two weeks vacation!... But what to do, when you feel tired and run down and can't get away?

Doctors say: "Take a tonic." And in 58 countries the tonic prescribed by specialists is FELLOWS' Syrup. You take it in water, regularly. Soon you know and feel that revivifying forces are at work. Your appetite improves. Your low spirits and weariness depart. Your nervous exhaustion is corrected. You no longer magnify your troubles. You feel the refreshing contentment that vacations always bring.

FELLOWS' Syrup acts by replenishing the body's vital mineral salts and supplying dynamic ingredients. Its potency is maintained by rigid laboratory control. Try FELLOWS' and you will be grateful, as millions are, to physicians who first prescribed it for them.

FELLOWS' Laxative Tablets, a vegetable compound, are mild and effective.

THE TONIC

FELLOWS' SYRUP

Dumant thought that over. "Why not see Borelli yourself?" he suggested at last. "He's a wild sort of chap, but even men of his stamp usually step out when a girl wants to begin a decent life with a man who wants to marry her."

"At first he said I was good riddance. That was when I left him, over a year ago. But lately he's tried to see me." Her voice went into a whisper. "I'm afraid."

"I think the best thing is to tell him yourself, not let him find out about you and this Dennis from some one else. Put it up to him. If he believes you're on the level, he'll be the same."

She rose with decision. "I'll go down to him now. I can't bear to wait." But the hand she extended to Dumant trembled. So much was at stake. She wanted to cry: "Must I pay my whole life because I thought for a little while that decency was stupid?" But she tried to put on the swagger that was her outward sign of courage. Not to let Borelli know. That was important.

Dumant said: "Everything will be all right." He leaned down and swiftly kissed her. "Luck!" he said, with a strange, tight feeling in his throat. Little Jill! He closed the door.

BORELLI was dumfounded. She was the only woman in his life who had not clung to him after his own easily vacillating sentiment had died. It gave him a sense of exultation to have her returning. Well, he would make her crawl—teach her this time.

"I want to talk," Jill began.

"You don't say. Have a drink?"

"No. This is important, Tony. I know you're going to understand, going to be sweet."

"So? Well, better have a shot. I've had a third of the bottle since I came in, so I'm in a position to vouch for it."

"Tony, please put down your glass and listen. Please don't drink any more until I've said what I have to say."

"The act of drinking, my dear, doesn't interfere with my hearing."

"Tony," — a little desperately, — "you haven't anything against me, have you? I mean—what happened—is over and done with, isn't it? You wish me luck, don't you—as I wish you?"

So she hadn't come crawling back! His hand, pouring from the rapidly emptying bottle, shook. "Luck? If you'd stuck to me, you'd've had luck. I could have made a star of you. I'd've made myself and my band just your orchestra. I—"

"Don't. Don't, Tony. Please don't touch me. . . . . It isn't as if you cared for me really. Nor as if I cared for you. You're the kind that always has some one, anyone. There was Lila and Flo and Margaret. There was me, Tony; and since there has been—"

"Well, you didn't think you'd broken my heart, did you? Expect me to sit around glooming for you?"

"No, Tony. I didn't. I knew you wouldn't. That's what I mean. That's exactly what I mean, don't you see? But —we're different. I hate the theater. I want to get away. I want to get out of it with some one I honestly love, and who loves me and expects to love me always. I want—"

He drained his glass quickly—set it down so that it smashed. "Who is he?"

Nothing could have made her say Dennis' dear name in this place. "Don't look like that, Tony! It doesn't make any difference who it is. But — you wouldn't stand in my way, would you? You wouldn't tell—"

"Who is it?"

"Tony, you hurt! Let me go. Oh, don't make everything so difficult. I want to be happy. I can be. Let me go! You mustn't hold me like this! Tony! Don't kiss me. No, I don't want to kiss you! I wont. Oh! Oh!" She struggled. She felt his lips, hot and hard, against hers. She shivered.

As he felt that shiver, he flung her away. She was weeping then.

"Dumant said—" she began.

"Dumant? So that's who it is! You show rotten taste, my dear. Taking him instead of me because he—"

"No, no, it isn't Dumant. He's just a friend. He told me you—"

"All right. Get out. So he's going to marry you. Fancy that!"

"You're wrong, Tony. He's just a friend. He and I—"

"Go on. I should worry. What are you waiting for? Said your say, haven't you? Here's luck!" He and Dumant using the same word, but with what a difference! Borelli raised the bottle, bloodshot eyes searching vainly for a glass. "To a joyless honeymoon!"

She ran down then the three flights of stairs to the street. It was five minutes before four that she entered the foyer of her own hotel, murmuring, "It's a nice evening," to the doorman, who had told Dumant's friends about it later.

SITTING taut and terrified in her cell now with the certainty of Dennis' love surrounding her, she stared dully ahead. If she told him everything to save her life, what then? She would lose him! "I'd rather die than live without him," she whispered, and in that whisper she declared her decision.

Dennis too was fighting to get clear of the blur into which emotions gone berserk had plunged them all. He sat at his desk, that feeling of power still stirring within him. Nothing could prevent him now from finding the key which would unlock the secret of that horrible night. "If Dumant was her lover, he's gone," flashed through his brain. He was done with illusion, Dennis Krahl, stripped of the finesse that civilization brings in exchange for the instinctive cravings of a man. He was male, yearning to mate. Jealousy had purged him of what only yesterday he would have considered the inalienable measurements of his own behavior. The actual bars, larded with the red tape of the law, which kept his woman from him, must be opened. He would find a way to do it. That was all.

His secretary came in, saying: "A Mr. Borelli to see you."

Dennis started out of the exaltation of his mood. "Show him in, will you?" But in that moment of waiting he slipped back into that substitute of reality which is life for every moment bereft of intuitive passion.

Borelli, by temperament not given to nuance, said: "I've come around, Krahl,

to tell you— Well, you seemed surprised yesterday to hear there was something between Jill and Dumant. It struck me that if she hasn't told you, wont tell you, she may be hurting herself in the end. I don't know why she isn't telling, but I'm convinced that you, as her lawyer, ought to know—well, know as much as I do."

Dennis answered: "Go on. What do you know?"

"I know that Jill came to me after having been with Dumant that night to tell me she wanted to get married." He paused a moment, pallor creeping up his dark-skinned face.

"Why did she go to you?" Dennis cried.

"I—" the orchestra leader began. He stopped. "I don't know whether she went back to Dumant's or not," he ended lamely, trying to wrest young Dennis back to the points of his recital as he wished to give them.

"Why should she go to you—at that hour?" Dennis persisted. Perspiration stood out on his face. He rubbed his lips savagely with his handkerchief, waiting. "Why?" he demanded again.

"I don't know. We're old friends," Borelli replied at last, lashed with desire to fling the truth of what he had been to Jill in the face of Dennis, and, in spite of himself, held back. But Dennis had not heard him. His eyes were arrested on the linen he held in his hot hands, on the handkerchief he had passed over his lips, and on which there was now a streak of red. *Of red.* Vainly the sight tried to telegraph some meaning to his brain. What was it? A streak of—lipstick! How had it come there? He saw her lips again, curved for his kiss, leaving this carmine shadow on his own.

Why, then—why, then—the serviette at Dumant's—

"Did you kiss Jill when she came to you?" he shouted to Borelli.

HIS thin figure quivering, Borelli stepped back in terror. "Did you?" Dennis cried. "I don't know what she went to you for, I don't care why she went to Dumant's. I want to know whether you kissed Jill the night Dumant was murdered."

Borelli's instant's terror left him. He regained his poise as a man may when he is confronted by another who wants to learn something. When he spoke his voice was hard, cool. "Calm yourself, Krahl. Why should you care whether I kissed Jill Durou?" He was driving on recklessly, nearer and nearer to his desire to fling out the truth. "Certainly I kissed her. I—"

"Then you left the lipstick marks on the serviette yourself!"

It was then Borelli needed all the make-believe aplomb the theater had taught him.

"I?" There was incredulity in his high, tight voice. "You are being a fool. As for kissing Jill, let me tell you that she and I—"

"Dennis!" Both men whirled. Jill was standing at the door.

Finding them together so, the very atmosphere stinging with the excitement of their spirits, the girl went lax. After everything, was Dennis to find out now?

It was Dennis who sprang to her, almost carrying her to a chair. "Tell Tony Borelli to go," she begged. "It's all right,

How To Get Sound Sleep Without Drugs

A New Discovery That Not Only Induces Instant Sleep, But Induces The Kind of Sleep That Brings All Day Energy Next Day

IF you are troubled with restless nights, we urge you to make the trial suggested here. Doing so has made a great difference in the lives of thousands of nervous people.

On doctors' advice, millions are employing this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. And does far more than simply induce sleep! *It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.*

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food-concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime; a super-delicious drink that builds health in a natural way.

First, it induces sleep. A few minutes after you go to bed, you get sound, natural sleep. For Ovaltine contains no drugs—as every doctor knows.

Then, *while* you sleep, its peculiar dietetic properties re-supply your system with the energy lost the previous, active day. For it contains, in easily digested form, practically EVERY building element necessary to energy. And thus provides the *kind of sleep that re-builds and rejuvenates.*

You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well. You feel like a new person all the next day!

Do you wonder then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used for 30 years in Europe, its use has spread to over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

Try It Tonight

Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous underweight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day to relieve fatigue and restore vitality. Widely different from "malt" or "chocolate" drinks, its scientific standing is unquestioned.

A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel. Your whole appearance will show the results of restful sleep and vitality restored this natural way. Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine—but *try it.* Try it without delay. Start tonight. Just phone your druggist or grocer now—ask for a can of Ovaltine.

710-R

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink

Dennis. There—there wasn't any murder. Dumant took some stuff in the last drink he ever had. He took it himself. They proved that—and I'm free!"

Free. Of course. Dennis was thinking: "Yes, the lipstick streak on the serviette. Dumant left it there himself. A woman would unfold a serviette. But a man would take it up unfolded—as that one was found—brush it across his lips, so—" Almost unconsciously he illustrated with the handkerchief he still held in his clenched hand.

"But why should Dumant do a thing like that?" They both turned at Borelli's words. They had forgotten him. "Dumant had no reason to kill himself," Borelli's husky voice continued.

"Who," said Jill softly, "ever knows what goes on in some one else's heart, Tony? Dumant's doctor had told him that day he hadn't long to live. He'd given him some medicine to help him when pain got too bad. Dumant just took too much—on purpose." Jill was looking straight at Borelli now. "Tony, Tony, no one ever knows what's more important than life—or death—to some one else."

It was young Dennis who spoke first. "You're more important than anything in the world to me, Jill," he said.

Borelli watched. When he finally spoke, his voice held a new note.

"You're right, Jill, no one knows, really. I guess the best thing anyone of us can do is give the rest a good break. . . . . Well, so long."

Jill and Dennis were alone. "I'll make you forget everything, dear," he said. "Nothing exists but now and the future."

"Yes," she whispered. "And I promise I'll never make you sorry."

THE AUCTIONING OF MARY ANGEL

(Continued from page 37)

in sophistication commenced. We attended theaters where infidelities that I had considered sins were brandished as matters for jest. It was contradictory, confusing. We drove home beneath stars and arc-lights along boulevards to cuddle in the same bed. I became dippy about Mummy. She was continually saying:

"'Little darling, I had no idea you'd grown to be so lovely.'

"Having scrapped my convent uniforms, she set to work redecorating me inside and out. I was introduced to lipstick and all the tricks of make-up—vanities against which the nuns had warned me. She bobbed and permanented my hair. She threw away my corsets, replacing them and my et ceteras with garments so scanty that I felt almost drafty. When I say threw them away, I'm not exaggerating. We discarded them with an absurd ritual. Waiting till nightfall, we dropped them into the Seine from one of the bridges.

"'Couldn't give them to anyone,' Mummy laughed; 'nobody would accept them. Besides, I'd hate to have it known that my daughter had been so old-fashioned.'"

"How gay we were! And yet it was difficult to grasp the logic which governed this wholesale reversal of values. If the nuns had been right about humiliating the body, then Mummy was a sinner. But if the nuns had been wrong, why had Mummy paid them to discipline me in errors?"

"ONE minute." I forget my promise not to interrupt. "You're difficult to please, young lady. When your mother didn't bother about you, you blamed her. When she did bother about you and made you dippy over her, you still blame her."

"I don't." Mary smooths her abbreviated skirt in a futile effort to prevent her knees from showing. "Far from blaming her, I'm sorry for any woman who's bamboozled herself when she hoped she was bamboozling others. Mummy's deceived herself in so many ways that it isn't even funny. She pretends to mistake Daddy's indifference for affection—because he hands her money. She's fibbed about her age till I don't believe she knows it. The bad taste she can't forgive in me is that I allowed my husband to escape, when to have kept him would have ruined him. She thrives on insincerity; whereas I have to be sincere or I'd stifle."

HER eyes are dry, but her voice is husky. I pat her hand. She ignores my sympathy.

"You were outlining your symptoms," I coax her.

"Let's skip to St. Jean," she takes up the thread. "You mustn't confuse me with the person I am now; I was then the same little girl who used to romp with you, only stretched out longer. The blanks in my knowledge were appalling. I hadn't the foggiest notion about sex, about why men covet women or anything like that. Everybody with whom I associated knew the things I didn't. I was decked out to allure, gagged and blindfolded by ignorance. I did things which to me seemed innocent, without in the least guessing the provocative meaning attributed to them by onlookers.

"The fast set at St. Jean consists in the main of Continental men and American women—divorcées, grass-widows, ambitious climbers out to marry their daughters to a title—the same as Mummy and me. An American woman in Europe is so terror-stricken of being thought provincial that she'll make any sacrifice to appear smart. Trying to be broad-minded, she allows herself to get chatty with any well-dressed gallant. As a consequence she gets accosted so often that she becomes convinced that her husband and his hard-working pals back home have underestimated her charm. Sooner or later some one rouses her. One of two things follows: either she grows frightened and books her return passage, or she blooms into a Cleopatra and cables hubby to renew her letter of credit. Meanwhile yachts drop anchor in the harbor. Sunlight pours in a deluge. Dance-music tinkles. Up and down the coast there are dotted love-nests to which one can dash off in automobiles. One's only duty is to be popular, and the sum in subtraction between naughtiness and virtue seems niggardly."

"What," I inquire, "is the purpose of this child's first guide to European flirtations?"

"It isn't a child's first guide," she withers me. "It's a lecture on what not to do when bringing out a daughter. The beach is the place to get accosted. Mummy had bought me a white one-piece bathing-suit sufficiently daring to attract attention. For the first few days we lay on the sands, smeared with coconut oil, trying to raise a tan. Anywhere else we would have been arrested for exposure, coconut oil being the main item of our clothing; but I was quickly learning that conscience has nothing to do with decency, and that whatever the majority do is proper. I questioned Mummy and discovered that the only crime for a woman is to be neglected.

"Well, we weren't at all neglected. We scraped acquaintance with strangers and were introduced by them to other strangers. Our entertainment started with cocktail parties. Very soon we belonged to a crowd. We turned night into day, danced till dawn, rose at eleven. We weren't doing wrong because everybody was doing it. As a further excuse Mummy explained that this visit to St. Jean was the first step in her campaign for putting me on the social map. Compatriots who might sniff at us in New York, abroad were likely to prove quite affable. I must single out the useful ones and freeze on to them."

SHE turns to read in what spirit I am accepting her revelations. One of the many ways in which the modern girl makes men of my age appear ancient is to show maternal tenderness for our lamb-like purity.

"This isn't all news." I gaze at my boots. "Long ago there was a war, and I went on leave to Paris."

"But you're not sufficiently shocked, Uncle Biff. I'm sure you can't realize what I'm trying to tell you. You're like the rest of American men, who let their women wander: you're either too indifferent to care what we do, or too conceited to believe that we're capable of doing it. Some husband ought to break loose and spank his spouse."

"Public opinion frowns on spankings," I stay her. "Let's get back to white yachts and sunshine."

"St. Jean was a dream." She clasps her hands in remembered ecstasy. "In the mornings we bathed; during the afternoon we danced or played tennis; after nightfall we crowded into automobiles and went plunging through the dusk to faëry palaces.

"Presently I began to glean stories—that Mrs. So-and-So had become Mr. Somebody's mistress. When I recounted them to Mummy, she affected superiority: 'This isn't a convent. I'm introducing you to society.'" Mary caught her breath. "You'd scarcely believe, Uncle B., the hurdles that fluffy middle-aged women take when they've ditched

their husbands. St. Jean de Luz was an eye-opener."

I CONSULT my watch surreptitiously. "To what are you leading?"

"To my first love-affair. Within a month all kinds of men had tried to kiss me. None of them had succeeded. My first kiss was something that I was saving for the boy in a fur coat, of whom I had dreamed since I was little. Amorousness to which I had no intention of responding rather amused me. I viewed love alooffy as a disease from which I would never suffer, and became expert in detecting its progressive stages. The first warning came when a man schemed perpetually to be alone with me. The second when, on the slightest pretext, he would brush against me. The third when, having got me to himself, he sank into idiocy and was puzzled what to do with me. The fourth when, having dived at my mouth and missed it, he almost lost his balance. This was a sign that I had permitted him to go far enough. According to his age and deportment, I applied one of several strategies. Are you condemning me as a malicious little bandit?"

"All maids of seventeen are angelic devils," I tell her shortly. "But explain your strategies. Perhaps we can compare notes."

"I had several." She squints down her agreeably retroussé nose. "A good one was to sneeze and pretend I'd caught cold. Another was to remember a pressing appointment. In desperate cases I employed a desperate remedy; I declared that I was already engaged, or at least had an understanding with a boy in America."

"My dear child,"—I feel it my duty to take her down a peg,—"you weren't as original as you fancied. Your antediluvian mother practiced all those wheezes years before you were created."

BUT one has to get up early to take the shine out of Mary. She smiles impishly.

"It was from Mummy I learned them. The night came, however, when my technique failed me. I can grin in remembrance, but the results weren't pleasant. There was a Brazilian with a waxy face and the straight features of an Indian, who managed to include himself on all our parties. He was a personage at St. Jean, for he'd broken the bank at the Casino. Mummy was eternally singing his praises, and he was eternally forcing his attentions. When he was anxious to dance with me, he always danced with her first. You can imagine how that flattered her.

"There was an Englishman who followed us. He never tried to be introduced, but wherever we went, I caught him watching. He looked like you, Uncle Biff, only younger. Because of that I felt safe when he was present.

"Well, one night we'd stayed late at Biarritz, at a restaurant where Russian archdukes and princesses did the waiting. When we rose, Mummy and I got separated. The Brazilian offered to drive me. While we were passing between shuttered houses, his only thought seemed to be to hurry me home. I was beginning to wonder how I'd offended, when in the

Middle-age lies waiting in the shadow of your chin

NOTHING ages a woman more swiftly or more surely than does a double chin. It makes her look old. The reverse is likewise true: nothing subtracts more years from a woman's appearance than does a firm, youthful chinline. It makes her look young.

It is a foolish woman indeed who lets time substitute a heavy, ageing underchin for her youthful chinline. There are simple, scientific treatments and preparations for warding off a double chin and for correcting it. These treatments were evolved by Dorothy Gray after years of study and research. They have proved their success over and over again, both in the Dorothy Gray salons and in thousands of homes where women give themselves these simple treatments.

Guard against a double chin *now*. Send this coupon for the booklet which explains the Dorothy Gray method. The exquisite Dorothy Gray preparations are sold at leading shops in your city.

DOROTHY GRAY

Dorothy Gray Building

683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO WASHINGTON ATLANTIC CITY

© D G 1930

R. B. 4-30

DOROTHY GRAY, *Six Eighty-Three Fifth Avenue, New York*

Please send me the new Dorothy Gray booklet, "Your Dowry of Beauty." I am particularly interested in: ☐ The Treatment for Lines and Wrinkles ☐ The Treatment for Double Chin ☐ The Treatment for Relaxed Muscles and Crêpy Throat.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

darkest part of the road he slammed on the brakes. Without giving me time to dodge, he grabbed me and glued his lips to mine. Having no knife with which to stab him, I regret to say I bit him. That made him eloquent. Tears dribbling down my cheeks, I was compelled to listen to his outpourings. He worshiped my tiny hands, my tripping feet, my saucy nose. When one boiled down his professions, all he was asking was that I would live with him.

" 'But I hate you. I wouldn't marry you for the world,' I tried to squelch him.

" 'Neither would I you. I'm not asking you to marry me, my lady tiger.'

"Mercifully, when affairs had reached this crisis, the glares of a following automobile fell on us like a searchlight. I yelled for help. The Brazilian was seized by the throat, forced to his knees and ordered to beg my pardon. The next thing I knew I had changed cars and was sobbing beside my Englishman. Driving with one hand and keeping his free arm about me, he comforted me as nicely as you would have done, Uncle Biff. . . . . That's enough for tonight. How time's flown!"

"You're playing me the old bedtime story trick, Mary Angel, that I used to play you. And you've left off at the very point where a dozen pages are torn from your diary. Wont you tell me in a handful of words what happened?"

"I will not. A mere handful wouldn't do justice to the subject. If you stay here any later, there'll be a first-class scandal. Your gray hairs wont excuse you."

Tossing me my coat and hat, she thrusts me into the corridor.

The elevator has ceased running. As I descend by the stairs, I meet surly male inhabitants leading their wives' dogs for a final airing.

"LET me see—" I consult the final paragraph of my notes. "You had reached the point at which your English knight-errant was behaving as nicely as I would have done in similar circumstances. I very much doubt the assertion; but I wont dispute it."

"Then we'll call it an armistice." She pats my shoulder. "You're a splendid collaborator; you do all the work while I do all the talking. You love to listen, and I love to reveal myself. Our relation is idyllic."

"I'm not here," I try to bring her to earth, "to help you keep your hand in."

She's as impervious to correction as a duck's back to water.

"Milk or lemon?" she asks innocently.

"Whichever you choose." I rebuke her. "I'm not here to help you keep your hand in, was what I was saying. I refuse to be a lay-figure."

"Don't get you." She passes me my cup. "I've given you lemon."

"Then you'd better get me, Mary Angel. I'm here to do business, not to flirt."

"Poor darling!" She peers at me. "You're suspicious. You're not used to women being kind to you."

"More women have been kind to me—" I commence.

She cuts me short.

"Don't boast. If we agree that it's worth recording, perhaps we'll write your story next. At present I'm the one who's providing the human interest. By the way, at my coming-out party did you notice anything restrained, defiant, bottled up about me? You didn't? I'm astonished."

I throw my mind back three years to the launching of Mary, which must have cost her father a fortune. I have a confused recollection of a dinner, perhaps to a hundred guests, which flowed and sparkled to the rhythm of bootlegged hilarity. I recall a dance which followed at a fashionable hotel; a supper served at midnight, for which I had no appetite; two jazz bands which seemed to be torturing concealed pussy-cats; a quite unnecessary breakfast announced when the sensible world was snoring. My final and most lasting memory is of sand in my mouth and a head that felt enormous.

UNDER Mary's urgings, certain impressions become vivid.

"For a prohibition country there was too much alcohol," I venture.

"That was done to secure a stag-line." She tinkles her spoon against her saucer.

"If you want to know what I thought," —her reserve goads me into frankness,— "the entire show struck me as a pretentious waste of money."

"How we agree!" She nods.

"Why did you allow it?" I snap her up. "Your father couldn't afford it. He gave the idea that he was richer than he was."

"Then the party was a success."

"But what did he gain by it?"

"What did anybody gain?" she returns my question.

"Don't fence." I endeavor to pin her. "What did your father gain by creating a totally spurious impression of wealth?"

"Aren't you simple?" Her eyes twinkle. "Who would marry the daughter of a man who wasn't wealthy? But do struggle a bit harder to remember about me. It's so terrifically important."

"You were dressed," I beg her not to hurry me, "in a Venetian gown. Silver, wasn't it? I can see your little pointed chin, your heart-shaped face uplifted and lips parted, as though you were waiting for some one whom you half expected. He didn't come; by morning you looked wilted and disappointed. Don't interrupt me; I'm remembering quite distinctly. I danced with you; you didn't heed me. You were like a person in a dream. 'Times have changed, little Mary, since days when I used to pick you out of your cradle.' Something of that sort I said. You were handed like a doll from partner to partner, always smiling, always expectant."

"Then you *did* notice." She seizes my hands. "I was watching for my Englishman—the one you called the knight-errant."

"So even at that early stage I had a rival!" I twit her. "The last I heard of him he had one hand on the wheel and his free arm about you. I judge from the swiftness of his tactics that he was susceptible."

"You're forgetting me," she corrected. "To make an embrace complete, it takes two to be susceptible."

"Excuse me." I halt her while I fumble for my pad and pencil. "You're so delightfully naïve. There's no objection, I hope, to reporting you verbatim."

"Sorry to have misled you," she continues blandly. "The only word he spoke all the way to St. Jean was to say it was a damned shame, and to call me a poor kiddy. He drove straight to my hotel. If Mummy had returned, this episode might have ended. But Mummy hadn't.

"I was so shaken—honestly I was—that I was frightened to be alone. I begged my Englishman to stay with me. He parked his car and suggested a stroll in the moonlight. I agreed, since it wasn't very romantic to sit in a dull lobby, chaperoned by a fish-eyed porter.

"My flimsy evening-wrap cuddled about me, we wandered off till we reached a jetty, which juts out into the harbor. On its steps, against which the sea was rippling, we sat down. I must have told him an awful lot about myself. You know how these things happen—sacred moments; when you were younger, you too must have had them. He reciprocated. That yacht lying at anchor in the path of moonlight was his. The rowboat dragging its rope against the jetty was his also. He'd been at the war. He was a homeless man. Nothing since the war had turned out satisfactorily. Then he whispered: 'Till now.'

"His arm about my waist tightened. He had noticed me, it seemed, the first day he had stepped ashore. He'd stayed because I'd attracted him. At that point my head sank against his shoulder. When he stooped his lips, I forgot about the boy in the fur coat. By the time I remembered, Mummy had been in the hotel an hour.

"You can imagine my meeting with her —or perhaps you can't. Her first question was whether the Brazilian had proposed.

" 'Such a surprise for dear Daddy,' she said excitedly, 'to bring you home the next best thing to married.'

"Foreseeing that I was about to disappoint her, I postponed confessing till the room was dark and we were separated by the space between our twin beds.

" 'But really, Mary, what a little idiot you are! There are ways of refusing a man without biting him. Besides, you must have been as much to blame as he was; this couldn't have happened unless you'd been forward.'

"I protested my backwardness, but Mummy wouldn't believe me.

" 'I'm deeply shocked, Mary. You must learn to control yourself. I don't feel that I can trust you. I hope you behaved more decorously with this English Don Quixote.'

"Guessing that already she was pinning her hopes on the Englishman, I pretended to be drowsy.

"NEXT morning I was up early. As I slipped into my bathing-suit, I kept gazing across the blue sheet of water where his yacht was lying. He had understood me. He hadn't spoken a word of condemnation. My heart went out to him.

"Mummy was still asleep. No one in the hotel was stirring except the servants. The promenade was empty. On the beach the only figure in sight was an old woman putting up the tents. Plunging into the sea, I began to swim out. I

think my idea was to escape my hypocrisy. As I drew away from land and approached the yacht, the hope grew that he might signal to me."

"I suppose the poor blighter was still snoring in his cabin."

"It was a gorgeous morning." She ignored me. "The Pyrenees looked like a green wall, so close that by stretching out your hand you could touch them."

THERE was much more in this lyric vein: farmhouses like nests, clouds like chariots, herself a mermaid.

"Let's take all that for granted," I interrupt impatiently. "Did you become exhausted, so that he had to rescue you a second time? If he did, did he behave as nicely as I would? Or did he pull up anchor and elope with you sans trousseau, sans wedding, clad in nothing but a one-piece bathing-suit?"

"Truth is stranger than fiction." She makes great eyes at me. "I reached the yacht without mishap and paddled around for a while. No one came out to notice me. I began to feel cold. The distance was too far to swim back; I climbed the ladder. It was jolly and warm on deck. Not having had much sleep, I dozed. When I opened my eyes, a rug had been thrown over me, and he was sitting beside me.

"Of course you're going to ask what he said. He accepted my being there perfectly naturally. He sent a sailor-man to his cabin to fetch me a dressing-gown, and after that we breakfasted. It was awfully easy to talk to him, the way it's easy to talk in dreams. A dream was what it seemed—as though when I had stepped into the sea, I'd swum clear away from reality. I told him why I'd escaped to him: because I'd found Mummy out—that she was only interested in me to get me married. He asked me if I didn't want to be married. I shook my head. 'I'd much rather be here with you.' Then we played a game of imagining, how we sailed away, always visiting tropic islands. 'Too bad you weren't born sooner,' he teased me. 'I must be double your age. When you're mine, I'll be over fifty. When you're fifty, I'll be— But why think about it? What I mean is we were fated to miss each other.'

" 'But we haven't,' I glowed on him.

"You'd have been fond of him too, Uncle Biff. He was like you. He treated me with a sort of playful seriousness. He didn't make me ashamed of being inexperienced."

"How long did you stay with him, Mary?"

"All day. I'd never been so happy."

"And pray, what was your mother doing?"

"She'd gone to San Sebastian to attend a bull-fight. We sent the sailor to the hotel to let her know where I was. She'd left a note for me, stating she might be late in her returning. By withdrawing the light of her countenance, she hoped she was punishing me. When we had rowed ashore and she was still absent, I dressed in my living best, and we drove out to dinner in the country. The place he took me to was Ascain, following the windings of the Nivelle. I could describe—"

"Don't," I implore her. "You'd been picked up by a man whom you didn't

The striking accent of sophistication
ACCENT • • • • • NAIVE
Utterly candid . . . joyously innocent is this ingenuous off-the-face mode in hats. What a piquant note it lends to the truly chic ensemble!
And Lenthéric powders . . . light, clinging, and so artlessly flattering . . . delicately perfumed accents to enhance the intriguing subtleties of the eternal feminine.
Face powder in silvered boxes, with puff, from $1.00 up — lip sticks at $1.50 — compacts from $1.50 up — and perfumes, in fascinating modern bottles, as low as $2.50.
At All Houses of Fashion
Lenthéric PARIS
Ses Parfums
PARIS SALON, 245 RUE-SAINT HONORÉ . . . NEW YORK SALON, FIFTH AVENUE & 58th STREET

know from Adam. You were seventeen; he was nearing forty. You'd consumed the entire day exposing your scarcely draped figure. Human nature being much the same the world over, at what point did he cease behaving nicely?"

"He didn't cease."

"Then what was the matter with him?"

"He happened to be a gentleman."

"If you'd said he happened to be a corpse, I'd understand you."

She peals with laughter and plunges the length of the couch to chastise me.

"How impossible you are to deceive! Doesn't it depend on one's definition of behaving nicely? I wont say he didn't kiss me. I wont say I didn't encourage him. We dined in an arbor, the stars peeping down. On our way home the Nivelle, whose wanderings you forbid me to describe, was a snake of silver moonlight. We had stopped the car while we embraced, to avoid driving dangerously, when he suggested: 'Tomorrow you'll introduce me to your mother.'

"'Not much,' I surprised him.

"'Why not?' he inquired.

"'Because she'd ask a lot of questions and do her best to make you marry me.'

"I DIDN'T know what I'd done—only that I'd done it. Stepping on the gas, he raced me home in record time.

"At parting, I accused him: 'You're angry.'

"He clutched me to him. 'With myself. With you—never.'

"I told Mummy a cock-and-bull story to account for my day. We went to bed almost reconciled.

"In the night I woke wondering why I'd warned him against Mummy. Suddenly I realized that I couldn't live without him. Not living without a man meant marrying him.

"Next morning I rose with the sun. Can't you see me, poor baby that I was in my white nightie? I tiptoed out onto the veranda and stifled a shriek. Why did I nearly shriek, Uncle Biff?"

"What's the use? You're telling the story."

"I shrieked because the yacht wasn't there.

"'He isn't there!' I shook Mummy. Naturally she wasn't placid when roused from dreams by a demented daughter.

"'If this gets known,' she scolded me, 'our reputations are mud. You bite a suitor for trying to kiss you one night, and the next day compromise yourself with another! There's nothing left for us but to pack and return to America.'

"And that's what we did, with a two weeks' stop-over in Paris to collect my coming-out dresses. A nice situation, wasn't it—Mummy fighting-mad and me broken-hearted!"

"But what had you done to the fellow? Given him stage-fright?"

"That's what I asked myself. It wasn't till I'd been home a month that his first letter, re-addressed from the hotel, reached me. It was a long letter full of self-accusations; the main fact it conveyed was that he was already married."

"The sneaking scoundrel!" I exclaim.

"Not at all," she counters fiercely. "Why will you spoil everything by being so darned conventional? I don't care what my age was, I was as much to blame. His wife had gone back on him. She hadn't lived with him since the war, yet she refused to divorce him. I was still crazy over him. No doubt you think that's immoral. I wrote him and received replies. I was desperate. My family was preparing to bring me out, which meant marrying me to some one else. Ten days before my launching, I cabled him. I promised to run off with him, if he'd come and fetch me."

She falls silent.

"Well, he didn't. That's obvious," I say to help her.

"No, he didn't." She smiles quietly. "But up to the very last minute— That was why you caught the expression on my face of always expecting."

"You hoped he'd appear in the ballroom doorway?"

I press her hand. She draws away.

"No need to be sentimental. Everyone has to be a fool once. I thought you ought to know; it kind of explains me. That's all for tonight."

As the door was closing, she popped her head out.

"So you see I was right in feeling that I was auctioned."

(The next episode in the extraordinary story of Mary Angel will be described by Mr. Dawson in our forthcoming May issue.)

HEART OF THE NORTH

(Continued from page 71)

"Hardsock, you and Pedneault take Constable Younge and get out. Baker, stay here; I want you here."

Vaguely Haskell realized that the Superintendent was ordering the men away so that they might not witness the humiliation of an officer. He had lost. The avalanche had crashed down upon him. Baker had come triumphant through this hour!

But in those moments of his crushing defeat, while Williamson was trying to fire the men out of the cabin, Haskell felt the first small breath of a strange relief, like a cool wind across his face. His fight with these northern men had been long and weary; but he was free of it now. And there had been times—when he looked upon Larry Younge, when he thought of Baker's great-hearted venture, when the news came of Dave MacMillan's suicide—that his conscience had revolted and he had loathed himself. He felt that in making a clean breast of everything to Williamson, it would be like coming out of a dark place into the sunshine again.

Only the old aching madness toward Elizabeth Spaulding would not down, but rose to torture him.

He heard Bill Hardsock still arguing stoutly, as Williamson backed the three men toward the door. Disjointed phrases impinged upon him. "Alan had to get out of the Mounted, sir, to go after those bandits. . . . . It's a hell of a pass, sir, when a man has to *get out of service to get his men.* . . . . It'll be still worse if something aint done about it somehow."

"I'll see to Baker's case. I say, get out!"

And he slammed the door behind them.

Chapter Twenty-six

AT Alan's cabin late that evening, Bill was sitting on the cot, head in hands, plunged into dejected thoughts. He was in such a blue funk that he neither heard nor cared what Alan and Buzzard were talking about.

Looking up now and then, he would glance through the open doorway into the storm-lowering night. At any moment he expected to see the lights of the L. & H. steamer which would take Joyce away within the hour. Not to return here, after her tragic duty at Resolution, but to go outside to Edmonton and on to Ottawa, twenty-five hundred miles away. He would never visit her again, would never again see her running down the path to greet him, never feel he was helping her or doing her some little service.

Back in the western hills a thunderstorm was rapidly sweeping eastward into the great valley of the Mackenzie. Down the dark slope a candle gleamed in Father Claverly's tiny study. where Joyce had gone. Pedneault had helped Larry hobble down to the river-bank. Fishing from a rock jut, they were talking, smoking, tossing their catch to a circle of expectant police huskies. By the occasional flashes of lightning Bill saw Whipple near the flower-garden edge, a forlorn and dismal figure, brooding on what awaited him here at Endurance among these men whom he had lied about and spied on.

An hour ago, by sheer accident, Bill had discovered that he was now officially in charge at Endurance. Walking past Haskell's cabin in the twilight, he had caught a few angry sentences from Williamson:

"If I had the entire say-so, Haskell, you'd go out of the Mounted faster than you came in. You're suspended; Hardsock will be given command here till I see what Baker is going to do. You don't deserve a chance to walk straight, but I'll give you one rather than kick up a row over you. There's a rook detachment down on the Border that's about your fit. I'm going to transfer you there, and I'll try not to laugh when I see men saluting you."

In the shaft of light streaming from the cabin door a girl's figure appeared. Bill straightened up suddenly, recognizing Elizabeth. As she came to the threshold where the light was full upon her, one glance told him she was imperially angry.

Always a bit afraid of her, Bill had no desire to linger and find out her trouble. Nudging Buzzard, he whispered:

"She wants to talk with Alan. We'd better get out. She's got a rolling-pin look in her eyes."

WHEN his two partners left, it seemed to Alan that the warm friendly atmosphere of the cabin vanished with them and the place became chill and uncomfortable.

As Elizabeth came across to the little library nook in the full candle-glow, he too saw she was angry, and instantly he guessed the cause of it. She had heard. . . . . She was going to fling reproaches at him and perhaps throw an ultimatum in his face. The thought hardened Alan against her.

With no word about his long patrol or the wounds he had brought away from it, Elizabeth demanded:

"Is it true—what I've heard—about that reward-money? You're not going to accept any of it?"

Alan was shocked that in her first breath she should speak of money. He said rather tersely:

"It's not altogether true. I'm taking enough to buy the MacMillan trading-post for Larry; and I have to pay for those things Buzzard and I stole in Edmonton. But I'm not keeping any of it otherwise."

"Are you crazy—to throw away more than you've made in all the years you've been stationed here in this backwoods?"

Alan reddened. "I'm neither crazy nor eaten up with sentiment. I'm—I'm—" He tried to be patient. "Elizabeth, look here. On that patrol I killed men, I took human life. They deserved to die, but I'm not accepting money for killing them."

"Then what did you go on that patrol for, and waste all these weeks?"

"Good Lord, have you been thinking I did it for the money? Is money the only thing in the world you ever think about?" Again he curbed his anger and spoke quietly. "Elizabeth, your brother Curt went on a patrol, and gave his very life, because—because— You may not understand why, but heaven knows it wasn't for money."

"Then you intend to throw away ten thousand dollars?"

"If you wish to put it like that—yes. I couldn't associate with myself if I'd accept it."

IN silence they looked at one another a moment. Then Elizabeth said:

"There's something else I want an understanding about. Mrs. Drummond told me you intend to take care of Jim Montgomery's girl."

"Yes, that's true; if I don't, who will?"

"It doesn't matter who will! She'll be taken care of some way. I'm not going to have an orphanage in *my* home."

"No, and I don't think there'll ever be a nursery in *your* home! Elizabeth, let me point out something to you. When Curt was taken, it fell to me to look out for you. Please, now, I'm not throwing it up to you; I did it freely and would've done more if I'd been able.

"Now Jimmy was killed. Easy to say his child'll be taken care of some way, but some one's got to do that. If I had a duty to Curt, I had one to Jimmy, too. You didn't object at all to my being responsible for you; you accepted it as more or less your due. But now you say I'm not responsible for Jimmy's child. I don't follow your reasoning."

She flung at him: "Then I'm to have no rights in my home, and nothing to say about how our money will be spent?"

Alan remembered her last visit here to his cabin, when she had all but offered herself to him—because he was going to a good-salaried position.

Now in colors

Pink, yellow, green, are exquisite tints in which you may select Kleenex (white, too, of course). The box is ingeniously arranged to have two sheets always at your finger tips.

This new, smart *safer* way to remove cold cream

blots up unabsorbed cold cream without stretching or irritating skin

AVOID pulling and stretching the skin during your beauty treatments, great beauty experts are saying today. Hard rubbing and stretching *pulls* the skin, relaxes it . . . and ultimately may produce large pores and wrinkles.

Famous beauties know the importance of this rule. That's why you find Kleenex on the dressing tables of stage and screen stars, and in up-to-date beauty salons.

Kleenex removes cold cream without rubbing. It is so very soft and absorbent that it simply *blots up* all the surplus cream and, with it, embedded dirt and cosmetics. How much safer it is than harsh towels, which simply *have* to be rubbed severely over the face, because they are so unabsorbent. How much more hygienic than germ-laden "cold cream cloths" which drive germs and dirt back into the pores, instead of removing them.

Each Kleenex tissue comes fresh and dainty from its dust-proof package. You use it just once, then discard it. So much less expensive than soiling and ruining towels!

For handkerchiefs, too

Use Kleenex for handkerchiefs, too. It saves unpleasant laundering, and is far pleasanter to use than handkerchiefs. Each time, you use a fresh, clean, soft tissue—then discard it. Thus, cold germs are discarded, instead of being carried around in pocket or purse, to reinfect the user and infect others.

On sale at all toilet goods counters. The coupon will bring a sample.

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Please send a sample of Kleenex to: H-4

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Kleenex
TO REMOVE COLD CREAM

With more harshness than he had ever shown her, he said sharply: "I'm going to look out for Jimmy's child. That's settled. If you don't like it, you don't have to."

ELIZABETH drew back, startled and shocked; but a whisper warned her: "Be careful, careful. Don't break with him, unless—until—"

Entirely mistress of herself, she was able to say to him presently, with even a touch of repentance in her tones:

"You may be right about that money—and Jimmy's little child. I didn't see your viewpoint, when I first came in here. I wont try to persuade you to do something you feel is wrong."

Watching him intently, she saw he was surprised—and disappointed—at her yielding to him. He wanted to break with her! He wanted her to release him!

Rather fearfully she broached the main purpose of her coming here.

"I heard you're going back into the Mounted."

"Who told you that?"

She started to say that Haskell had met her half an hour ago on the slope, had insisted on speaking to her, and had told her of this. But wisely she checked herself.

"I just heard. Several people said so."

"They were a bit hasty."

"Then you're not going back?"

He did not answer her directly. "Williamson offered to stop my buying-out papers at division headquarters, or else reenlist me as a constable and promote me to sergeant again. He said he himself would write to Colonel Steele and explain, and ask Steele to release me, if I'd agree to come back into service."

In her heart Elizabeth was flinging at him, contemptuously: "If you go back into that ninety-a-month rut, I'll never marry you! I'll never live here in this backwoods and be shunted from barracks to barracks!" But her lips said, with admirable self-control: "You haven't decided? You want time to think it over?"

"Yes—time—"

She saw him studying her, wondering, all confused and uncertain. She knew he had expected her to oppose him, to demand that he stay out of the Mounted. And she knew, too, that such an ultimatum would mean an end to their engagement. For her it might be like walking off a cliff.

"You want me to go down to Victoria?" he demanded sharply.

SHE was too wise to deny it entirely. "Yes, I do, Alan. I *would* rather we lived there. But you want to stay here. I don't feel it's my right to dictate your life-work."

"You're willing to stay here, then?"

"I'm willing to let you decide. I'm willing to stay here, if you want to."

Even while she spoke she was wondering. . . . . Why had Haskell come to her tonight with the news about Alan? She dared not forget his references last fall to his year in Paris. But she could still vividly remember him, two weeks ago, coming to her in the twilight, desperate for her company, begging for a few minutes with her.

Against his former affairs and his untrustworthy nature she weighed his passionate infatuation. The scales hung in the balance, uncertain, precarious. If she could talk with him, perhaps he would commit himself; perhaps she could lead him into some arrangement safe for her. . . . .

She said: "I'm sorry I was so—so sharp about those other things, Alan. I'm dreadfully tired and worn-out. This last week, not knowing where you were or if you were safe—it was a nightmare. I think I'll go—if you'll excuse me. . . . . We can talk about this tomorrow, Alan, can't we?"

"Yes—tomorrow," he said dully. "We can talk about it then."

When she left the cabin and started down the terrace, a lightning-flash of the approaching storm revealed to her Constable Whipple still sitting forlorn and dismal at the edge of Mrs. Drummond's flower-garden. By the window of his tiny study Father Claverly sat alone. Joyce had gone. There was a light in Inspector Haskell's cabin; he must still be awake.

A few miles down-river she heard the distant long-drawn toot of the fur-trading steamer beating up to Endurance and on south to Resolution. The sound awoke a tumult of memories; it seemed like a voice of the outside, an echo of the city life that all her being clamored for. She glanced again at Haskell's cabin. He was going south, south to the land of cities. To go with him would be like a flight, an escape from this far North country, into the haven of that Ontario estate, his comfortable heritage, their winters in glittering Ottawa.

She thought of going over to his cabin on some pretext. But after her coldness of these last weeks, such an act would be too much an overture, even though she had talked with him that evening. Why couldn't she send Whipple with some hint, some message to him? Haskell would come out to her.

ALAN had flung himself down on the bed for a few moments in a dull uncaring mood. Elizabeth had not hinted at releasing him. She had given him no honest cause to break the engagement.

He felt that tomorrow, after Joyce was gone away, he would not greatly care whether she released him or not.

His trip to Endurance had started his wounds to throbbing. The long day had been a physical and emotional strain, with the worst of it all yet to come. He was fighting for strength and courage to go down and tell Joyce good-by. He too had heard the whistle of the steamer that was taking her out of his life.

A timid knock at the door roused him. With a leaping hope that it might be Joyce, he got up hastily, stepped into the outer room and bade: "Come in."

His visitor was Corporal Whipple.

With a hasty glance at the door, as though fearful of being overheard, the corporal said secretively:

"I came to tell you. . . . . There's something I think you ought to know, sir. It's for your own good."

Alan studied the man scornfully. He made a shrewd guess:

"I suppose you want to blab something about Haskell. Your ship is scuttled, so you're trying to get aboard another one."

"It's about Haskell, yes sir. But—but I think you really ought to know. It's my duty to tell you."

"What's your game, fellow? What're you expecting to get out of double-crossing Haskell and playing up to me? Come out plain."

"I—I— Well, sir, the Superintendent says he's going to make me stay here at Endurance. He says it would be—well, punishment, because I told—I said what the Inspector ordered me to say about that patrol. I'd like—I thought you might help me. . . . . If I could only get transferred to some other post."

"That's a wise ambition of yours," Alan commented. "Damned wise—after the way you've lied and spied on us men. And you thought I'd help you get a transfer! While I'm thinking about it—if *I* do go back in service here, you'd better yank off those two-stripes in a hurry. It takes a *man* to wear that uniform down here and a hell of a good man to wear two stripes. Now get out!"

GOADED by the fearsome prospect of living here among these men, Whipple made a last frantic effort.

"You've got to know about this, Sergeant Baker. I think it's shameful the way she's deceiving you and the way he's meeting her—out there—at night—"

Alan whirled on him. "She—deceiving me!" In his astonishment his scornful contempt of this sycophant went by the board. The words had struck him like a slap; he was thinking of nothing but them.

"I knew you never suspected a thing, Sergeant. I felt it was my duty to let you know. I mean Miss Spaulding. She's meeting him; she's with him down there at the edge of the woods. She sent me to him to tell him where he could find her, and he went to her—"

He backed away from Alan hastily. The expression that came over Alan's face let him know he was fumbling with dynamite, and God pity him if he bungled it.

"D'you mean," Alan demanded, "that she's down there at the woods with Haskell? She sent you to bring him out there to her?"

"Yes sir," Whipple stammered. "I'm telling you the truth, sir." He grew a little more assured as he realized that Baker's towering anger did not include him. Baker's anger went over him as something too inconsequential even to notice, and he thanked heaven for that. "They're out there now, Sergeant Baker. He's trying to get her to—well, to throw you over and go with him, but she's afraid he mightn't marry her and then she'd be—well, stranded if she throws you over."

A horrible suspicion shot into Alan's mind. Here in his cabin a quarter-hour ago—why had Elizabeth come in so angry and imperious, and then done a sudden about-face and so strangely yielded to him? Had she been weighing her chances with Haskell, thinking of marrying Haskell, even while she had talked of "our" home?

As he realized that Whipple was telling the truth, that she was with Haskell there at the woods'-edge now, his suspicion mounted to a certainty. With him, with Haskell too, Elizabeth was playing a game. If she could get Haskell, she would break

her engagement in an instant. But she wanted to be sure of a marriage before she took that step.

Whipple pleaded timidly, as Alan started past him for the door: "About my transfer, sir—you'll help me? You'll do what you can for me, sir?"

Alan's answer fairly dazed him. "I'll get you a transfer—before Williamson leaves! And still be in your debt!"

AS he strode down the slope, it seemed to Alan that a heavy weight which he had borne these past two years, which had drained his energy and caused him to flounder around in bewildered uncertainty, had suddenly fallen away from him.

Ahead of him at the woods'-edge he made out the dim whiteness of Elizabeth's dress; and then by a lightning-flash he saw the two of them sitting together under a low sweeping pine. He had an instant's glimpse of Haskell holding her hands, pleading with her; of Elizabeth listening, uncertain of his passion, coolly drawing him on to a commitment.

When he loomed upon them out of the gusty darkness, they sprang to their feet, Elizabeth panic-stricken, Haskell with a snarl of anger.

"Put up the gun, Haskell!" Alan bade him, noticing the quick blurred movement. "I don't want to fight you. Not for *her!* I didn't come for that."

He stepped on up till he was face to face with them there in the darkness. A long flash of lightning, which split into jarring thunder that rolled bellowing across the great river, lit up the terrace and the dark woods. By the light of it Alan saw Elizabeth's features, white and scared. She knew he had found out, knew she no longer had any hold on him.

He did not speak to Elizabeth at all, but ignored her.

"Don't think I came down here to interfere, Haskell," he said, his voice harsh. *"You're welcome!* And don't think you surprised me tonight. I haven't been blind. You sent me away on those crazy patrols so you could be alone with her. You went sneaking to her while she was engaged to me. You loaded me with the shame and blame of that Alooska misery because you thought it'd swing her to you. But she was playing too safe to break with me. She didn't trust you. I can't blame her for that. Not after the way she saw you deal with me, and after your tall talk about mistresses in the European capitals—"

HASKELL drew his fist back in hot anger. "Don't bring that up! Don't mention her name in that connection."

"I'm glad you feel that way. You'd better feel that way! You're not in Paris or Madrid now, where you can take a train and fade. You're here in the North Woods, a thousand miles from a train. Here you're going to stand up to what you say."

He paused a moment; he leaned a little nearer Haskell, and delivered his ultimatum in the tones of a grim warning:

"You've worked hard enough to get her; you fought me with lies and did me all the damage a man could do. What happened between you two while I was gone I don't know. I don't care. But I can guess—finding you two out here to-

The Saline Cocktail

is a toast to your own health!

TOMATO and clam juice cocktails have a new and suddenly acquired popularity. But, for your health's sake, there's nothing quite so good for you as a Saline Cocktail in the morning! You drink its sparkling combination whenever you wake up with a logy, upset system! *Here's what happens:*

Into a glass of fresh, cool water . . . a spoonful or so of Sal Hepatica fizzes and bubbles! (Measure with the bottle cap if more convenient.) This splendid mixture is refreshing in effect—prompt and efficient in clearing your body and your bloodstream!

With Sal Hepatica's gentle action, many a man routs the ill effects of a sluggish intestinal tract! Regularly, women drink it for a blemish-free and healthy skin.

For constipation . . . headaches . . . colds . . . rheumatism and a long list of common digestive disorders are banished thoroughly by this saline method with Sal Hepatica. More than any other kind of laxative, it corrects acidity, it purifies the blood, it rids the system of wastes and poisons!

IN Europe as well as in this country, physicians recognize and advocate the marked advantages of salines. Sal Hepatica contains the same natural salines and is the efficient American equivalent of Europe's world-noted health springs!

From your doctor, learn more about the saline way to health. Ask him about Sal Hepatica. Buy a bottle today from your druggist . . . Any morning you arise half-sick and out-of-sorts, drink to your own good health with this sparkling saline.

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's *30¢, 60¢ and $1.20*

© 1930

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. J-40, 71 West St., New York
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

night, sneaked away from the post at night. Now, after that. . . . . You've told her you wanted to marry her. *That's what you're going to do.* You're not going to put it off; you wont spring something about taking her out to Edmonton or Ottawa; you wont be given any benefit of the doubt. You'll marry her here at Endurance—before you leave! You'll either do that, or I'll come down there to your cabin and I'll settle with you the way you thought I was going to do tonight!"

He turned on his heel, left them, and strode out along the dark slope to the post.

JOYCE had helped Bill take her personal baggage down to the wharf, and had talked over with him final arrangements to forward the peltry to Edmonton and sell the trading-store. Waiting for the steamer, she had quietly slipped out of Mrs. Drummond's house into the garden back of it, telling no one where she had gone.

She was aware that Alan intended to come down before she left, for half an hour with her. She had slipped out into the garden to make that impossible. She could meet him for a few moments at the wharf and say good-by calmly enough; she preferred to slip away with a brief handclasp, a *voyageur's* nod and *"Bonne chance!"*

The candles of the post had been snuffed out one by one. Down the river, just below the timbered headland, she saw the twinkling lights of the steamer beating steadily up toward Endurance.

The cool sweet rain-wind, beating against her, fluttering her hair and dress, was refreshing to Joyce in her feverish mood. Her talk with Father Claverly, an hour ago in his study, had thrown her back into an uncertainty that was torture. He had destroyed all the defenses she had built up at so terrible a cost. He had told her the story, as he had watched it, of Elizabeth playing on Alan's sense of responsibility and enmeshing him little by little. In his gentle deep-seeing way he had got the truth from her. She could hear him gently reproaching her:

"Joyce, you've retreated within yourself, you've hardened yourself. Joyce, in so far as you make pain and suffering of spirit impossible to you, in that same measure you make happiness, too, impossible. I have a trader friend who built his home in a deep hollow where he's sheltered from winter blizzards. But Joyce, he has shut out the sun of summer, too! If you refuse to hope, with all the uncertainty and pain that go with hoping, then you'll be walking in shadows all your life.

"I don't think you ought to leave without giving Alan some hint of how you feel. It would go against your pride as a girl, but you'll be making a terrible mistake if you don't. I think, I *know*, that if he had any hope of you, he'd ask Elizabeth to release him. She's made him bitterly unhappy; he's realizing their marriage would be a tragedy. It isn't that he's been unsteady in affection; in his deepest heart he's been loyal to you all along. Wont you give him a chance to tell you so?"

While she stood there, half-hidden by an arbor of morning-glories, she saw a dim figure come out along the slope from the direction of the woods'-edge, and as it passed her, scarcely a dozen feet away, she recognized Alan. He went on to the factor's house. She heard him knock, heard him ask for her, heard his puzzled, "That's odd," when Mrs. Drummond said she'd been gone for half an hour.

In a strange mood, with her pride beating down the impulse to let him know where she was, she watched him hurry across the terrace to Father Claverly's study. A few moments later he came out, disappeared in the darkness down toward the wharf; and when he failed to find her there, he came back up the terrace, walking slowly, passing near her, and going on up toward his cabin. Something in his manner, in his dejected head and slow beaten gait, let her know he was aware she deliberately had gone away in these last minutes and deliberately had shunned a parting talk with him.

By a lightning-flash she saw the bandage she had put around his forehead, and his maimed hand, his arm in a sling. . . . . The memory of him, driving across that deadly open water, of his taking those rifle-bullets into his own body to save her, rose before Joyce vivid as this white flash flooding the terrace. . . . . And that night two years ago, here on this very spot beside the morning-glories, when she came back here and they had talked of plans for a life together, came back to her with all its haunting poignant memories.

He was walking listlessly, in some dull uncaring mood—he was going past her. . . . . Joyce felt, she *knew*, that he would not come down to the wharf; that he would not see her again, believing she preferred it so. . . . .

The darkness fell again, like a black curtain. His dim figure was slowly vanishing from her. A great battle rose in Joyce; a fierce swift tumult racked her. . . . . To call out to him and bring him to her; to be silent and let him go into the darkness. If she called, he would come to her; if she kept silent now, she would never see him again, would never hear his voice again. . . . .

As Alan went slowly past the garden, unconscious of the lightning-flashes, thinking only that Joyce, who had burned his picture and his gift, was now refusing a last hour with him, he heard a faint sound in the windy blackness. It sounded like his name. In surprise he whirled toward the arbor of morning-glories, and as he stood there listening, he heard it again —his name—Joyce's voice, half-sobbing:

"Alan, don't go! I'm—I'm here."

Chapter Twenty-seven

AS she worked on a report that evening in the little library nook, Joyce would pause now and then and listen intently, her dark eyes peering into the blackness outside the window.

It was time for Alan to be returning with Bill and Ped from a patrol down the Mackenzie. In the sharp vigorous gusts of October wind she kept thinking she heard the drone of the launch. Leaning forward to the pane, she would try to look down upon the great river, but the early night had fallen, black and swirling, and she could not see beyond the shaft of candle-light.

Across the room from her, on a blanket-padded couch, little Marian Montgomery had fallen asleep over a picture-book, her tiny moccasins kicked off, one arm hanging over the couch. In the deep dreamless sleep of babyhood the little tot was oblivious to the threat and snarl of autumnal wind swirling around the cabin. If there was any sacrifice in having that airy little companion in her home, Joyce had not yet become aware of it. She often thought there was more truth than jest in a Norman trader's rough joke—that she and Alan had "got away to the flyingest start I ever heerd of."

Listening tonight to the October wind which heralded the seven-months' winter, Joyce wondered just what that trader would have to say next spring when the snow-geese came again and April softened the trees with buds. . . . .

The report she was working on was a statement to her former bureau chief in Ottawa of the money expended in her work among the Indian women around Endurance. Her years at the Alooska trading-store had given her an intimate knowledge of Tinneh life in all its raw reality. She knew that even the barest elements of hygiene and nursing and home-making would be a leaven of inestimable worth among the nomad tribes; and her bureau chief, interested in her ideas, had wheedled a thousand dollars out of the Indian department for her use. Fairly launched on her pioneer enterprise, she was looking forward with all her spirited enthusiam to a busy, zestful winter.

DURING a lull in the wind she suddenly heard the unmistakable sound of the big police boat skimming up the wave-tossed Mackenzie. Putting aside her report, Joyce ceased being Deputy Indian Agent at Fort Endurance, N. W. T., and became the wife of Inspector Baker, Officer Commanding there. With a glance at the sleeping tot, she flung a cape about her, went out of the cabin and ran down the dark wind-swept terrace toward the wharf.

There was a light in Mrs. Drummond's kitchen; but the guestroom where Elizabeth Spaulding had lived had been dark for many months. In the trading hall Factor Drummond was outfitting three half-breed assistants who were going westward into the wilderness for the winter to buy up peltry. In the hospital annex Father Claverly was working over a stoical-faced young Loucheux who had been mauled by a bear and brought in half-dead. The big gaunt police barracks was ablaze with cheerful lights. The two field detachments had been recalled; the post numbered eleven men, all of them seasoned northern men except Burgoon. Whipple had gone long since; for a reason which he had confided only to Joyce, Alan had helped the forlorn constable to get transferred to a small detachment in the Peace River country.

As she waited there in the darkness, listening to the great beating river, feeling the kiss of its wind-driven spume against her cheek, Joyce experienced a profound wish that she might never in her life wander far from the sound of those mighty waters marching eternally on to their goal in the Arctic. It called to the spirited and wild-born in her nature; and

its voice spoke to her of the illimitable freedom of these far-flung Northern wastes.

When the great yellow eye of the launch drew near, she saw a tall figure step upon the prow half-deck and stand ready with the painter chain. His slicker glistened wet; water trickled from his hat brim and dripped from the muzzle of his rifle. . . . . Joyce could imagine the slap of angry waves, the hurtling spume of white-caps, during Pedneault's reckless hundred-mile drive up the great river. As she watched that tall commanding figure, standing so easily on the tossing half-deck, sharing the work and hardships with his subordinates, the realization swept over Joyce afresh, as a circumstance which still held its wonder for her and could never become dulled or without the power to quicken her heart, that she was Alan's wife and that he and she in the cabin up the terrace had made their home together.

When he jumped out upon the planking, jerked the launch alongside and lapped the painter around a pier-head, he turned to her, hat in hand, reproaching her:

"Girl, girl, you shouldn't have come down here, in this raw wet wind! You've got to begin learning to be careful—"

Pedneault snapped off the launch searchlight; and as the two men began gathering their packs together, in the mantling darkness Joyce silenced Alan's reproach, rising on tiptoe, oblivious of his wet slicker and the cold steel of his gun buckle.

THEY went up the slope with Bill and Ped. Alan told Joyce of dodging aside up the Alooska to visit Larry, and of taking him on a hunting-trip to cheer him up a bit. His prospects for the winter trading were good; he had given out a lot of "debt" to the nomad bands, and they were sure to bring their peltry to their former *Shagalasha* friend. But Larry was blue at times, when he saw strong men coming and going on wilderness trails.

After supper, when Alan had made himself regimental again after the six-days' hard patrol, he stepped out into the living-room where Joyce was finishing her report. By the candle-glow in the nook he watched her for a moment, frowning at the contrary figures, struggling to make so small a fund cover so huge a territory. The dancing glow from the fireplace was tangled in her hair, and when she glanced up at him the reflection of it sparkled in her dark eyes. For this evening of his home-coming she had put on the blue velveteen suit she knew he liked. As he stood for a moment or two, looking at her, he thought of those times during the eighteen months of their estrangement when he had sat in that library niche thinking of Joyce, with this cabin cold and lonesome, with his future so bleak and so abysmally different from what it now was.

She beckoned him over to her, holding out several letters which had come for him on the Chippewyan mail. She had not opened them; but now when he brought a chair beside her, she read them with him.

Buzzard had dashed off a page from his apartment address in Winnipeg. He had "done" a couple dozen fairs and pumpkin shows in his new De Haviland, but had found that line too tame. Right now he

Once you use Kotex you'll want its *lasting* protection . . . always

Kotex absorbent is now used in 85% of America's leading hospitals

WHAT a comfort to feel the safety and security of Kotex protection! You'll wonder how you ever managed without it. Because this protection *lasts* . . . through busy hours. And it stays soft and comfortable. You will appreciate that.

This unique comfort is due to the Kotex absorbent—Cellucotton. It is *not* cotton, but a cellulose substance which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as the softest cotton, but with five times the absorbency, five times the efficiency.

Hospitals use Kotex absorbent

Where the greatest precautions are observed, in 85% of the leading hospitals of America, this very same absorbent is used today. No woman could ask a safer guide in choosing sanitary protection.

And here is the reason so many women first began to use Kotex: it is easily disposable. That fact alone has helped to change the hygienic habits of millions of women the world over!

There are many ways in which Kotex is better: You should read the little box below. Then try Kotex and test its lasting protection for yourself.

Kotex Company, Chicago, Illinois.

SAFE, SECURE . . .

1 Keeps your mind at ease.

2 *Kotex is soft* . . . Not a deceptive softness that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.

3 *The Kotex filler* is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.

4 *In hospitals* . . . The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.

5 *Deodorizes*, safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12
Or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

Your skin

chafed ?
chapped?
reddened?
roughened?
dried out ?
wind burned?

Exposure, cutting winds and temperature changes—all roughen your skin and irritate it. Soothing Frostilla is the national cure.

SAVE YOUR SKIN WITH
FROSTILLA

35c—50c and $1.

everywhere in the U. S. and Canada. Better class 5-and-10c stores offer a handy 10c size. Mail orders filled on receipt of price. Dept. 144, The Frostilla Co., Elmira, N. Y.

was flying the Winnipeg-Edmonton lap of the air mail. Next spring he was going to boss the "smoke-hawk" division of the Manitoba Fire Prevention, with a circus of ten scouting planes under him.

"Sometime this winter," he postscripted, "we might put skiis on the crate and hop down north to visit you. But Alan, you find out first if Joyce holds anything against me for telling you she burned that rainbow scarf. I don't think she ever has forgiven me."

Joyce looked up, laughing, but with a catch in her voice as she remembered that haunting day.

"Did you notice the 'we,' Alan? He puts her into a postscript! She's just a mere afterthought! Who is she?"

"Louise of Kamloops is all I know," Alan answered. He was remembering those times when he and Buzzard, alighting on some wilderness lake or river to eat a hasty meal, would sit on the cockpit edge and smoke, saying never a word about the thing most intimate in their lives. . . . .

The next envelope was an enigma. It contained no message, no writing—nothing but two pictures. One was a panorama of a large country estate, with lawns, servant quarters, gardens, orchards. The other showed an imposing town residence, a stone building overrun by ivy, with a limousine waiting in the driveway.

Bewildered, Alan looked at the pictures twice, searched in the envelope for a possible note, glanced again at the address; and then, as he studied the crest of the envelope, he started a little. This was from Elizabeth! That insignia was the Lamroth-Haskell crest! Since Haskell married her and they left the North, they had written to no one at Endurance; but Alan had heard that Haskell, transferred to a small detachment in the Kootenay coal-fields, had resigned and gone east.

Suddenly understanding the pictures, Alan looked up and met Joyce's eyes, and he saw that she too understood. In a kind of scorn she remarked:

"That's like Elizabeth, isn't it, Alan? She wants you to realize she's got a country estate and town house and uniformed chauffeur and all the things that—that—"

"Say it!" Alan bade. "All the things I'd never have been able to give her. She's trying to rub it in. Yes, it's like her, Joyce."

"Sometimes I pity her a little—with *him*, Alan." Joyce was thinking of that incident between herself and Haskell up the Big Alooska—of Haskell's easy conscience, his lack of scruples, his inhumanity toward her father.

"I wouldn't say that, Joyce. I knew her better than you did. I'd say, God pity him—with *her!*"

With a gesture of finality he flipped the pictures contemptuously into the fireplace.

THE third letter came from division headquarters. Besides the usual orders and routine papers the letter contained a short personal note addressed to both of them from Williamson, and an official appointment of William L. Hardsock to the rank of duty sergeant.

As her eyes scanned that document and the meaning of it dawned on her, Joyce gave a little cry of gladness. That promotion was largely Alan's work; Alan had got that for Bill. She could never think of Bill's sturdy devotion to her in her darkest hours and of his loyalty to Alan, without fervently longing to make him some precious gift. And now to Bill, plunging into his work, no whit bitter or rueful, but cheerful and happy-go-lucky as ever, there could be no more precious gift than the paper which Joyce held in her hands.

She suggested eagerly: "Don't tell him about this, Alan, till— Let's have him and Ped come up to supper tomorrow and tell him then."

Alan smiled as he pictured Joyce laying the document in front of Bill on a tray, and imagined Bill's huge reactions. He felt that he had paid at least a small part of the debt which both he and Joyce owed to Bill.

LATER that evening, when the lights of the post were out, when the fire logs had burned to red coals and Joyce had carried her sleepy little charge away to bed, they went outside the cabin, drawn unconsciously by the sense of something momentous happening. As they stepped out, they stopped suddenly, in silent astonishment. The terrace was carpeted white; the first snow of autumn had come. The wind which had brought the snow clouds down from the Arctic had died to a whisper, though the wave-wild river down the slope still beat and splashed against its shores. In great fluffy flakes the snow was falling; through the yellow shaft of light from the alcove window, it came drifting down as softly as white feathers.

Flinging the shoulder of his great-coat around Joyce, Alan drew her nearer him to shield her from the chill. With his arm about her, he stood watching, caught up with her in some strange awe.

Far across the river they heard the howl of a huge wolf from some pine knoll, and heard answering cries, mere pin-points of sound, from distant peaks back in that region of pine hills. As they listened to this call of the gathering pack, they imagined the snow silently covering the moss and dim game trails of that wilderness where they had spent their honeymoon.

In the night sky they heard the honking of Arctic geese, last of the migrants, winging swiftly south; and they had the feeling that in the illimitable woods all furry creatures were seeking out warm dens and storing food for the Frozen Moons. Up and down the wilderness rivers and far-flung over the Strong Woods, a whisper had gone abroad of a mighty change brooding—a whisper that drove less courageous things into headlong flight, yet was but a challenge to those more valiant of heart. The spirit of winter was in the air tonight; and Alan and Joyce were welcoming it. Here in the far North they had lived through other winters; they knew the savagery of those Moons and their white silent beauty too. They had work to keep them busied during the long Dark, a home against the blind swirling blizzards, and the vistas of a life together here in this far land of their choosing.

THE END.

HOTEL WOMAN

(*Continued from page 61*)

"It isn't time to go yet. I want to meet some really superior people who are going down there too, so this year when we are there we'll know somebody. Why didn't you chum with Mr. Randolph when you had a chance? Have I got to do everything? I'm going up to see that social director about my lunch. And look here." She came back and dropped a parting word through tight lips. "If you by any miracle get to talking with anybody, don't mention Janesville. When we have to admit that we've lived there practically all our lives and don't know a soul above the rank of foreman in the ladder factory, it shows us right up."

As Mrs. Prounce passed on her way to the elevators, Mr. Clay was by the porter's desk talking to Sam Ptacek, the house officer. Before going into the hotel business Mr. Ptacek had long experience as detective sergeant in the city police force.

"I was down to headquarters this morning," he was saying to Mr. Clay. "Nothing on Randolph at the Bureau, and they aint got his picture."

"Even so, he doesn't look right to me. I've seen him somewhere."

Frances was about to start on her rounds when Mrs. Burke, a floor housekeeper, stopped for a chat. "When this maid on Fourteen, Fanny Vinsky, reported 'light baggage' in Twenty-six, I thought Mr. Ptacek might better look. So I stood out in the hall to give him the signal if they showed up. Well, they had almost nothing, but they were married, all right; it was an eloping couple, and he was trying to get a job, so Mr. Ptacek helped him to get a boarding-place where it would be cheaper for them."

This was her life now, Frances thought. She might have gone into a business office with regular hours and work that wouldn't have affected her personality.

"OH, *good* morning, Miss Justine. What lovely weather!"

"It is a charming day, Mrs. Prounce. Wont you sit down?"

"I'm so interested in my luncheon, if you have time to talk about it now."

"Certainly I have. I was just this minute thinking of it."

It would hardly do for Frances to say that the sole problem of Mrs. Prounce's lunch was what to do for guests. The Sandringham was not the kind of hotel and Frances was not the kind of "hostess" to run around to "lonely" people, crying: "Folks, let's meet each other!" But a social director must handle tactfully every kind of problem.

"I think this will be what you want." The idea had just come to Frances on the spur of desperation. "This year is the Schubert centenary—you know, Schubert. the composer; he was born a hundred years ago. It's being celebrated all over the world. You might give a Schubert luncheon and recital. I can get a trio, three women, piano, 'cello and violin, really awfully good. If you give it, say, in the Empire Room, you could easily have twenty or more guests. The violinist of the trio gives a delightful talk on Schubert, and that would take that off your hands. I advise you to make it a very

Grown people, too, prefer its flavor

Mothers will tell you that children very willingly learn the habit of oral hygiene when it is associated with Lavoris. They like Lavoris' flavor—the cool, fresh feeling that follows its use.

Children deserve the safety and health-protection that daily use of a good mouthwash provides. It is easy to teach them this beneficial habit with an agreeable flavor, such as Lavoris'.

Adults are no less susceptible to this flavor and to the refreshing reaction of Lavoris. If you use Lavoris, you will use it faithfully. Thus you promote oral health. For Lavoris, though simple in function, is definite in result.

It is a scientific oral detergent which, by removing tenacious deposits from teeth and oral tissues and stimulating the tissues, actively encourages a wholesome, healthful condition of the mouth.

Use Lavoris every day to protect health and comfort. And, always, "Do as Your Dentist Tells You."

LAVORIS CHEMICAL COMPANY
Minneapolis Toronto

To Members of the Dental and Medical Professions:

The claims for Lavoris are never extravagant, or designed to exploit the credulity of the public. Lavoris prints its formula with every bottle.

The purpose of Lavoris is to provide an accurate and stable zinc chloride solution of real therapeutic value meeting every requirement of a scientific oral detergent. It (1) is noncaustic (2) nondecalcifying (3) nonpoisonous (4) does not interfere with salivary action, or alter reactions (5) favors recovery of inflamed membrane (6) is stimulating (7) highly penetrating (8) deodorant (9) agreeable in taste, aroma, and color (10) mildly astringent.

Lavoris precipitates mucilaginous deposits, purging the tissues of impurities. This can be observed by the user when the solution is expelled upon a vitreous or porcelain surface, or into clear water.

These characteristics of Lavoris encourage public attention to oral care. And in all Lavoris advertising, the public is admonished to take advantage of professional dental advice.

.... DO AS YOUR DENTIST TELLS YOU

© 1930, L. C. Co.

simple, light lunch—" Mrs. Prounce looked taken aback. "Yes, just a very simple lunch, you know, so that you can invite people you have just met, a sort of patriotic affair, the Schubert centenary. I have some stunning invitations and place-cards I'll show you. People will admire you for it, I'm sure, and from it some very pleasant acquaintanceships may develop."

"Oh, Miss Justine, that's wonderful!" cried Mrs. Prounce delightedly. "When will we do it?"

"I'll see how soon we can have the trio. And if I were you, Mrs. Prounce, I'd get these two books on Schubert." Frances handed her client a card. "One is a simple biography and the other a very plain appreciation of his music. Just read them. I wouldn't talk about him, if I were you, but it is so much easier to look understanding, you know, when you have read the book. And then, dignified silence, and a quiet smile of approval. You know how silent, dignified people are admired."

"Dear Miss Justine, you are wonderful, just wonderful."

"And I'll make chances to bring you together with a few people who might be interested."

"It wont fail, will it?" whispered Mrs. Prounce anxiously.

"Nothing that I handle will fail."

"Oh, my darling, darling Miss Justine! You shall have the sweetest brooch, or costume necklace for this! Anything you want!" cried Mrs. Prounce in ecstasy.

"No, no!" exclaimed Frances in panic. "No, please, Mrs. Prounce! No indeed! This is just my job. I'm paid for this."

If she had been doing it for somebody she knew and liked, what a pleasure it would be! But the people she really would like didn't want anything of her at all.

At two o'clock Frances had her schedule cleaned up and hurried to her room for a cup of bouillon and a quick change. Half an hour later she stopped at the manager's office to say that she would be out for the afternoon. Clay should have been off at that time, but something had detained him and he received her statement.

"I know who you are going to meet. I saw him dating you up this morning," he said angrily. "Frances, I never thought you would run out with a guest. Yes, dating you up. You are being dated up by the men guests," repeated Clay savagely.

She stood trembling with resentment for a moment, and then remembered herself. "You are so funny," she cried with a light, rippling laugh, and turned and walked away. Clay pressed a button for Ptacek.

"This afternoon I want to go with you and search that fellow's baggage," Clay ordered when the officer came.

IN a cab on the way to the Sardanapalus, Frances still was trembling with nervous anger. Randolph was waiting. His car was a rented limousine, sure enough, but a good one with a uniformed chauffeur. Randolph laid a fur-lined rug over her knees.

"Now I've got you," he gloated, as he settled himself beside her. "I was afraid you'd stand me up."

"I've got to be back at the hotel at five o'clock."

"Oh, shucks. I'll have to work fast."

"Now, you aren't going to make me sorry I came, are you?" Frances, who had rested her head in the padded corner, straightened up. "You know I'm making a big concession to go out with you at all."

"NO, girlie, I want you to be glad. I mean I hope you'll like it." Randolph restrained himself, if he did look at her too eagerly. "By the way, how are you making out with Mrs. Bounce? Odd, how I keep thinking of them."

"It *is* funny. The name is Prounce. I've decided she shall give a tea." Frances felt guilty to be speaking to one guest about another, but for once in her life she permitted herself to talk to somebody who would understand the humor of the problem. "I'm going to plug hard and put it over. I want some real guests for her."

"Are you going to plug for men guests too?"

"It would be fine—but you can never get men."

"I'll go, if it would mean anything to you."

"Will you?" exclaimed Frances. "That will be great. Mrs. Prounce will be delighted. I wouldn't have dared to ask you."

"I suppose you'll want to introduce me to them soon. I'm at your service. Do anything you please with me," he urged.

"It's awfully good of you."

"I like to do it for you. I'll say you've got the ideas. Do you know"—his voice vibrated with sincerity—"I'm wild about you. You and I could team up together in great shape."

"Wouldn't it be nice!" Frances laughed. A girl in a semi-public position gets used to gentlemanly ardor.

"I'm not fooling. I mean it." There was lots of room between Randolph and his end of the seat. "Girl, I fell for you the minute I saw you. It's ridiculous for a girl with your personality to be framing up tea-parties and dances for anybody that happens along whether there's anything in it or not, and not making anything of your possibilities at all. I just went cuckoo about you when I met you first."

"One objection would be that I don't know you at all," said Frances a little weakly. "Please don't crowd."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to. I'll move back," apologized Randolph—but didn't. "This is almost the first time I've had a chance to get you to myself, and I'm crazy about you. Of course we don't know each other, but think of the fun of learning! Listen, I've got a little business to finish here and then the world is before us. Do you know what Mexico City is like right now? Believe me, if you were there you wouldn't ever want to come back here! We could go to Rio and from there to France. Oh, what a team! Girl, the world is a wonderful place. I mean you don't realize it."

"Yes, but even if I were ready to consider such a thing, when I hardly—I mean when we hardly know a thing about each other—"

"I understand, little sweetheart." Randolph had her hand now, and she couldn't get it away. "You're careful and I honor you for it. I'm just a plain, straightforward big-business man, as I told you. I've made my own way to the top and I've seen all kinds of things in this world, you bet. But I've got something here in my pocket that will speak to your heart, I know." He released her frightened hand while he reached into his pocket for his large, important-looking pocket-book. "Look at what I always carry with me." He put into her hand a photograph. "Look: That's my mother and father and me. I'm the only one left." His voice trembled.

"You've changed a lot. You don't look like that now." Frances was moved by his emotion.

"They said I changed as I grew up."

"Why, you even look here as if you had brown eyes." Frances was gazing earnestly at the pictures of the fine-looking man and sweetly smiling mother with an innocent-faced little boy between them.

"It's the way the print has faded. Country photographer, you know. The bottom was cut off the card so that it would fit in the old red plush album that used to lie on the center-table. All gone now." Randolph sighed deeply as he thought of his old home. "There's no money on earth could buy that picture of me. Everywhere I've been, all around the world, it has been in my pocket. It's kept me from temptations—all sorts of temptations. Until I met you I've never seen anyone whose picture I wanted to put beside it."

So this was it. A regular, formal proposal. Frances' lips quivered and she did not take away the hands he held.

"I—I've always been afraid of this sort of thing," she acknowledged tremulously. "Even if an—an opportunity came to me that—that appealed to me very much." She hesitated and went on bravely: "It has always seemed to me that a man always traveling, if he saw somebody, he—he hasn't a fair chance. It's like a sick man falling in love with his nurse. Of—of course, some of those things result wonderfully. *Oh—oh—*"

"If that chauffeur turns his head, he knows I'd kill him," murmured Randolph triumphantly. "The rear-vision mirror is out on the tire, and it's getting dark. I think of everything, kid—darling."

LIFE had a tingle, thought Frances, in her own room, preparing to put on evening clothes for the night's work. She looked at herself in her long glass. One of the things for which she was chosen for her job was her figure—that, and her personality. What was that he said—a team? They certainly would be a team, a pair hard to match anywhere. Randolph had told her to go ahead and put on her Schubert party. He would be detained that long. And then—the world was hers if she chose to take it. His little crudities, the result of his rugged climb to the top, would be easy enough to smooth away. . . . .

In the hall, Fanny the chambermaid polished the spotless door of Mr. Randolph's room on Floor Fourteen. Inside, Mr. Clay and Mr. Ptacek bent over a Gladstone bag on the suitcase stand. A black walrus suitcase was beside it. They had already been through the case, everything being replaced without a sign of disturbance by the skillful fingers of Mr. Ptacek. Those magic digits now were fluttering through the compartments of the Gladstone.

"Not a thing," observed Ptacek. "Not a mark on his clothes. Not a letter or paper."

Clay stood with his forehead wrinkled. "This gives us nothing on him."

Two tiny clicks from Fanny's fingernail sounded on the door panel. Ptacek hastily began to manipulate the electric-light bulb over the dresser. "Try it," he said loudly to Clay. "I think the circuit is all right now."

Clay went to the room switch in the opposite wall. "All right now?" he asked, as Randolph stepped in. "Ah, how do you do, Mr. Randolph. The chambermaid found something wrong with the lights and sent for us."

"Thanks." Randolph looked them over slowly. "Very good of you." He walked behind them to the door. Randolph was face to face with the maid a moment. She gave a slight start as she looked at him, and then plodded on her way.

AS Mrs. Prounce's Schubert tea would be one of the last things Frances would do for the hotel, she plugged it for a record.

Mrs. Prounce was pathetically delighted to have Mr. Randolph introduced to her. Sitting in the lounge after dinner, he and Prounce fell into men's chat. Prounce, under the eye of his wife, talked weightily.

"A man like me with a good bit of capital," he said, "—what I look for is security." He had heard Randolph was in oil. What did he think of oil?

Randolph was reserved. But he did say, with the deliberation of a financial man propounding conservative platitudes, that the best thing was extreme caution in shifting investments. He himself had moved slowly, very slowly indeed. He had moved very gradually into oil after the closest investigation. Then Randolph curtly broke off. His financial knowledge was not the kind to toss around hotel lobbies to chance acquaintances. He couldn't be drawn back to the subject.

Thursday afternoon was selected by Frances for the Schubert tea, as a good spot to drop it in.

Wednesday evening an important guest, a big miller from the Twin Cities, had arrived with his family, and servants. Clay had taken them to their suites, and now he looked up sourly when Frances came to his office.

"I see you are putting up a great plug for this musical tea. You know what trouble you can make by having pets. The way you've plugged this affair would make a lot of other women guests jealous and sore."

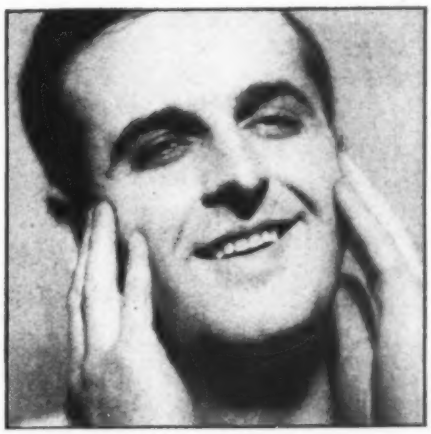
"I know," said Frances bitterly. "I'm supposed never to have any likes or dislikes. I'm supposed never to have any friends I'm specially interested in."

"Not among the guests. You're a hotel woman. Frances, the way for people like you and me to have our human life is inside the job. I've got an offer to take the management of the Baker's Falls hotel. It's a million-dollar plant in a wonderful little city. The way you, with your way of working, could educate those people to give all their affairs at the hotel would build city accounts that would astonish the stockholders. You know what my dream is."

Frances began to laugh almost hysterically. "I know, of course, and thank you, Clay, really—but don't go on. Of all things—hotel life forever!"

A coupon that wins friends

Mail it, please



Millions of men have sent these coupons in. And 86% of those who make this free 7-day test never return to old shaving methods

WE know that 86% of the men who make this test are convinced by it—become regular users of Palmolive Shaving Cream. And that is the proof of the pudding. Surely our chances are good of pleasing you. And if we *can* do that, you will be the first to want to know of it.

We asked 1000 men

A few years ago men asked why we, makers of outstanding soap products in other fields, had never made a shaving cream. They told us—1,000 of them—where other preparations failed. They set a high goal for us, and our great laboratories responded. Behind them stood 68 years' experience in soap-making. But it was not easy.

The first 129 formulas were rejected . . . finally success came, in a shaving cream based on the olive oil principle—one that embodied five important features exclusive in Palmolive Shaving Cream.

Now a test, please

Now we ask the courtesy of a test. For we have tried to please you. And we offer to convince you at our own expense. All you risk is a stamp—and a few days' shaves will do the rest. Will you mail that coupon now, please?

These 5 unique features.

1 **Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.**

2 **Softens the beard in one minute.**

3 **Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.**

4 **Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.**

5 **Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.**

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific time—over station WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Co.

7 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept M-818, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City

.....

.....

.....

(Please print your name and address)

5253

Eat too fast?

chew

for digestion!

IF you rush through meals, as most of us do, you ought to do something for your digestion!

It's so easy—chew this delicious pepsin gum that Dr. Beeman perfected to aid digestion!

For over 30 years, millions have enjoyed the healthful effects of it—and the pleasant flavor of it . . . and the smooth-as-velvet texture of it . . . for Beeman's is every inch as delicious as it is healthful.

BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM
aids digestion

"I know what is at the bottom of this," Clay raged. "Frances,"—his voice changed to pleading,—"don't be a little fool. How can you give any time to a guest like that, that you know nothing about?"

"There you go. First you acknowledge you don't know anything about people and then you try to prejudice me. All you've got to say against him is just jealousy."

"It *is* jealousy." Clay's face began to twist. "I know what you think of me. You think I'm just a dressed-up jackanapes down there in the lobby, just a slick little bell skipper out of uniform, down there to show the damned guests to their rooms and answer their silly, infernal, cursed, everlasting kicks; but I'm a man and I love you, and you can trust me and you know you can trust me."

"I know you're a good scout, Clay. But I can't live this life forever. I'm not a hotel woman."

"What?" groaned Clay. "My Lord, Frances, don't say that." His telephone rang; his hand automatically went for it, even as he gave a heart-broken groan.

"Mr. Clay's office. . . . . Yes, Mr. Whilks. Oh, indeed, that's too bad. I'll be up at once to change you and I know you'll be pleased." Clay covered the mouthpiece and looked up dejectedly at Frances. "That son of sin from St. Paul that I just roomed with his whole tribe in two suites I had specially decorated for them— Yes, indeed, Mr. Whilks, I'll be there immediately. I have two more very charming suites. . . . . Yes sir, I'll be right there."

THURSDAY afternoon the Darline Trio had just finished playing "Sylvia." Frances looked in as Mrs. Prounce's guests were thanking her for the charming treat and Mrs. Prounce was replying to them with the reserved dignity Frances had impressed on her as her line.

"Pretty nice party." Mr. Prounce was at Frances' elbow. "I sat at a table with Randolph. High-class fellow, Randolph! I talked him into letting me in on one of his things, so while my wife was having a good time, I made the party pretty profitable for me."

"I don't know anything about business," said Frances abstractedly. "I'm so glad the party went off well."

Frances, passing through the paneled hallway, thought how amusing it would be now to go to a hotel and have some overworked person with a manner send Madam flowers and ask Madam how she liked her suite. No, she didn't wish to see a hotel ever again. But, on second thought, of course she wanted to see how other big hotels handled service; she would make them take her through the back of the house; she had some ideas.

"Ah! There you are!" It was Randolph striding after her. His eyes were bright with energy. His morning coat set off his broad shoulders. Black pearl, gardenia—her quick eye approved. He seized her hands.

"I'm through now. You are to meet me at seven o'clock at the Sardanapalus. Bring a bag. You can have anything else sent after you later."

"For heaven's sake, not here!"—as he would have crushed her in his arms.

"All right, sweetie. I couldn't help it. Seven o'clock."

He was away, striding as if on springs.

Of course things couldn't be done that way. She would go and have dinner with him. Perhaps later, after consideration—but in her heart she knew that if she kept the appointment she would not come back. She had nothing to hold her. He would sweep away every objection.

Her room was on Floor Fourteen. She was dreamily but excitedly dressing to go out when her telephone rang. It was Mrs. Burke. "Oh, Miss Justine, can't ye come to me? I've been tryin' to get Mr. Clay. I want an executive here this minute!"

Frances hurried to the other wing. Down the deep-carpeted corridor she saw the floor housekeeper, Randolph beside her. A few paces toward the elevators a bellman waited with Randolph's bags.

"Go along with them and get me a cab," Randolph called harshly.

"Now!" Randolph turned to Mrs. Burke. "Give me the pin. I don't care to prosecute. I am just leaving."

"What is all this?" asked Frances. Inside the linen-room a maid was standing with her apron over her face, sobbing hysterically.

"An attempted theft," replied Randolph. The maid tried to speak but could not articulate. "The pin, please!" he added. "I'm in a hurry."

"But you see, sir, the property aint been identified or nothing," wailed Mrs. Burke. "Just now a minute ago, Miss Justine, this girl, Fanny Vinsky, came down the hall to say something to me, and this gentleman hurried after her, and before Fanny could speak, he caught her by the arm and showed me in her apron pocket where she had a valuable-looking pin. And when he said she was a thief, Fanny went all to pieces like you see her."

"She was in my room when I came up," said Randolph. "The pin was on my dresser all day."

Mrs. Burke went into the linen-room to try to soothe the maid and get something understandable from her.

"Stand by me," whispered Randolph hastily to Frances. "I've got to go. She's nothing but a little Bohunk maid."

"Nothing but a little Bohunk maid!" repeated Frances angrily. "She's a hotel woman, and so am I! This thing has got to be straightened out."

"Never mind the pin." Randolph started to push by. "You can send it after me. I've got to go."

"Wait. You can wait a minute." Frances was in the way.

"Look out, Frances. Back me up." He bent to her ear as Mrs. Burke's back was to him momentarily. "I must be on my way. Damn the pin!"

"I'm backing up this girl, I tell you. Don't you understand this means her job and her reputation? A thing like this has got to go through regular routine. You can't just say 'Damn the pin!' and leave her in that position. I've got to see this through. She's a hotel woman and so am I. Where's that pin, Mrs. Burke?"

"Here it is, Miss Justine. Oh, thank Gawd, here's the house officer and Mr. Clay with him."

"Suppose we step into your room a minute, Mr. Randolph, and get this straight," suggested Clay with cold civility. With a gesture of impatient anger Randolph consented, since there was nothing else to do.

"Bring the maid, Mrs. Burke," ordered Clay. "You needn't come, Miss Justine."

"I think I shall." She followed into the room and Ptacek closed the door.

"Now, what happened?" asked Clay. The maid had gradually lowered her apron from her swollen, distorted face and, goggling at Randolph, was trying to speak.

"This is it," said Randolph loudly. "This miserable little thief here, this wretched little sneak-thief of a maid—"

Fanny was in hysterics again immediately, screeching and clawing at her hair.

"Shut up that," Ptacek shouted at Randolph. "Cut out that rough stuff!"

"Who'll make me?"

"I will."

"You'd better learn who you're talking to, young fellow." Randolph endeavored to cow Ptacek with a glare.

"Take Fanny over to one side and try to calm her," Clay directed Mrs. Burke. He stood before Randolph immovably. Clay's voice had the silken diplomatic smoothness that was second nature to it when addressing a guest—but it was denied by his hard fixed eye and the fierce contemptuous grimace that he could not rule from his mouth. "Now then, I understand there is question of a pin. Let's see it."

Frances handed over the black pearl.

"That is my scarfpin," said Randolph. "It was on my dresser here when I left my room to attend Mrs. Prounce's tea. When I came back to pack my bags, this maid was just leaving. I noticed that she acted suspiciously. I missed my pin and followed her at once. Miss Justine, I think, can identify the pin."

"Where was the pin found?" Clay did not ask Frances if she recognized the trinket.

"I took it from Fanny's apron pocket," said Mrs. Burke reluctantly. The girl broke out into louder sobs.

"Would you mind telling me what pin you wore this afternoon in your tie, Mr. Randolph?" inquired Clay.

"I don't know that I wore any, and I don't know what business it is of yours anyhow!"

"Take Fanny into the next room, Mrs. Burke, please. I'll talk to her there. Excuse me. I'll be back in a moment." Clay followed the two women. Ptacek was standing at the door. Randolph after a glance at him, turned to Frances. She did not raise her eyes but stood near Ptacek, her fingers twisted together as her hands hung down in front of her. Randolph took out his cigarette-case, selected one, tapped it on the dresser corner, snapped on his lighter deliberately and began to smoke.

NOT a word was spoken until Clay came back. He closed the door and said to Randolph: "The maid tells me that she recognized you when she saw you in a silk hat. She said aloud, 'Colonel Berry!' when you came in, and then was frightened and ran to tell the housekeeper. You followed her, and I guess you slipped your scarfpin in her pocket when you caught her arm. She is an experienced hotel woman, and of course knew that it was her duty to tell her superior that one of the guests in the hotel had been in trouble under another name with the house officer in a hotel in New York where this maid was working at the time. It was fast work of you to try

NEGLECT

INTESTINAL TOXICITY

AND RISK SUFFERING SICK FATIGUE, HEADACHES AND BAD BREATH

TRAIN headaches, seasickness and indigestion are often the results of the changes in food, drinking water and established habits that of necessity accompany traveling. The business trip, under such circumstances, becomes a piece of unsuccessful drudgery; the pleasure trip merely a miserable incident. But it really is not necessary to let intestinal toxicity in this manner spoil either your business or your pleasure. There is no need to permit poisons arising from a neglected eliminative system to endanger your health.

It is a simple matter to combat intestinal toxicity. Thousands are doing it by natural means. A balanced diet, fresh air, plenty of good, pure water and exercise. In addition, especially while traveling, a certain degree of assistance usually is necessary. And that assistance should be the gentle, thorough action of ENO. When you pack, put a bottle of this pleasant laxative in your grip. You can buy it at any drug store or soda fountain. But it is just as well to be prepared by taking a bottle along with you.

ENO never leaves you "all dragged out." It simply flushes and cleanses the intestinal tract and speeds up normal action. It does not gripe or disturb the day's routine. And its valuable anti-acid qualities are helpful in some cases of acidosis.

This famous, pleasant-tasting, effervescent salt is available at all druggists at 75c and $1.25 a bottle. Prepared only by J. C. Eno, Ltd., London, England; Buffalo, N. Y.; Toronto, Canada; Paris; Berlin and Madrid. Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Belmont Building, Madison Ave. at 34th St., New York City.

"Just pour it in and drink—it stirs itself!"

ENO—health aid—will cost you less than 3c a day

When you get up, take a generous teaspoonful of ENO in a glass of water. This sparkling saline, taken regularly, helps keep you fit and eager through the hardest day. For a business headache, take a glass of ENO. At soda fountains everywhere.

ENO THE WORLD-FAMED EFFERVESCENT SALT

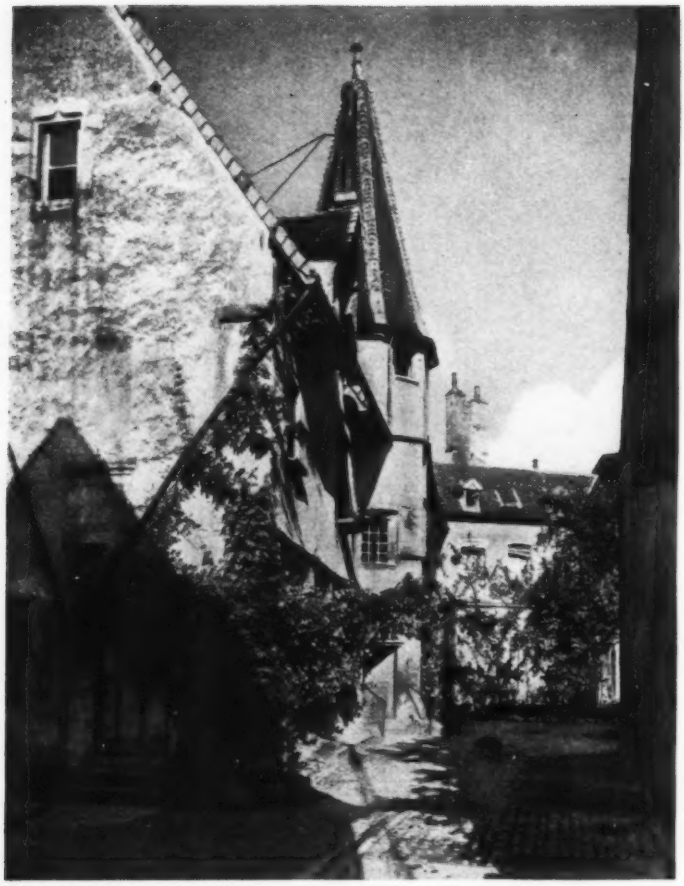


Photo by G. Dolby

"Nowhere else can you find so much beauty..... nor, in our times, so much meditative quiet."

FAVORITE PLACES OF FAMOUS PEOPLE

"I am especially fond of Beaune" says John Erskine

"I AM especially fond of Beaune," says John Erskine, educator, author of those significant Redbook articles "Warfare or Companionship?" and "The Unfinished Business of Education," and famous for the brilliant satire, "The Private Life of Helen of Troy."

Dr. Erskine, after many a stay in foreign lands, says of this lovely town herewith depicted:

"I am especially fond of Beaune, Côte d'Or, Burgundy, because it is one of the loveliest towns in France; because it was a favorite home of the old dukes of Flanders, and has preserved through the centuries unique treasures of their architecture and of their art; because the A.E.F. University was established there after the War, and I have many reasons to remember the hospitality and the friendship of the inhabitants; and because it is a matter of especial pride for me that the town afterward made me an Honorary Citizen. Nowhere else can you find so much beauty as in these old streets, nor so much suggestion of rich history, nor in our times so much meditative quiet. Only the wise tourist knows the place. Erasmus knew it, and Washington Irving, to name two at a long interval; and if you have an artistic soul, you will follow them."

Photo © by Harold Wagner

John Erskine

to discredit her by pretending the theft of your scarfpin. Just what was the trouble at the Hotel Buckmaster in New York, Colonel Berry, or Mr. Randolph, or whatever your name is?"

Frances stared panic-stricken at Randolph. He lounged, half sitting on a table, and flipped away the ashes of his cigarette. His own eyes were narrowed, and the lines of his face had stiffened; but his voice was confident and contemptuous.

"I deny all this nonsense," he declared. "And you had better be careful of what you say to a guest of the hotel. If you refuse to return me my property, I'll see if my lawyer can get it for me. And now,"—he arose truculently—"I decline to waste any more time here. My baggage is out, and I am going to pay my bill and go." He strode toward the door.

"Just a minute." Clay did not give way before him. "I learn that you had a business deal with Mr. Prounce, another guest of the house."

"What business is that of yours? What do you know about it?"

"I've been keeping close track of you, Randolph. You took Prounce for thirty grand on an oil proposition."

"Since you seem to have been spying on your guests, yes, he invested some money. What of it? Get out of my way."

"He gave you thirty thousand dollars in municipal bonds. Where are they?"

"None of your damned business. Get away from in front of that door. Get away from it, I say!"

FRANCES trembled and shrank toward a corner as Randolph advanced. But if he was like a lion, Clay was a lion-tamer and Ptacek was ready. Clay motioned Randolph back and held out his arm for Frances to go through the door. She gave one last glance at Randolph, but his furious, crafty, desperate, cornered face had no farewell for her. She heard his snarl as she closed the door— "I know my rights. You can't touch me." And Clay's grim response: "Give that stuff up or I'll take it off you."

Frances went back to her room, dropped off her business dress and lay down in a kimono. Thirty thousand dollars in Randolph's haul—and but for her he would have been away with it. What a life she would have had if she had gone with him! What an escape! Wonder where he picked up that photograph about which he had given her the pathetic come-on? Probably right in the city, as he had to cut the bottom off it. Oh, thank heaven, Clay knew only part of the story! After a while she rolled over and called the kitchen. "Send me up a milk stew," she ordered feebly. "Good and hot." She had hardly hung up when her telephone tinkled again. It was Clay. "Look in at my office when you come down, please," he requested.

Of course she'd go down on parade among the guests, just the same. Frances laid out her evening frock.

"I'm much obliged to you for not making me tell that I saw him wearing that pin in the afternoon," she said, as she sank limply into a chair by Clay's desk.

"It wasn't necessary. I didn't want to bring you into it. He had barely enough money to pay his bill. I let him go. Prounce almost kissed me when I handed his bonds back to him."

CANADIAN NATIONAL—TO EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

Alaska

Land of Romance—
Charm and Mystery

. . . Mellow summer days, long hours of bright sunshine, rosy twilight, where the sun sets in a blaze of glory to rise slowly again, blending evening into morning with no thought of night. Range after range of giant snow-capped mountains. Gleaming glaciers. All these—and the comfort and luxury of steamers of the augmented Canadian National Railway Alaska Fleet.

Canadian National's Jasper Park-Pacific Route across Canada prefaces this glorious voyage through the sheltered "Inside Passage," with stops at Ketchikan, past wondrous Taku Glacier, Wrangell, Juneau and Skagway —one of the world's famous rail-and-water cruises.

A tri-weekly service from Vancouver or Prince Rupert affords excellent connections at Skagway for Lake Atlin and Dawson by the White Pass and Yukon Railway, following the famous Klondike Trail of '98—a succession of thrills and a constant panorama of magnificent scenery.

For descriptive literature communicate with our nearest office.

CANADIAN NATIONAL
The Largest Railway System in America

BOSTON 186 Tremont St.
BUFFALO 420 Main St.
CHICAGO 4 S. Michigan Ave.
CINCINNATI 49 E. Fourth St.
CLEVELAND 925 Euclid Ave.
DETROIT 1323 Washington Blvd.
DULUTH 430 W. Superior St.
KANSAS CITY 705 Walnut St.
LOS ANGELES 607 So. Grand Ave.
MINNEAPOLIS 518 Second Ave. So.
NEW YORK 505 Fifth Ave.
PHILADELPHIA 1422 Chestnut St.
PITTSBURGH 355 Fifth Ave.
PORTLAND, ME. Grand Trunk Ry. Sta.
PORTLAND, ORE. 302 Yamhill St.
ST. LOUIS 314 No. Broadway
ST. PAUL 83 East Fifth Street
SAN FRANCISCO 689 Market St.
SEATTLE 1329 Fourth Avenue
WASHINGTON, D. C. 901--15th St., N. W.

The Landmarks of England-

Begin with York, the stately City of England—York with its glorious Minster, its encircling walls; historic gateways and quaint old streets. Visit the beautiful ruined abbeys of Fountains and Rievaulx.

At lovely Knaresborough, close to the Modern Spa of Harrogate, are the shattered ruins of the Norman Castle to which the murderers of Thomas a Becket came in hot haste and where in later years Richard II was imprisoned.

Old Whitby clings to a steep cliff and high above the town is a magnificent ruin of the abbey church associated with the great Abbess Hilda and the early poet Caedmon.

Fortress - like Durham Cathedral, on the steep banks of the river Wear, is more beautifully placed than any other in England. Further South is a veritable cluster of other famous Cathedrals—Lincoln, Norwich, Peterborough and Ely (close to Cambridge with its centuries-old colleges.)

You will find more to interest you in England than anywhere else in Europe.

Call or write for Guide No. 86 which describes the landmarks of England in detail.

COMMUNICATE WITH KETCHAM
General Agent, 11 West 42nd St., New York

London & North Eastern Railway
of England & Scotland

"Why didn't you have the man arrested?" asked Frances faintly.

"I didn't want to have him around. I didn't want to have to look at him every day in a swindle trial. A hotel man has feelings," answered Clay fiercely. "And now, Frances, Mrs. Whilks wants to give an opera party and supper here, this week—"

"I'll hunt her up." Frances arose weakly.

"Cheer up, dear." Clay came to her side. "Here are some booklets about the Baker's Falls hotel. I'll send them to your room; you can look them over tonight."

WE NEED A RULES COMMITTEE ON MARRIAGE

(Continued from page 83)

together, to speak up or forever after hold his peace may have certain advantages. But there are defects in the system—particularly if this period in which objectors may make themselves heard is unduly prolonged. Let us assume that Miss Roe and Mr. Doe live in a smallish community, and that the local paper announces in June that they are engaged and will wed the first week in September. An unnecessary and unfortunate strain is put upon the situation. After all, the problem is a singularly personal one. John wants to marry Jane because he is convinced that he loves her. At least that still remains by far the best of all possible reasons for matrimony. Once they have announced their engagement, they become public targets for foes and even friends to shoot at.

Jane's Uncle George may happen to think she is throwing herself away, and that if she marries the fellow, she will make a terrible mistake. It is extremely likely Uncle George will tell her just that. The fact that the matter is none of Uncle George's business need not be unduly stressed. We are assuming that the old gentleman is acting from the best intentions in the world. The trouble with his being allowed to meddle is that he can't possibly know very much about the issues involved. John's effect on Uncle George is of no serious moment. They are not going to keep house together. Uncle George's estimate of the young man may be far more realistic and accurate than that of Jane, but what of it? Man is not a commodity which can be weighed or measured by any precise standard.

You are, let us say, a hero to some person who knows you, and a rogue to another. The easy way out is to assume that the truth lies somewhere between the two. But that isn't so. The truth is fluid enough to splay out and lie along both roads. The same person can be both hero and villain. So Uncle George and Jane are not talking about the same person. Uncle George may be quite right in saying that John is a rather sappy young man who is doing none too well in the harness business, but Jane may be equally correct in considering him the fit successor of Prince Charming.

It is held by some that romantic-minded people should be urged out of an adoring mood and be made to look at the loved object with the cold eye of reason. These people maintain that sooner or later, "She'll see him in his true colors." But if too much light of reason is to be introduced into the proceedings, I have a fear that there may be no more marriage or giving in marriage. I think it is entirely possible for two people to live together, year after year, and still remain romantic about each other. Of course there can be breaks and digressions in this emotion, but if Jane has chosen precisely the right young harnessmaker for her ideals and needs, he never will become, not in fifty years, the man envisaged by Uncle George.

The secret, or semi-secret engagement also protects the couple against themselves. When the whole town knows, the slightest sign of friction between them at a country-club dance is enough to set everybody talking. The fact that a boy and girl who go together have had a quarrel is only a fair bit of gossip. The news that an engaged couple has had a tiff is good enough to make every back fence. If it were feasible, I think the ideal beginning of a marriage should be a short and secret engagement, a wedding conducted informally on the spur of the moment, to be followed by one year's residence in some community wholly unaware that John and Jane are man and wife. The first year is the hardest; the less advice, sympathy and help furnished by outsiders, the better is the chance of triumphant success.

So far my suggestions as to marriage rules have all been a series of stipulations intended to bring about a reduction in numbers all along the line. But as soon as the knot is tied, I would have more people in the marriage—at least one more. Generally it is held that two people go into the church, and only one comes out. Husband and wife are one, or at the very best they share a dull duality under the titles Mr. and Mrs. I contend that husband and wife should be most distinctly two. Possibly there are realms in higher mathematics where one plus one may still remain one. Yet even if this miracle could be performed in real life, I would still think it inadvisable. Friendships, hobbies, enthusiasms cannot be wholly fused. Individuality, which is stronger than life itself and possibly also death, must inevitably be more powerful than marriage.

It is understood that man and woman are expected to cleave together in marriage, but that should hardly be interpreted as meaning that he may not retain an interest in Kelly pool while she plays contract. It is vitally necessary that two people should have two lives and not try to eke out a meager half-portion existence by splitting one between them. This is so important that one is almost tempted to advise no young girl to marry a man who does not possess at least one vice. However, I realize the danger in that. There are possibly substitutes for the vices which will do just as well. A hobby may do the trick, but it can't be something simple like stamp-collecting. It must take him out of the house on a reasonable number of evenings every year. One excellent arrangement is that the husband should have at least one friend, preferably male, whom the wife detests. This will enable him to say every once and so often: "I wont be home to dinner tonight; I'm going out with Bill." Under the circumstances she can hardly protest and demand to know why she is not being taken along.

And naturally the wife ought to have a similar sort of friend detested by the husband. She almost certainly will. There is less need to stress this. The general tendency is for the man to abandon his friends when he marries. The bachelor dinner serves as the symbol of this sacrifice. The Prohibition Law is often broken at bachelor dinners, but there is at least a motive behind this infringement of the Constitution. The guests try to make themselves as objectionable as possible in order to soften the blow of leave-taking. Often they succeed, and the man about to wed is able to say in all sincerity as he leaves the party: "Well, I'd just as soon never see any of that bunch again."

Practically all communities hold that it is a very unwise thing for a young woman to marry a man in order to reform him. I agree, but on slightly different grounds. I feel that there is a grave risk she may succeed. The perfected man is a rather unwholesome and unprepossessing character. It is just as well, perhaps, for a girl not to commit herself to anybody addicted to the major vices, but I think the man of her choice should at least play poker. I wish there were some figures on this. Hundreds of thousands of young men every year are taken out of poker-games by marriage. Many of them never come back, or when they do, it is too late. They've lost their touch and can no longer experience the joys of winning. Some hold that a gambling man is poor matrimonial material. It may be so. My own young son has been compelled at times to look up inquiringly to see if there were still a roof over his head.

But if the gambling man is bad material, the reformed poker-player is even worse. The wife who undertakes to cajole or command her husband out of a game is rearing up for herself a monster. Nothing in the world is so irritable as a comparatively new husband held at home on the night of the regular poker session because of his wife's earnest request. And along about midnight, which used to be the time they started the practically final round, she's lucky if she does not find him violent. One woman of my acquaintance undertook to set up a competing interest for the husband whom she was reforming. It so happened, by an unlucky coincidence, that the local symphony orchestra gave a concert each week on the poker night. It was the poor woman's notion that she was being ever so shrewd in avoiding a direct frontal attack. She merely suggested to him that he buy a season's subscription to the concerts and accompany her. He was, in fact, very fond of music. At the end of the first month the management returned the money and canceled the subscription. They said it ruined the enjoyment of other music-lovers to have a man in the theater who wriggled about so much.

Some married people seem to have done pretty well with the arrangement of allowing both the husband and the wife one night a week out, an evening concerning which no questions shall be asked. But against this I have two objections: Save in the case of a poker group meeting on rather regular schedule, a set night dulls the sense of adventure. Everybody knows that the best parties are those which start spontaneously. If there is to be an evening out for each contracting member of the union, I think it should not depend upon any exact schedule. Moreover, I'm all against the practice of pretending no curiosity as to where the other one has been. Such a scheme makes marriage rather less intimate than a reasonably strong friendship. "Where did you go?" "How much did you lose?" are questions which come straight from the soul of any normal woman. And she should ask them. Repression is bad for the soul.

I SUGGEST just one rule about asking questions: I think inquiry should be abandoned as soon as it becomes evident that the person questioned is lying in his answers. The wrath of an innocent man unjustly accused is nothing compared to the fierce venom of a guilty one trapped in a contradiction. Recognition of the fact that frankness has ceased should be enough to close immediately a cross-examination. Mendacity is after all a form of very revealing truth-telling. I do not believe husbands and wives who assert that in twenty years of married life neither one of them has ever been guilty of an untruth. Complete candor is too dangerous a thing to apply to the delicate fabric of an intimate human relationship. And yet I think that moments will rise now and then in any married life where the whole truth, complete and nothing but, must be told. At such times one should place a hand upon the other's shoulder and say: "Don't lie to me; I've got to know." If a lie comes out under such circumstances, the marriage is not a success.

So far there has been no mention of the mother-in-law so frequently celebrated in the comic papers. Unlike most stale jests, the mother-in-law joke has a foundation in fact. Both men and women are inclined to dislike the mother-in-law, but there is no necessity of making a separate rule about her here. She may be included in the clause which recommends that husband and wife should grant each other free access to some unmutual friend.

The Lucy Stone League's suggestion that a woman retain her own name after marriage seems to me an excellent idea, but of course it is the thought behind the device rather than the device itself which is important. "My name is the symbol of my identity and must not be lost," runs the slogan of the league. It is perfectly true that this symbolism is ancient. Primitive man often concealed his name, lest somebody should steal it and leave him disembodied. Still, a name is by no means the only symbol of identity in the modern world. It is possible for a woman to assume her husband's name and still retain a distinct and flashing individuality.

But no matter what the method, she must remain before all else a human being. All that is best and finest in marriage can be best expressed in the simple formula of "One plus one is always two." That should stand, no matter how many may rail against it. Those whom God has created distinct and dual must not be set together by any man. Indeed the ultimate rule for marriage demands expression in a paradox—union must depend upon separation. After all, this is the central thought upon which our constitution is founded; and in marriage as well as in the nation, certain powers should be reserved to the States.

11 notable days
in Southern California
next summer for $70

YOU might be tempted to call it "a mid-summer night's dream" . . . light wraps for motoring after sundown and for real comfort listening to Hollywood Bowl "Symphonies Under the Stars"; blankets tucked under your chin ten nights out of eleven! Yet, that is Southern California in summer . . . and you won't need your umbrella.

Close-by ocean beaches invite daily swims. Trips to Hollywood, Old Spanish Missions, High Sierra glaciers, Yosemite, ocean islands, the Orange Empire, mile-high mountains, ocean barge fishing.

Decide now to come next summer . . . even if you have but two vacation weeks. Illustrated Itinerary details what you can see and do here in eleven days of your vacation time . . . and shows cost while here need be no more than $6.35 daily for comfortable living and sightseeing . . . $70 for your actual stay in Southern California. MAIL THE COUPON. Special low railroad fares, May 15 until October 31.

We have published a beautiful book picturing this Southland. It contains 71 camera studies by the best men of this and of "pictures." You may have a copy for postage cost. EXECUTIVES: Los Angeles County Oil fields represent an investment of 750 millions . . . the agricultural industry over 400 millions. The port of Los Angeles is second only to New York in volume of export tonnage.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

All-Year Club of Southern California,
Sec. V-4, 1151 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

(Check if desired). ☐ Please send me *free* Illustrated Itinerary for a 2-weeks vacation trip to Southern California—and what it will cost.

(Check if desired). ☐ Four cents in stamps enclosed. Send "Southern California through the Camera." Also send *free* booklets about the counties I have checked.

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Orange ☐ Riverside
☐ Los Angeles Sports ☐ Santa Barbara
☐ San Bernardino ☐ Ventura ☐ San Diego

Name _____
(Please Print Your Name and Address)
Street _____
City _____ *State* _____

GERMANY MEDIEVAL AND MODERN

Castles on the Rhine and turreted towns haunted with romance. Great modern cities glittering with fashionable streets, operas, theaters, and cabarets. Musical comedies and Wagner festivals. Picturesque street fairs, and displays of modern art and science. The Passion Play at Oberammergau; the World Power Conference in Berlin. Long hikes through cool forests and the beauty of the Bavarian Alps. Luxurious express trains and, even in quaint villages, fine hotels. The romance of history and the gaiety of modern life.

"Going to Europe" means going to Germany

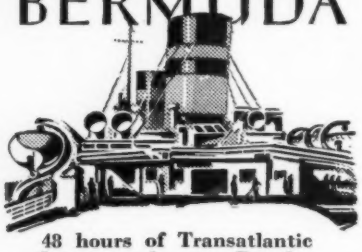
German Tourist
INFORMATION OFFICE
665 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Please send me Illustrated Travel Brochures on Beautiful Germany. 25

Name.....

Address.....

BERMUDA



48 hours of Transatlantic luxury each way. Regular sailings on new 20,000 ton Motorship "Bermuda" and the S. S. "Fort St. George." Round trip rates from $70. Inclusive rates on application.

Ships sail direct (without transfer by tender) to dock at Hamilton

The BERMUDIANA
The ST. GEORGE HOTEL
Centres of Bermuda's Social and Sporting Activities

FURNESS
Bermuda Line
34 Whitehall St. . . . 565 Fifth Ave., New York
or any Authorized agent

WRITE TO THE SCHOOLS WHICH INTEREST YOU. If you need help in making a selection write us stating whether for boy or girl, age, location and price. Address Director, Department of Education, The Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Ave., New York City.

SEA GODDESS

(Continued from page 87)

You have dedicated yourself to your art and to simplicity. You have put away all vanities."

"I know I talked that way last winter." This came humbly, as if Faith repented a crudity. "I didn't know I had it in me ever to fall in love!"

I had known Faith all her life. From the moment when her hair turned from a nondescript red to auburn, which must have been in her fifteenth year, she had fallen in love with a regularity and a multiplicity beyond all precedent. I could therefore only gasp.

"How it must transfigure your life," I remarked, "to discover now, nearing forty, that God after all created in you the ancient weakness of a woman's heart!"

SHE came dashing out of the bedroom to confront me, bearing a chiffon scarf that she neglected, but may have meant to put on. In an almost non-existent dance set and gold stockings, she was incredibly lovely. The national miracle! I was three years older than Faith, which made her thirty-seven. She always looked like a girl just reaching twenty, and the dance set subtracted several years from that score.

"You doddering old octogenarian, Roger! Am I forty? Look at me! I am five years younger than Frances Hinman."

"You are a harrowing old hag," I said. "You are a ghastly old harridan. And moreover," I added with aloof disdain, "I became familiar with your underwear the first season you were in the Follies, which was a good while back, dear, and it fails to bias my judgment."

"Darling!" That husky ripple, that contralto mirth, was the whispering of a wood fire. "Darling Roger! You very nearly kissed me that time, didn't you? Haven't you learned the danger of resisting your impulses? Why not kiss me?" She leaned against a table that was as aptly placed as a stage property.

"Because," I said, "I am not a thick-headed young banker with no capacity for speech but a flair for the asinine. And because it isn't tempting to kiss a woman of your age who proves the march of the years by infatuating fool boys."

She leaned against the table, and the progress of emotion was completely intelligible.

"Are you going to fail me? Doesn't the courage of friendship exist anywhere?"

"Really, Faith," I said, "you mustn't try to improve on the language of your dramatists."

"After all, Roger, even I can want my due. It's possible to dislike being a clockwork robot that pirouettes on springs for the amusement of fools."

Heavens, that line was ten years old—I remembered it in "The Decline of Mrs. Aspinwall"—and I began to take Faith's love-affair seriously. I said with what I considered blasting sarcasm: "Perhaps you're going to marry this amiable moron?"

She nodded, and I gasped. For marriage simply wasn't Faith's talent. It had never even touched her imagination hitherto. While I gaped, she reclined in a deep chair and brooded. . . . . Heaven had given her the loveliness that betrays reason and had added to the endowment a troublous voice compounded of regret and pity.

Now, that voice! "Why shouldn't I want the securities that other women expect? This posturing for pay, and tearing one's emotions open to the public view—it's a sort of harlotry, Roger, and I've had years too much of it. Why shouldn't I have the simplicity of a fortressed life and a nice man's adoration and the power to be a little tyrant inside my own walls?" Her knees were crossed and her hands folded on them. She was eternal womanhood in Parisian lingerie, aspiration for woman's truest destiny in a nile-green dance set. "I've been a woman of the world so very long! I want to be a woman of a home. I've been an artist; I want to be a woman. I've been something hired to make faces on the stage: I want to be a person." She was all eyes and sorrow, a woman pitifully fragile stretching arms toward happiness.

"Oh, very well," I said, out of patience. "I'm glad to see how many sentiments you have in common with the best poets. All right: if you want to spend a summer planting matrimony—I'll find justifying idioms for you. Go ahead and let this athletic numskull talk marriage, if he knows enough words. For my part, Fran Hinman is only a well-built youngster, and I suppose it's time she was taught the limitations of her kind."

Faith flung herself out of the chair and into my arms and out of them to a more effective tableau on the rug. "You know very well you've spent your life hoping to see me married to some one desirable. I've always been able to count on your sympathy, haven't I, darling?"

"Yes, dear, but not always on my reputation; so you'd better dress, for"—I pointed to an advance guard crossing her lawn,—"the whole Point is having luncheon with you, remember."

Faith's step-ins fluttered through one door as Eric Graham and three more made a traffic jam in the other. Not many women habitually attended these noonings of Faith's save those who must behold with their own eyes the wiles of an adventuress. But presently we were all devouring Faith's *hors d'œuvres* and drinking her cordials and chattering while Faith drifted among us. Wide fringes hung from her sleeves, making a feminine and faintly histrionic sibilance when she gestured. The manifold admiration of men always stimulated her, especially when, as now, there was an Eric Graham to be both delighted and annoyed by it.

She had had a dozen moods, predominantly gay, and had reached a sounding rhapsody about the sea, when I prepared to slip unnoticed away. "I come to it like a weary pilgrim," she was telling them, her lips grave and her eyes rapt, "and it heals me, and I grow strong from its strength." And I'm quite sure that she believed what she was saying, though I couldn't remember that the sea had ever been anything in Faith's life except something one had to cross to get to Europe.

Past midafternoon I came out of my house, some vague idea trying to make itself clear in my mind. The sunlight of our unimaginable "Cape Cod weather" was a golden emptiness still, and no one moved in it. But a wolfhound and two lovers were under the single elm on Faith's lawn. With a hundred yards of grass between him and me, Eric Graham still looked fatuous, and I resolved to stroll in a different direction. It brought me eventually to our Coast Guard station, where gulls were clamoring. I mounted to the lookout's glass perch.

The barometer hung steady at a phenomenal height, and this was a matter of interest to all Pointers—all amateur salts. "But you're flying a wind pennant," I protested to the lookout.

He was tolerant of my ignorance. "We wont get it here, but she'll hit Nantucket—storm warning's up—tomorrow. Oh, the Sound'll stir up some!" Beyond our private bay, Vineyard Sound slept like a tired kitten. "Don't take out a boat tomorrow unless you know your onions."

THAT information seemed to have psychological importance, but I couldn't make out just why. I returned to my strolling, and saw Fran Hinman fussing with the tackle of her boat.

"Fran," I said, sitting on the edge of the dock and filling my pipe, "the custom of wearing sailor's breeches may be nautically convenient, but it's esthetically damnable. I do not love the lower half of you in white ducks." She turned sultry eyes on me. "Dear child, you're lovely in a bathing-suit, but nothing much in ducks."

"She was kissing him five minutes ago."

"Is it particularly nice of you to go about spying out flirtations?"

"What am I supposed to do?" she demanded. "Put on a blindfold when I cross the front lawn? They're about as private as—as Broadway."

She uncoiled a deck-line and coiled it again, quite needlessly. Sun-glint from the water dazzled me, and suddenly I was remembering a summer some eight years ago that had brought me back from England on a ship that also bore Faith homeward. That had been the splendid moment of a young Swedish novelist, whose emotions delighted an entire liner. There had also been, I remembered, a storm. I now understand why the Coast Guard pennant had seemed momentous.

"You're taking Faith and Eric and me out on the Sound tomorrow."

"I'll take you." Fran faced me with a dismembered pulley in one hand. "But I hope I'll drink corrosive sublimate before I'll take them."

I pulled her to the dock and shook her vigorously. "Let me do your thinking. Faith is the world's worst sailor. You will stroll up and invite us all." I shook her again. "If you don't, I'll unite them in holy matrimony. There's going to be a sea tomorrow." Finally she agreed.

The poets, in morocco and calf, were plentifully strewn about the beach chairs under the elm. Eric, between boredom and worship, was listening while Faith's voice rippled sunnily:

"O fair green-girdled mother of mine,
Sea, that art clothed with the sun and the rain,
Thy sweet hard kisses are strong like wine,
Thy large embraces are keen like pain—"

"Isn't it," Faith inquired anxiously, "isn't it the very heart of the sea?"

"Bit morbid," Eric said. He was uneasy before so much cerebration and, I think, really welcomed my coming.

"I thought you might like to go to Vineyard Haven with Fran and me tomorrow," I announced, not hoping to deceive Faith.

"I say, yes!" Eric was on his feet, relieved from poetry. "You know you need sea air, dear."

Faith delicately shuddered. "It's a very small boat, isn't it?"

"It's not the *Berengaria,*" Fran said rudely, "but quite safe. You wont be in any danger, Miss Donahue."

"Oh, but Faith!" Eric was crestfallen, a protective male gallantly renouncing his own pleasures. "If you're afraid, of course we wont go. Some people are afraid, of course. You know how it is."

Afraid was not an adjective one used in any association with Faith. There would be no kings if anyone had asked her if she were afraid to throw a bomb.

"I'm afraid I can't subscribe to the local convention of sailing in overalls." Faith's nostrils quivered delicately. "But I might well wear the yachting clothes I brought. Don't expect me to be useful."

Her eyes caressed Eric, and she added frivolously: "Do be operatic, my dear—wear a yachting cap."

Nevertheless those same eyes suspected me, and I forecast a squall. It arrived just after I finished my solitary dinner. There was a rapid march of heels across my veranda, and Faith made an entrance.

"I'm not given to asking your permission in my private business, Roger," she announced. "Do you think, Roger, that you can perhaps frighten me with mockery? Make me shamefaced about having fallen in love?" She shook her head with gentle, forgiving melancholy. "Love isn't that way, Roger. When at last a woman has found love—"

I sneezed, after some difficulty. "Sorry," I said. "It would be entertaining to listen to a soliloquy compounded of all the love-scenes ever written for you. But what, in outline, is the point?"

"Simply this." She was standing again. The sunset was infinitely gentle on her hair, and discovered the mobility of her lips. "Simply this, Roger. When I crept quietly to your little summer village, I had no idea love would be waiting for me there." She held my eyes and moved to the door. "It was. I found it. I can, if need be, suffer for it."

The door banged. I had begun to applaud when it opened again and Faith's head came through.

"You fiend, Roger!" she said. "One would think you were an old heavy whose lines were being sacrificed to the star. Who told you sneezing is death to drama?"

BY ten the next morning, the Coast Guard's flag had been justified. Our bay was restless, little crests of foam topping the short waves and flaring chromatically in the sun. I saw Fran's eyes light with malice when we bent together to break loose the canvas. She had ig-

France

FRANCE isn't just "another country"... France has something besides so many miles of hills and valleys and people... something put in at the beginning of time . . . charming to all who know her ... Normandy of the apple blossoms, with beautiful Deauville ... Dives-sur-Mer, the home of William the Conqueror . . . Brittany in picture-book clothes, Mont St. Michel, wonderful as the Pyramids ... the chateau country and Chinon where Jeanne d'Arc stood before her king ... Biarritz and the whole Basque Coast entertaining the smart world ... the Pyrenees with Gavarnie and its glaciers ... Roman France and the Palace of the Popes at Avignon ... the Cannebierres and *bouillabaise* at Marseilles . . . the sunshine of Nice and the whole French Riviera ... up the zigzag hills of Dauphiné to Mont Blanc . . . Alsace and Lorraine where flower markets blaze with color in Strasbourg's narrow streets . . . the war country, Rheims and the most magnificent cathedral of the middle ages ... Paris, and trace Napoleon to Fontainebleau and follow Josephine to Malmaison ... Le Touquet and golf with the fashionable English.

Information and literature on request

RAILWAYS OF FRANCE

General Representatives

INTERNATIONAL WAGONS-LITS, 701 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK *OR ANY TOURIST AGENCY*

nored my remarks about costume, so that her throat was pleasant emerging from a blouse but her hips were prominent in tight breeches that did her the further disservice of flopping about her calves. She was efficient, no doubt, in this workmanlike garb, and no doubt it would have commended her to the pre-Faith Eric, but it wasn't seductive. Whereas Faith—well, it was as if Faith had bolstered her courage by recourse to clothes. She was allurement incarnate, dressed not for a twenty-five-foot knockabout with an open cockpit, but for the decks of a baronet's yacht. White silk glistened in the sun, from her frivolous little hat to careful clocks above white kid slippers, and was intensified by a square of carmine and emerald silk that she had knotted about one shoulder. No breeches for Faith—her skirt fluttered like the ensign of the baronet's yacht and patently informed you that her figure had had the testimonial of the Follies.

The knockabout—which bore the uninspired name of *Mary*—was a little nervous on the bay. I was at the wheel while Fran and Eric performed the tasks which were necessary to get us to the Sound. The day was glorious, the breeze fresh, and the *Mary* sweet to handle. Faith reclined beside me, stretched out on the one cushioned bench the boat accommodated. The stripes of her scarf were giddy in the breeze, and she gave herself up, carelessly, to sun and motion.

WE passed the headland that, with the Point, makes our bay, and gained the Sound. Eric left Fran to sail the *Mary* and sat by Faith's knees. There was nothing to gratify Fran in his adoration. She kept as far forward as possible and waited her time.

Then Faith found it exciting to stand beside me at the wheel and face into the breeze while the *Mary* raced across increasing seas. Now, Vineyard Sound is uproarious water. Long swells lifted us and shot us onward with a double illusion of velocity. But no distress appeared in Faith's cheeks. She lifted them into the breeze and they colored splendidly, and the barred scarf was level behind her.

She was moved to quote the poets. She would seek out the sea, for the sea was mother of men, mother and lover of men, the sea! Her voice was a melody, and Eric worshiped.

"This woven raiment of nights and days," Faith quoted, and I remembered the favorites of my adolescence.

"Were it once cast off and unwound from me,
Naked and glad would I walk in thy ways
Alive and aware of thy ways and thee!"

She clasped her hands round Eric's arm and said, with a lyric gusto: "He knew how I felt. The sea transfigures me."

"Miss Donahue," Fran's voice drifted aft, "you're going to get that skirt absolutely drenched with spray. You'd better sit down."

"Are there no dry cleansers in the world?" Poetry possessed Faith and she began to talk about dawn-lit islands beyond the brim of the world. That was what she had been born for, the foam of breakers on purple beaches, and the long, deep swells of the sea.

CURRENTS live secretly in the Sound —they meet surreptitiously, impelled by no known laws, and, meeting, they create trouble. One never knows when very nasty patches of water indeed may be met. We met one, quite suddenly. The *Mary* was a sweet sailor, but sensitive, very sensitive. She now tossed and rocked, two motions not quite distinguishable. Moreover the breeze had been freshening, and one might now call it a high wind.

"Take a reef in the mainsail," Fran called to Eric. "Take two reefs."

Eric went about obeying. Then, suddenly, I saw that he was without conviction, that his heart wasn't in the job. He didn't survive for the first reef. His knees wabbled. He sat down and held his head between his hands. Then, precariously, he made his way aft.

"Damn!" Fran shouted. I didn't like the moment, either. She gestured to Faith. "Come and hold this."

Faith moved superbly, defying the threefold motion of the boat. Fran gave her the sheet. "Hang on to it. That's all you've got to do. Only, if I yell, drop it like a shot."

Syllables of melody were blown to me while Fran did an expert job of reefing. It was, I discovered, Faith singing. The syllables didn't make words, but I supposed they might be a chantey. We rode less precariously, once the reefs were made, and soon afterward were in easier if swifter water.

There is something inhuman about seasickness. I have never known it to inspire pity.

The spasms of Eric Graham had now abated and he had reached the stage of utter misery. He was a heap in the bottom of the boat, a crumpled heap that was as wretched as possible. I hadn't time to look at him; but Fran, pausing by me for a moment, gave me a look that ignored his disability. Her manner suggested that it wasn't Eric who was supposed to be seasick.

"Better go home," she said to me. "Let's bring her about. How was I to know this was children's day?"

BRINGING the *Mary* about was a precarious job. She began to skip rope again and hurrying water drenched us all. Fran was intent on her duties, but when I flashed a glance at Faith I could see no apprehension. Simply, I suppose, she didn't know enough about sailing to be afraid. Nothing short of a waterspout could have driven her to partial cover. She stood there, breast arched, chin high, and beheld herself mistress of the seas, some ancient Norse goddess who delighted in the gale.

Who would have thought that Vineyard Sound, in a spell of fair weather, could have kicked up such waves? But we were quite all right so long as I had Fran to handle the canvas.

And then, with drastic suddenness, I didn't have Fran to handle anything. She staggered and slid convulsively to the rail, and the jib flew free, crackling. I leaped for it, somehow retrieved the shroud and made it fast, and leaped back to the wheel. Sweat broke out along my forehead—but we were all right. Fran had collapsed on the foredeck, one arm hugged around a stanchion by sheer instinct.

"While we poor sailors go climbing up aloft
With the landlubbers lying down below, below, below."

Faith's voice climbed gloriously. She joined me at the wheel—I do not yet understand how she was able to stand and even walk in that pitching boat. And both my deep-sea sailors were seasick victims to a choppy sea, while the unpredictable Faith sang without thought of her stomach.

"I feel like the third cocktail," she shouted to me. "At last I understand the sea! Tomorrow I will order a boat."

THERE is no point in describing how, alternating with Faith at the wheel, I got the *Mary* back into the bay—I have since thought of the accomplishment as nightmarish and improbable. Tacking with a reefed mainsail is not ordinarily a productive maneuver, and would probably have used up the day had not the wind veered so that we could run directly before it inside the Point.

"Roger," Faith said, with a solemnity that almost unnerved me, "how was I to know that the sea was part of my very being? How was I to know that all my life I had been longing to hear canvas straining in the wind?"

And now Fran Hinman stirred, rose from collapse, and joined us. Faith was at once sympathetic.

"Poor child!" she crooned. "How bedraggled you look! Here,"—she found a vanity compact and offered it to Fran,—"do make up a little."

We were in the slip and ready to make fast when Eric Graham came to life. With some groaning and a few unpleasant gapes he rose and staggered to us.

"What a blow!" he said hollowly. "I passed out of the picture. Disgraceful! How in the world do you suppose that happened?"

I gasped theatrically but no one, not even Fran, was paying attention. Faith, tenderly helpful, supported Eric while he climbed to the dock. "You must go to bed and rest," she told him. "I'll come and read to you. You, too!" she turned to Fran. "Run home, child, and take a hot bath and a brisk rub. And do change your clothes."

"You don't look so swell yourself," Fran said bitterly.

"And," Faith continued serenely, "try to learn that to be twenty isn't enough. It's a darling age but not much help in the emergencies of life. It's futile—it can't make really formidable efforts. Imagine, my dear,"—Faith tightened her arm inside Eric's,—"the innocent child thought to win your heart with *mal de mer*."

"Oh, hell!" Fran said and began to cry.

But neither Faith nor Eric observed the tears. They didn't, I was glad to perceive, continue for very long. Fran turned to me explosively. "Aren't you the brightest conspirator that ever lived! You're a regular—a regular Brutus, aren't you?" Her anger headed up. "Well, Machiavelli, you just gave that ancient old adventuress a chance to pull a miracle, didn't you? And your bright plot just made heroes out of Eric and me. I suppose you think I ought to just effervesce with joy. I'd like to drown you. . . . .

Good-by, Borgia—go home and take a hot bath and a brisk rub."

She left so hurriedly that the *Mary* was not even made shipshape. I didn't, at the moment, blame her. Who would have thought that Faith Donahue could have outsailed two hardened salts? I was used to her improbabilities, but I had not thought that her stomach shared them.

At my cottage, I found it easy to imagine the scenes elsewhere about the Point. Poor Fran loathed everyone — learning against her will that the world didn't have to submit to her preferences. And Eric Graham recovering his buoyancy under the ministrations of Faith! Faith would seize the chance to imagine herself a merciful healer, a self-sacrificing nurse bearing comfort in her smile.

I groaned. Monomit Point and all its tides and winds seemed conspiring to give Faith a theater. My counterplot had proved sufficiently futile.

Late afternoon was a golden clarity swept by high wind. I heard activity in my cottage and, entering, found Faith's maid investigating my bathroom. She was, I learned, in quest of salicylates. Faith had gone to bed. And then, with sudden emotion, I realized that wind and water had brought on Faith's neuritis.

"I haven't any salicylates," I told the maid, "but you have. Go home and empty the little tin box into an envelope and you will have salicylates."

Following the maid, I found Faith in bed and distraught. She had not neglected, however, to don a frivolous negligee in violet and silver nor to fluff her hair into myriads of curls.

"Bedroom farce," I said. "You shift your *genres* rapidly."

"Have I ever held that lingerie was drama?" she demanded. "I suppose I'd try to be seductive with a warming-pad." She shook the negligee from one shoulder and exhibited a blanketed electric pad. "Don't be a fool, Roger. Very likely I'm going to die." She gave herself the satisfaction of a long, ecstatic groan.

She was sure that only her New York specialist could understand her and only his salicylates could help her. So I sat by her bedside and gave her aspirin tablets, and refused to let her talk of dying.

"I will not let you play melodrama," I said. "You know quite well what will happen. Twenty-four hours to the minute after its appearance in your left shoulder it will abruptly shift to your left ear. That will be most painful and we'll have salicylates at it by the handful. Twenty-four hours after that, it will occupy your left eye, which will swell and turn red and weep horribly. And the next day you'll be in good health and able to go back to your mother the sea."

HERE the maid entered with a tray holding salad, a chop, a *petit-four*, and a glass of cordial. Faith cheered with the opportunity to be indignant. She sent the maid trembling out of the room. Then the shutters outside her windows began to rattle in the wind and they had to be made fast. And then Eric Graham was shouting in the living-room.

"I'm in here," Faith called pitifully.

Eric came in, his native color restored to him. "Oh, I say. Sick, Faith?"

"Dying!"

"What!" He darkly suspected humor. "What's up?"

"Neuritis," she whispered. It was as if she were confessing complete paralysis.

The word carried no horror to Eric. "That's nothing," he consoled her, "nothing at all. A mere twinge in the muscles —Charley-horse. I've had it often. What you need is some good stiff exercise—"

"What I need," Faith said firmly, "is a priest. I'm a wicked woman, Eric, and I ought to confess it at once." Her eyes grew somber and her voice darkened in sympathy. "What time does the tide turn? Find that out, Eric, for I shall go out with the turning of the tide."

"Sunset," Eric said, uncomfortably.

"Sunset!" That miraculous voice of hers chimed with the poetry of it all. "I shall pass with the sunset tide."

"Oh, rot! Don't be silly, Faith. What you need is a good tramp in the open air. Get out of this stuffy bedroom and fill your lungs." His face lighted up like an electric sign. "That's what I came for. Must be a big surf running down the Cape a ways. Let's hop down and take a look."

ONE of the twinges that neuritis is expert at ran the width of Faith's shoulder. She made the most of it. "I lie here in agony and you ask me to watch the surf!" The possibilities of her art were dawning on her. "Go on to the surf, Eric. That's best, no doubt. And when you see long combers rushing up the beach, think of me only as longing to be at peace beneath them. For," she said ardently, "I trust you, Roger, to bury me at sea. Where tides flow and the seabirds cry!"

"Now listen, that's all tommyrot, Faith. Good Lord, nothing but a Charley-horse! Anybody's likely to get one. You can't go eighteen holes on any windy day without some kind of rheumatism."

Earnestness moved him to sit on the bed beside her. But I pulled him away and pointed to a chair across the room. "Never try to take the stage when Faith is on," I said.

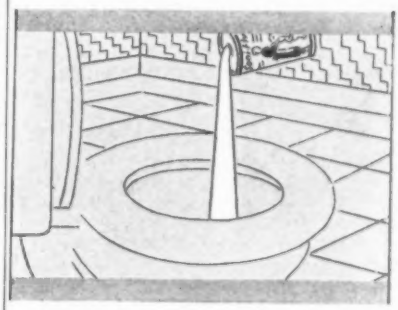
He obediently sat down. "But you know it's nonsense," he said obstinately. "What's a Charley-horse? Shake it off, Faith, and let's go see the surf."

I had felt for some time that Faith couldn't possibly play the scene in bed. I was right. She now flung away the quilted puff and climbed out, the violet negligee disclosing the most alluring nightgown I had ever seen. Thus splendidly costumed, she took the exact center of the floor, with Eric and me supporting her up-stage.

"Very well," Faith said. "You are incapable of understanding suffering, Eric. You have the nervous organization of a barber-pole. Well, cigar-store Indians rule the world. All right, Eric!" She was energized to one of the volcanic displays toward which dramatists always pointed her vehicles. "My agonies are nothing so long as your need of activity is satisfied. It will be a culminating experience for you to have Faith Donahue die in your roadster while you stare at a lot of water. It's the one distinction you'll ever attain, and I'm the only person who could possibly confer distinction on you. I yield to your opportunity." She faced me. "Remember, Roger, that even in death I sacrificed myself to the needs of others."

She held the stage for a moment, then

The modern way is EASY



THE MOST unpleasant of all household tasks is *gone forever!* Sani-Flush makes cleaning a toilet bowl the simplest thing in the world.

Merely sprinkle a little Sani-Flush in the bowl, follow the directions on the can, flush, and the job is done. The bowl will be spotless—snow-white. All incrustations will be swept away, all odors eliminated, and *all germs killed.* Even the hidden trap, which no brush can reach, will be cleansed and purified.

Try a can of Sani-Flush tomorrow. Sold by grocery, drug and hardware stores everywhere in convenient punch-top cans, 25c; in Canada, 35c. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio. (*Also makers of* MELO—*a fine water softener.*)

Sani-Flush

CLEANS CLOSET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

PLAY A MUSICAL SAW

You have heard our "Musical Saw" over the radio, on phonograph records, and on the vaudeville stage. It is the easiest musical instrument to play. Fun for you and music your friends will enjoy. We will send you this Musical Saw with bow, hammer and lessons on five days trial. We will prove that you can play popular pieces in five days. No notes to read, no dreary finger exercises. No obligation to buy. FREE information.

MUSSEHL & WESTPHAL
19 South 3rd Street Fort Atkinson, Wis.

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENNENITT COMPANY Limited
735 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At Drug Stores.

flung open a drawer and took from it a pair of stockings. "If you find the motion of some dirty green water more desirable than the life of an artist, Eric, who am I to frustrate you any longer?" She sat on the edge of the bed and drew on one stocking, buckling a jeweled garter above the knee. "At least, dying, I shall be a symbol of what happens to the artist in America." She drew on the other stocking. "Sacrificed to the god of the Philistines," she added.

"DO you always have to have men around when you undress?" Fran Hinman's bitter voice inquired. Fran had appeared in the doorway.

"I am not undressing," Faith said energetically. "I am dressing. I am decking myself with garlands for the sacrifice. I am immolating myself for the soothing of Eric Graham's mania."

"You're what?" Fran distrusted everything Faith said as a matter of course, whether or not she understood it. But, suddenly, she fell victim to the costume. "Oh, Miss Donahue, what a divine nightgown!"

"Isn't it! I chose it to die in. Faith Donahue, I felt, must die in a creation. But Mr. Graham insists that, for his wretched sake, I must die in a lot of water. I am to expiate the failings of his stomach."

Fran looked to me for enlightenment. "Neuritis has attacked Faith's shoulder," I said. "Eric insists on the fresh-air cure."

"Absolutely!" Eric said. "Air's the only thing. Honest, Faith, have some one rub your shoulder, and take a little castor oil for that headache, and come on down with me and—"

"And see the surf!" Faith cried. "You incredible donkey, is an artist's pain to be healed by the sight of water?"

"Of course not," Fran said indignantly. "Don't be stupid, Eric. Neuritis! You poor darling—I've had it too. You go right to bed."

She put an arm around Faith and urged her back to bed. Faith stood hesitant for a moment and then was convinced by another twinge. She made a gesture of infinite surrender, flinging her arms wide, and abandoned herself to Fran's ministrations. Fran arranged the pillows superbly and smoothed the quilted puff with professional competence, meanwhile assuming command of the household.

"Electric pads are all right as far as they go," she announced. "But what we really need is hot-water bottles. As many as possible. I'll send your maid for ours—" Very modestly, she removed Faith's stockings under cover of the bedclothes. "Eric, you cut over to your place and get yours. Have you got one, Uncle Roger? Well, you ought to have. You just dash right to the village and buy one."

"Dozens of hot-water bottles!" Faith cried ecstatically. "Oceans of them! You angelic child!"

"Local applications of heat," Fran quoted authoritatively. "As much as you can get, as intense as you can stand. You ought to be taking aspirin, too—great gobs of it."

"This is a lot of rot and you know it," Eric said. "Where do you horn in on this, Fran? Are you trying to make Faith one of these hypochondriacs? People get that way, you know, if you don't watch out—all rot, every bit of it. What Faith needs is some good clean salt air. If she'd come with me down to see that—"

"I will die, if art bids me," Faith said. "I will die to satisfy the necessities of some one's vision. But I will not willingly be driven insane." She sat up in bed, waving Fran out of the central view, and made a gesture of command. "Take your manias out of my door. Have I done you some deep injury that requires you to pursue me even in my bed of suffering with your idiocy? Are people to have no defense at all against fools?" She shifted the question to Fran. "My child, will you take charge of this defective? Will you guard him to the satisfaction of his craving for the sight of surf? Do me that service. Then come back and surround me with hot-water bottles."

"Why, yes, I will." Fran said uncertainly. "Only—Eric's all right. Only—I thought you were in love with him."

"I in love with an idiot that likes to watch the surf?" Faith's laughter pealed out with rushing, unexpected vehemence. "What gave you a preposterous, an incredible notion like that? My dear ministering angel, a girl who understands therapy as well as you do deserves a finer destiny. But if your desires are centered in him, never believe that I could oppose them."

"But I say, Faith—" Eric began in alarm.

"Will you leave me to my agony and go with the dear girl to your surf?" Faith gathered the electric pad into her arms. "I have no loves but local applications and my own Roger."

"Oh!" A smile of sudden understanding made Fran's lips tender. She became considerate and understanding and very sweet. "After this morning I rather thought you would. They'll want to be alone, Eric. I'll come back and nurse you after a while, Miss Donahue."

SHE pulled Eric from the room. I followed her to the door. "This I did for your serenity, Fran," I said.

"You old darling! She's lovely." Fran kissed me. "And so young and interesting for her age!"

I went back and stood beside the bed. "Faith," I said, "please don't let your emotions get entangled with me. I have no intention of falling in love with you."

"Of course not, darling." She snuggled against the electric pad and sighed gently. "Heaven can only be a local application. But it was simply unthinkable to the child that I shouldn't be passionately in love with the young moron she worships. I had to make the incredible credible." She hugged the pad closer to her shoulder. "Perhaps I shall fall in love some day. But I hope that intelligence is enough safeguard to keep me from loving an imbecile."

"I see. . . . . Then you aren't retiring from the stage?"

"Is everybody insane? What a notion, Roger, what a perfectly mad idea! Has any word of mine ever suggested it? I'm wiring to my manager tomorrow—half the summer gone and not a word from him about our new play."

There was, after all, nothing to say. There never was, finally, anything you could say to Faith Donahue. I could only smoke in silence and look at her. She arranged her head more becomingly on the pillows and gently pressed the pad to her shoulder. Then she sighed happily.

"Do run and buy a hot-water bottle, Roger. . . . . But wouldn't it be rather charming for you and me to fall in love for a while? I crept here to the Point for quiet, I grant you, for the utter rest my spirit needed. But it's beginning to be a little dull. A little emotion would touch up the summer nicely. I'm not an emotional person, Roger, but when the world gets dull I like to think I could be."

THE MURDERS ON THE SHIP

(Continued from page 51)

match. He moved over to the bunk and lighted young Poole's fresh cigarette. He did not look into young Poole's eyes, as he held the lighted match. He looked at young Poole's neck.

"You smoke a lot," he said.

"Habit. Wish I could break it, sometimes."

There was a little pause before the man said: "I could show you how to break it."

"Will-power, you mean? Painting my tonsils? That stuff?"

"No. It's easier than that. Surer, too."

Young Poole yawned, belching smoke, then closed his lips again. "Handy thing to know about. Wish you'd show me sometime."

The man smiled. "Perhaps I will."

Ted's yawns were endless. "Golly, what a life." . . . .

The cabin was very gray, very still. "While it lasts," the man said.

Chapter Fourteen

Lat. 35° 7′ North
Long. 64° 30′ West

"I REALLY don't know what's the matter with me," said Miss Sidderby, "but I've lost something else." Her eyes were still depressed from the recent ordeal of Mr. Gans' burial, and her inquisitive little face was pinched and drawn. Valcour and Mrs. Poole had found her standing on deck, outside of the smoking-saloon door.

Valcour smiled at her. "What is it this time, Miss Sidderby?" he said.

"It's a silver thimble."

Valcour's smile broadened. "Another of your sister's sacred presents?"

"Yes." She included Mrs. Poole in her bewilderment. "It does seem so selfish to worry about it—even to think about it—about anything so trivial as a thimble, after having just been through what we have been. Not that a thimble is really trivial. That is—" She fell silent.

"Thimbles certainly are not really trivial," Mrs. Poole said senselessly, urged to say something to prevent the imminent emotional breakdown. "You say you've lost other things too?"

"A pair of sewing-scissors. The steel

was magnetic, and they were much too long."

Mrs. Poole smiled at Valcour. "Would you deduce that we had an escaped milliner on board?"

"Either that, or a crow disguised as a sea-gull. When did you lose the thimble, Miss Sidderby?"

"I really don't know, Mr. Valcour."

"When did you use it last?"

"Yesterday afternoon, here on deck."

"Then it could have been lost at the same time as the pair of scissors?"

"Yes. I could understand it if the sewing-bag had fallen to the deck or anything, but it didn't. I just left it on that chair when I went to see Mr. Sanford's porpoise, and there it was, just as I'd left it, when I came back and picked it up to get ready for dinner."

"Do you remember who was on deck at the time?"

"Not particularly. I think almost everyone was—not in a bunch, you know, but sitting or moving about."

"Who was sitting near you?"

"Nobody was. Ella's chair is next to mine, and she was down in our cabin dressing. She takes quite a long time to dress. I've frequently told her she makes a rite of it." Miss Sidderby smiled faintly at her little, and standard, jest. "And Mr. Force's and Mr. Wright's chairs are on the other side of me, but they weren't in them. I know, because Mr. Sanford was sitting on the footrest of Mr. Force's chair while he was mentioning the porpoise."

"Porpoise?" Mrs. Poole selected this repetition of the only interesting note in the conversation.

"There wasn't any, really. Mr. Sanford just imagined that he'd seen one."

MRS. POOLE became mildly amused. "Fancy imagining a porpoise." Her mind drifted off again to Ted. She ought to go and wake him up. There was, after all, a limit to the sleep-allowance which should be permitted to husbands.

"Ah, ladies!" Captain Sohme joined them. His face and manner were both a trifle hectic, in an effort at establishing some sort of sane gayety on this wretched trip. ("Above all," one of the printed instructions issued by the Mercantile Transport Line to its captains read, "make a continuous effort to keep the passengers gay, utilizing such means as are provided for innocent fun and amusement, to wit: shuffle-board, quoits, etc., etc.") "Let us all have a cocktail before lunch. There is something very cheerful and happy about a cocktail, and God knows that you ladies need something to keep you cheered up on this unhappy voyage." He herded them, largely, through the smoking-saloon door, and pressed a button set in the wall-paneling for the steward. "We have had an exceptionally good run—three hundred and eight. That is not bad for an old tub like this. If it were possible, I would give her a cocktail, too."

"Dead reckoning?" Valcour said.

"Oh, yes, Valcour. With this overcast sky there is no possibility of shooting the sun, and with the glass the way it is acting, I do not believe we will be able to take any observations for a day or maybe two— Ha, steward! What shall it be, ladies? For myself, I am old-fashioned and shall drink a dry Martini. Charley, here, he makes them very good."

"The Little Red Box" for lips and cheeks, seems to last forever, 75c. Angelus Lipsticks, $1.00.

Your own color but

You cannot *feel it!*

Louis Philippe, Parisian Colorist, matching an Angelus tint with Betty Compton's beautiful coloring. She uses Angelus Rouge Incarnat for lips and cheeks.

SMOOTH as satin Angelus Rouge Incarnat leaves lovely color alone on lips and cheeks. Will not cake or dry on the lips. Nine natural tints including yours. Lasting—indelible.

ANGELUS *Rouge Incarnat*

"You Cannot Feel It"

Maybelline

Eyelash Beautifier

Instantly darkens eyelashes and brows. Makes lashes appear longer and more luxuriant. Gives depth, brilliance, expression and charm to the eyes. Harmless. Easily applied. Approved by millions of lovely women the world over. Solid or water-proof Liquid Maybelline, Black or Brown, 75c at all toilet goods counters.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

WRITE TO THE SCHOOLS LISTED IN THE REDBOOK MAGAZINE'S EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY PAGES 6-19 for catalogues and information. If you need help with your school problem, write us stating age, previous schooling, religion of boy or girl, location of school and price. Address Director, Department of Education, The Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York City.

Easiest Way To Become Popular

Tireless energy, sparkling eyes, laughing lips, rosy cheeks bring success and popularity. Free your system from poisons of constipation, the cause of dull eyes, sallow cheeks, dragging feet. For 20 years men and women have taken Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets—a substitute for calomel. Non-habit-forming. They help to eliminate the poisons without bad after-effect. A compound of vegetable ingredients, known by their olive color. They have given thousands glorious health. Take nightly. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr. Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

Charley pursed his lips a little, and looked modestly down a long British nose.

"I'll have a Martini," said Mrs. Poole.

Valcour nodded that he would have one too.

"And you, Miss Sidderby?"

"Thank you, Captain. I really shouldn't. I so seldom do—"

"Nonsense. You are looking very peaked, and I order you to have one with us. Four Martinis, Charley, and if there is a dividend left in the shaker, I, for one, will not kick. After all, Miss Sidderby, I am the master of this ship."

Miss Sidderby felt a little warmed. There was, in Captain Sohme's voice, such genuine friendliness.

"And when they come," Captain Sohme's cheerful, solid voice went on, "I shall propose a toast to the effect that happiness may bless the rest of our passage."

THE man visiting in Ted Poole's cabin looked at his watch. "It's twelve-fifteen," he said. "We'll be having lunch presently, in about a quarter of an hour."

"Eat and sleep, eat and sleep—eleven little pigs all in a sty." Young Poole's yawn almost cracked his jaw. He swung stockinged feet over the edge of the bunk. "Got to wash," he said.

"Will I be in your way, Ted?"

"In this royal suite? Just park yourself in its vastness, and pass out another light. You'll like to see me wash. I'm told by the best people that when I'm washing myself I favorably resemble a seal." He stuck a fresh cigarette between his lips and waited on the edge of the bunk while the man struck a match and passed it over to him. "Thanks. I really haven't any idea why people are so good to me."

"Not at all, Ted."

The man sat down. He put the paper of matches into the right-hand side pocket of his coat. He did not take his hand out of the pocket again.

"Thank God I've already shaved. If there's one thing I loathe, it's shaving. Those lads in the House of David—what a soft berth they picked for themselves!" Young Poole stood up. He took off a faded dressing-gown made of toweling and went, in his underwear, to the basin.

"You're pretty strong, aren't you?" The man's hand was still in his right-hand coat pocket. He was fiddling, very gently, with something.

"Oh, so-so. I'll give you the six famous poses of the Perfect Athlete if you like. I'll give them to you even if you don't like." He did so.

"What was the last one?" said the man, still smiling.

"Adonis at the Bath—and if this lousy stuff coming out of this tap is fresh water, I'll eat my shirt."

The man stood up. His hand was still in the right-hand pocket of his coat. He moved toward the cabin door.

"Going?" said young Poole, above the swish of water running into the basin.

"Guess so." The man opened the cabin door and took a step out into the passage. He looked with curious swiftness up and down it. It was empty. He came back into the cabin again, and closed the door.

"Not going?" Ted's voice was muffled with sluiced water, and soap dripped wetly about his face and eyes as he bent over the basin.

"Forgot my matches," the man said.

"Think you put them in your pocket."

"Guess I did, at that."

The man took his hand from his right-hand coat pocket. There was a silver thimble cupped in the palm of it. In the thimble, held solid by a lump of sail-maker's wax that had hardened, was a long needle.

"Just come to your Uncle Dudley for anything you may want to know," Ted said. "And I'm a perfect devil with tea-leaves."

The man looked at Ted's back—at the exposed and glistening nape of the bronzed and soapy neck, at a certain indentation.

"I will, Ted," he said.

TED'S body was heavy, and the man had some difficulty in lifting it onto the bunk. He took a towel from the washstand and wiped the soap and water from Ted's face and neck and hands. He carefully examined the little indentation at the nape of Ted's neck. There was no blood, and the needle had fortunately broken off a little beneath the flesh, so that the flesh was quite smooth and there was no prick when he gently ran his finger across it.

He arranged Ted's warm limp body in an attitude of natural rest, and threw the toweling bathrobe over it. He drained the water from the basin, wiped it dry with the towel and dropped the towel into a container for dirty linen that was beneath the basin.

The silver thimble with its small bit of broken needle-end he threw out of one of the ports. He opened the cabin door and looked along the deserted passage, then stepped outside and closed the door.

"Neat," he said.

Chapter Fifteen

Lat. 35° 7′ North
Long. 64° 30′ West

"MR. POOLE does not answer, madam." Charley, somewhat inflated over the success of his dry Martinis, was giving the correct imitation of the perfect British steward.

Mrs. Poole felt a distinct prick of annoyance. "Perhaps he wasn't there," she said. "Did you look in and see?"

"Yes, madam. I even took the liberty of calling to him from the cabin doorway, but he continued to sleep."

"Did you go over and shake him?" said Valcour.

"Certainly not, sir."

"Then do," said Mrs. Poole.

Charley compressed his lips a little. "Yes, madam," he said. He left the smoking-saloon.

Valcour was singularly ill at ease. Miss Sidderby was dilating largely to him upon the healing beneficences of sleep. He could not concentrate on what she was saying, and his smile of polite attention was set. . . . . A sleep that lasted through what must have been several knocks upon a door, through being called to from an open doorway, at midday! He felt the urge to know the answer to several questions immediately.

Mr. Dumarque and young Force came in through the doorway, and Captain Sohme plunged at once into his rôle of genial host. "Gentlemen, you are just in time. We are having some very good dry Martinis, and if you will be patient for a few minutes, Charley will mix us up another shakerful. Charley makes them very good."

Mr. Dumarque moved a chair over closer to Mrs. Poole. "Shall I be bromidic about patience," he said, "and say something as to its being, in this instance, far greater than its own reward?"

"If you feel that you must," she said.

"It's all a question of excess," young Force was saying to Miss Sidderby. "You can make your body just as sodden from sleeping too much and too frequently as you can from too much whisky."

Miss Sidderby was mildly shocked into an, "I suppose you can." The use of the word *body* had always struck her as being slightly indelicate. She wondered why Charley, who had just come back into the smoking-saloon, was so pale.

"I can't wake him, sir." Charley wasn't talking to Mrs. Poole. He was standing with watery, frightened eyes in front of Captain Sohme.

"Why not?"

"I shook him by the shoulder, and all it did was to turn him over flat on his back. Loose-like. He stayed on his back."

"Was he breathing?" Valcour's voice was incisive. He was standing up.

Charley whimpered. "There wasn't no blood," he said.

"Blood? Shut up, you fool!" Captain Sohme shot a startled look toward Miss Sidderby. "Be calm, ladies, be calm."

BOTH of the ladies were quite calm—in fact, terribly so—with Miss Sidderby's eyes perfectly wide open and absolutely blank, just as blank as if somebody had taken a heavy stick and stunned her; and Mrs. Poole's face a lovely cameo done in chalk, and lightly rouged with lilac, and with eyes that for one vivid clash welded themselves to those of Valcour before he turned and was gone from the saloon—gone to Ted (she prayed it), to wake up Ted.

The men were all standing. The effect was distinctly one of mild panic.

Captain Sohme's laugh was a minor explosion. "We are making fools of ourselves," he said, and his voice was overloud. "Our nerves are making us look at a mountain which will turn out to be nothing but a mole—and if you do not stop that sniveling, Charley, I will forget that we have ladies present and punch you in the teeth. I will be back in two minutes, and we will have another round of cocktails and will laugh about this monkey business. . . . . No, no, why do you not stay here, Mrs. Poole?"

"Why do you want me to stay?" She was clinging almost fiercely to his arm, and he could feel her fingers sinking sharply, uncomfortably into it. "It's because you feel as I do—"

"Nonsense, nonsense, dear lady. Of course, if you insist—"

They were out of the saloon, Captain Sohme and Mrs. Poole, and his meaningless laughter boomed back from the drab, quiet deck; and young Force and Mr. Dumarque were out after them.

VALCOUR straightened up (his ear had been pressed against young Poole's chest, bared of its shirt), and his fingers rested lightly against young Poole's face

as he examined his eyes. He let the head go gently back upon the pillow again, and in doing so, was conscious of moisture beneath the lobes of the ears. His look hardened sharply as he recognized the moisture as a trace of soap that hadn't dried—that must have been applied not later, say, than ten minutes ago at the most. One didn't get up out of bed and wash one's face and then compose one's body quietly on the bed again—and die—

"If you will come in and bolt the door, please, Captain—"

BUT Mrs. Poole was inside too, and Captain Sohme in angry, unhappy, desolate bewilderment was closing and bolting the door and deliberately turning his great back on the wretched scene going on over at the bunk. If she would only say something beyond that first sharp *"Ted?"*—and quit those bitter muffled noises with her nose squashed flat against that young brown chest, and stop squeezing that limp brown sturdy hand which did not squeeze back, and mumbling wetly, "Dead—dead—*dead*—"

"We need a woman here," Captain Sohme said, and stared fiercely, without touching it, at the knob of the door.

"This damn', damn' ship—" she was saying. ("How old she looks," he thought, and said loudly: "It is, it is—I feel there is a curse upon it.") "This nasty, dirty little horrid damn' ship—why don't you carry a doctor? Why doesn't the law compel you to carry a doctor? I insist that we put into the nearest port at once and get a doctor! I insist you change your course to one of the regular passenger-lanes and stop a ship and get a doctor. . . . . I'll buy your whole damn' little ship right now!" (She was shouting, shouting terribly at the very top of her voice.)

"Please, please, my poor little woman," Captain Sohme was saying, and: "Valcour, make her drink some water. She is going crazy on our hands."

"Mrs. Poole!" Valcour's voice was a whip.

"I'll buy you a new ship—a whole new ship and not a nasty dirty little—"

"God in heaven, Valcour, don't do that!"

The palm of Valcour's hand still tingled from sharp contact with Mrs. Poole's livid cheek. The slap threw her slightly off balance, and he held her steadily with a firm arm placed around her shoulders. She stared at him in complete astonishment, her lower lip hanging loosely, and wet tears dribbling into it uglily.

"Mrs. Poole!"

"So silly of me," she said. Her eyes, for a moment, stopped being stupid-looking. She looked at Captain Sohme. "If anything could be done, I know that you would do it," she said.

"Anything—anything." He looked helplessly at Valcour. What, his shrug wanted to know, was there that can be done for the dead?

"I know that you're going to alter your course, Captain,"—her voice was beginning to get excited again,—"and go at once to the lanes used by liners, and that you'll stop one and get a doctor, and—"

"But he is dead." (You poor, poor thing!)

Captain Sohme was afraid that she was going to start yelling again, and scream

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

ON Your BIRTHDAY

SEND YOUR MOTHER

FLOWERS

CAMPBELL'S

Infra-Red Rays Relieve Aches and Pains in the Body

These rays penetrate deeply into the tissues. As they penetrate they create an active circulation of the blood. Relieve Bronchial trouble, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Sinus trouble, Catarrh, Asthma, Rheumatism, Tonsilitis, Lumbago and many other ailments with soothing Infra-Red Rays. 30 days' FREE TRIAL. Sent on approval. Easy payments.

Write for FREE BOOK giving full information

WM. CAMPBELL CO., *Dept.* 1038 Alliance, Ohio

WHOOPING COUGH

For 50 years Vapo-Cresolene has eased the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Use it tonight and save the child from that wracking cough. Cresolene is widely used for Head and Chest Colds, Croup and Bronchial Asthma.

Vapo-Cresolene

A proven germicide and disinfectant. Sold by all druggists. Write for descriptive booklet No. 794.

VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
62 Cortlandt Street, New York City

CUT ME OUT

and mail me with your name and address to Dept. 4L, McCall's Magazine, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio. I will tell you how to get an extra $5.00 or $10.00 easily.

Mail Today!

Travel On "Uncle Sam's" Pay Roll

$1900 to $2700 A YEAR Railway Postal Clerks

Many Government Jobs Open to Women

Mail Coupon Today Sure

COUPON

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. M248, Rochester, N. Y.
Sirs: Rush to me without charge, (1) 32-page book describing Government jobs. (2) List of U. S. Government jobs now open to men and women 18 up. (Tell me how to get a position.)

Name .....

Address .....

How foolish!

Youthful women with

GRAY HAIR

Why should graying hair rob any woman of her youth? An hour will start the magic change that brings back youthful lustre and color.

Single Lock Test Package **FREE** *Mail Coupon*

For more than 30 years Mary T. Goldman has been showing womanhood how to retain ever-youthful hair. Millions have combed this clear, colorless liquid through graying strands. These women are as free from gray as you can be.

You need no experience to get results. Without any danger of an "artificial look," your hair can be any shade you want from darkest black to blonde. This way is entirely SAFE—it will harm neither hair nor scalp. Hair stays soft—easy to curl or wave. Color will not rub off on clothing. Results defy detection.

This TEST has shown millions the secret of ever-youthful hair

Will you test it at our expense? We send FREE complete Test Package. Snip off a lock of hair. Try it first on this. You take no risk this way and can convince yourself. Your druggist will sell full-sized bottle on money-back guarantee. Or use coupon for FREE TEST OFFER.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
1052 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn.

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....

CHECK COLOR OF HAIR

☐ BLACK ☐ DARK BROWN
☐ MEDIUM BROWN ☐ LIGHT BROWN
☐ DARK RED ☐ LIGHT RED ☐ BLONDE

Cash's Names *for Marking All Clothing*

To prevent loss of laundry, to save arguments as to ownership, to positively identify both clothing and owner, there is nothing like CASH'S NAMES. Woven with fast color thread on fine cambric tape. CASH'S NAMES are neat, permanent, economical. *Order from your dealer or write.*

12 Doz. $3.00
6 Doz. $2.00
9 Doz. $2.50
3 Doz. $1.00

JOSEPH LYONS

Trial Offer

Send 10c for one dozen of your own first name woven in fast thread on fine cambric tape.

J. & J. Cash Inc.

160th St., So. Norwalk, Conn. or 8411 So. Gramercy Place, Los Angeles, Cal., or 170 Gray St., Belleville, Ont.

TYPEWRITER ½ Price

World's best makes—Underwood, Remington, Royal—also portables—prices smashed to below half. (Easy terms.)

SEND NO MONEY!

All late models completely rebuilt and refinished brand new. Guaranteed for ten years. Send no money—big Free catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Get our direct-to-you easy payment plan and 10 day free trial offer. Amazing values—send at once.

Free Trial

International Typewriter Exch., 231 W. Monroe St. Dept. 467, Chicago

at him at the top of her voice, and then Valcour would have to slap her harder, and what with the amount of hell there already was to pay, he didn't think he could stand it. It was disorderly, this racket in the presence, as they were, of death—of so very much, much death.

"Mrs. Poole!" He shook her slightly.

"Mr. Valcour?"

"Will you permit Captain Sohme to take you to Miss Sidderby's cabin? She will stay with you there."

"I see no reason for leaving."

"Yes, yes, dear little lady, you will come with me," Captain Sohme urged.

"There are certain things, Mrs. Poole—an examination—"

"But certainly I have the right to help?" She was holding herself suspiciously well in control. "Am I to understand that no attempt is to be made to apply restoratives? Artificial respiration? Is my husband supposed to be dead of disease?" Her laugh ripped the gray misted room like breaking glass. She went to the bunk and yanked the toweling bathrobe completely from the body. "Show me a wound," she said. The gray cheerless cabin became bright with red worms of fire; its door opened, and Mrs. Sanford was washing in toward her like colorless refuse on a drab ebb tide.

CABLE from Port Authorities at Bermuda to Commissioner of the New York Police Department:

LOCAL FACTORS MERCANTILE TRANSPORT LINE APPROXIMATE PRESENT NORMAL POSITION SS EASTERN BAY AS WITHIN 50 MILE RADIUS OF LATITUDE 35 DEGREES NORTH LONGITUDE 64 DEGREES 30 MINUTES WEST STOP NO TR POSITION REPORTS RECEIVED NOON BY RADIO PLACE ANY VESSEL WITHIN ONE HUNDRED MILES OF SS EASTERN BAY'S PROBLEMATIC POSITION STOP A GENERAL CQ INQUIRY RADIOED UPON RECEIPT YOUR LATEST CABLE ELICITED FACT BELGIAN FREIGHTER SS HALDIER BELIEVES SHE PASSED WITHIN 50 MILES SS EASTERN BAYS PROBLEMATIC POSITION ABOUT TEN THIRTY THIS MORNING STOP WE IMMEDIATELY REQUESTED THAT SS HALDIER ATTEMPT ESTABLISHING RADIO COMMUNICATION WITH SS EASTERN BAY ON CHANCE THAT SS EASTERN BAYS REGULAR WIRELESS OUT OF COMMISSION BUT THAT HER EMERGENCY SET COMMA CAPABLE OF COVERING SHORT DISTANCES COMMA MIGHT BE OPERATIVE STOP ATTEMPT A FAILURE STOP REALIZED FUTILITY OF REQUESTING SS HALDIER TO TURN BACK AND ATTEMPT OVERTAKING SS EASTERN BAY AS SPEED OF BOTH VESSELS COMPARATIVE EVEN HAD WE BEEN ABLE TO CONVINCE MASTER OF SS HALDIER OF URGENCY OF CASE STOP WE DO NOT BELIEVE NORMAL COURSE OF SS EASTERN BAY WILL BRING HER IN CONTACT WITH ANY VESSEL UNTIL STRIKING MORE NORTHERN LATITUDES STOP WILL AWAIT FURTHER SUGGESTIONS AND REITERATE OUR SERVICES REMAIN COMPLETELY AT YOUR DISPOSAL.

Chapter Sixteen

Lat. 35° 8′ North
Long. 64° 29′ West

"I DO not understand at all, Valcour, why you fixed it so that Mrs. Poole was not taken to the Sanfords' cabin. Miss Sidderby is herself on the edge of her nerves—and to go put her in charge of a woman as far shot as Mrs. Poole is—"

Captain Sohme, his great hands shoved deeply into his trouser pockets, pressed his shoulder-blades back on the door—again closed and bolted—of the Pooles' cabin.

"Taking care of Mrs. Poole will be the best thing in the world for Miss Sidderby's nerves, Captain."

Valcour continued with his examination of young Poole. The lack of any wound or abrasion on the body disturbed him deeply.

"Maybe you are right, Valcour." Captain Sohme kept his kindly, simple eyes in a fixed stare through one of the gray misted ports and wondered why, even so, he could see so clearly (just as if he were looking at Valcour) what was going on over there on the bunk. "He was a well-built lad," he said.

"Very." Why was there no wound? Why were there present none of the symptoms of death from strangulation? From suffocation? Could it after all have been a death from natural causes? But if so, why had there been beneath the lobes of young Poole's ears those traces of moist soap?

"Do you keep any poisons in your medicine-chest, Captain?"

"I thank God, no." And that, Captain Sohme's look said, would put a crimp in any attempt on Valcour's part to make this out another case of murder. "Salts, castor oil, nux-vomica, bandages, liniments—harmless, everything harmless."

THAT trace of moist soap beneath the ears— Valcour went over to the basin. He stared at its well-wiped cleanliness, its dryness. He touched, in its dish, a cake of soap. The soap was moist. He reached down and picked up the topmost of the soiled towels from their container. He took it over to one of the ports, where the gray dreary light shone somewhat more strongly, and examined it.

"This towel has been used to wipe off a soapy skin that had not been rinsed," he said. "It is still very damp, and has been used recently."

Captain Sohme said doggedly: "There is no blood on it, is there, Valcour?"

"No."

"There is, on the body of the poor lad. no wound? You did not find anything like that?"

"I found moist soap beneath the lobes of his ears."

"You are straining gnats, man—gnats."

"Young Poole was killed, Captain."

"How?"

"I don't know."

"Listen, my friend." Captain Sohme placed both his big hands on Valcour's shoulders. "I must talk seriously with you, if only to preserve my own reason. You do not mind?"

"No, Captain."

"All of my life, Valcour, I have been a man of the sea—ever since that day when I ran away from my parents' home in Christiania, have I followed the sea. I tell you this, not to spin yarns, but to make you feel that when I say that things at sea are so-and-so, you will believe me—just as I believe you when you say to me

that things on land are so-and-so. You think I talk too much?"

Valcour's eyes were gravely serious. "Not at all, Captain."

"Well, then, let us take a sailor-man and watch him while he is ashore. I do not mean along the waterfront where he remains among his kind, and where the atmosphere continues to be shiplike; but put him, we will say, on board a train that is going for a long, long passage—from New York to 'Frisco; that is about five days, is it not?"

"About five days."

"You, Valcour, as a landsman, are on board that train and observe this seaman. He is not like a stranger in a strange land. No, he is like a man who finds himself on a different planet."

VALCOUR, a little confused, tested the mild triumph in Captain Sohme's tone. "Yes, Captain?"

"And so it is with landsmen when they become voyagers at sea. They do not understand it. I do not refer to the silly mechanisms and businesses of seamanship; nor do I speak of the oddities of life on shipboard. I speak of greater profundities than those things, of forces which we, who have lived with them all our lives, quite blindly accept—and the reasons for which we will never know anything about at all."

"I'm beginning to see your drift: a ship vanishes—was not the *Cyclops* a case in point? There is no trace of her, no sign—ever. Why?" Valcour smiled a little. "You attribute it to your 'forces'?"

"Yes, yes, that is it exactly, Valcour."

"And to bring the theory up to date, we have young Poole here—a perfectly healthy physical animal who washes his face, lies down in bed, and dies. Your forces?"

"You are smiling at me, Valcour."

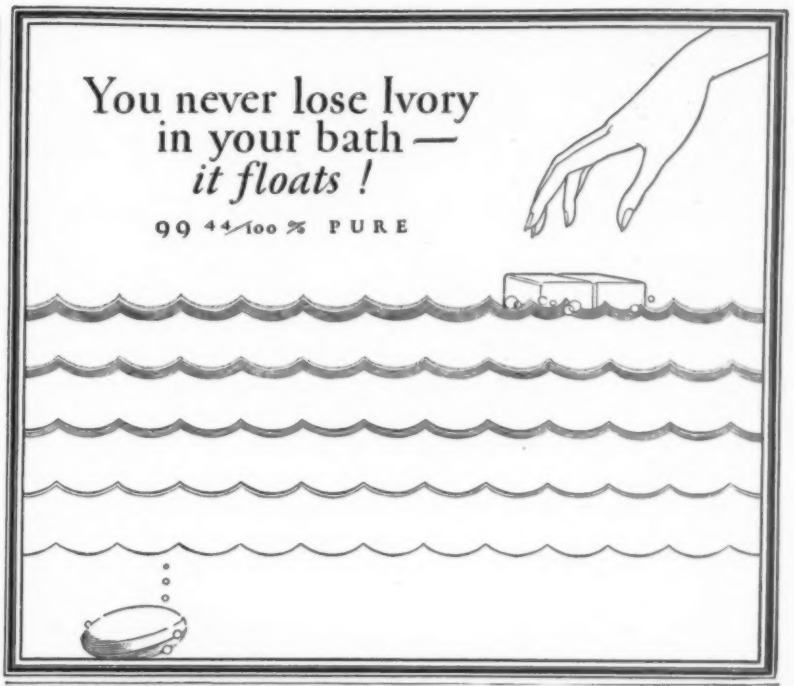
"I am bitterly in earnest, Captain."

"You are land-bound; you are obsessed with your profession; in everything you see crime—everything. Dear God alive, man, let us look into this business sanely. I am not stupid, and I am not too stubborn, and I do not mean to be rude to you, but what can I think? We have two deaths: Gans, who was a dyspeptic and always sickly, he has an attack of acute indigestion, and his face is mottled up with the pain of it, and he dies. Are you enough of a doctor, Valcour, to state expertly that the symptoms shown by Gans' body could not have been caused by acute indigestion just as well as by strangulation?"

"No, Captain."

"Good. We then have Miss Sidderby. She is shocked, poor little lady, by coming upon the body; she at once imagines running feet (and maybe they were only his running feet, running in blindness from his pain); and then you see things through professional glasses—you find a bit of meaningless paper which might very well have been all that was left of a sheet which, in his agony, he clutched and twisted and which was blown away—and it is no longer acute indigestion; it is murder. You say the motive was to prevent a wireless message from being delivered to you. Why, then, was not the set smashed? How was this murderer to know that others on board could not operate it?"

"Gans might have told him, Captain."



ROUGH ON RATS TRADE MARK
THE OLD RELIABLE
DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE
Sold at all Drug Stores — Refuse Substitutes
Used the world over for generations
E. S. WELLS, Chemist JERSEY CITY, N. J.

THIS DEODORANT and NON-PERSPIRANT CAN BE USED AS YOU DRESS.

FREE SAMPLE

will be sent as soon as you mail the coupon below. DEW will not irritate the skin or injure the most fragile fabrics when the simple directions are followed. DEW is colorless, unscented and in a beautiful spill-proof flask.

DEW
CRYSTAL-PURE DEODORANT
INSTANT NON-PERSPIRANT

LAMBERT-FESLER, INC.,
Dept. K-11 Del Monte Way, St. Louis.
Please send me, free, a trial size bottle of DEW.
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

EASES EYE STRAIN

Here's quick, safe relief for eyes strained by reading, sewing, driving or office work. Merely apply a few drops of *Murine* and almost at once they'll feel fresh and rested.

Millions use *Murine* daily to help keep their eyes always clear, bright and vigorous. 60c at drug and department stores. Try it!

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

They were at Valcour again—those tenuous fingers of shrouding fog.

"So far, we have nothing but conjectures, man. Take, now, this young lad Poole, here. You can see for yourself that he is the athletic type, and that his muscles are overdeveloped. What happens? He has a dilated heart. I will grant you even that he washes his face. While he does so, he has a heart-attack and lies down until he is relieved. He is not relieved. He is dead."

"Do you think he would have wiped the basin clean, rubbed the unrinsed soap from his face and hands and thrown the towel into its proper container while in the middle of this heart-attack, Captain?"

"Such things are often automatic, Valcour. The very fact he did not rinse the soap off shows his haste, his confusion."

VALCOUR shrugged. He had himself frequently noticed the automatic manner in which many men wiped out the basins in sleeping-car washrooms when they had finished with the towels.

Captain Sohme was speaking again: "And against these plain and understandable facts, Valcour, what have you to advance? That an unmailed letter, addressed to one of Mrs. Poole's former names, was found near the body of a murdered man in New York City a couple of weeks ago!"

"That murdered man was Mrs. Poole's first husband, Captain."

"So? Then why could not that letter have been written by him?"

Valcour kept his tone impartial through this wretched fog. "We naturally checked the handwriting. It wasn't his. You are arguing against your true beliefs, Captain. There are too many coincidental circumstances to have me believe that your 'forces,' either natural or otherwise, are responsible for having stricken these two men dead."

Captain Sohme sank heavily into a chair. "Well, then, God help me, Valcour, but I do not know."

"I suppose there is no way of keeping his body until we reach port? There ought to be an autopsy to test for poison."

Captain Sohme grimaced. "We are not equipped with any artificial refrigeration," he said.

Valcour nodded.

"Then the burial must take place soon?"

"Such things, at sea, can never take place too soon, and I do not like to think of the effect of it upon that poor little woman."

Valcour felt somewhat callous about this. He was beginning to feel things about Mrs. Poole. "Well, it's her fifth," he said.

"That does not matter. I have found that a grief is never lessened from repetition, and that death, each fresh and dreadful time it comes, is always sad. You have finished in here?"

Valcour shrugged. "My hands are bound by the sea," he said. "There is nothing at all in here that I can do. After lunch, I would like to start a semi-formal investigation among some of the passengers, basing it on Gans' death. You do not mind?"

"I have ceased to mind anything, Valcour, any more." Captain Sohme was lethargic. He stood up. He looked at Ted Poole's young body. "Our stock of spare canvas is getting low," he said. . . . .

Valcour walked aft along the deserted boat-deck. Some of his fellow-passengers were at lunch; some were in their cabins; and one—his lids were lowered with pity—was dead. The sky and sea were a gray vault drab with drizzle, and drizzle thinly damped his tired, cold skin; and the ship was a faintly throbbing little body, stolidly throbbing in the exact center of its saucerful of water, stolidly carrying its human freight of unhappiness to Nova Scotia's barren and unhappy shores.

There was a rope around his wrists, and his legs were bound, while the man he was after did smart killings before his blindfolded eyes—the man who might be the girl Toody, or else the husband of Toody's aunt—who might, in turn, be Mrs. Sanford. And young Gans was dead, and the wireless was out of commission—and young Ted Poole was dead; and now Mrs. Poole, with her singular efficiency, would have to go and draw up another will—

His eyes grew sharply speculative. Where was the connection between the will and its beneficiary's death? Between the will and the man Toody, who was a girl, and her aunt who was (was she?) Mrs. Sanford? He leaned against the deck's wet after-railing, and stared along the ship's pale indolent wake. There was nothing clear-cut about this gibberish, and the person who was at the bottom of it was clever, and the motive for it all was strange, and the end of it was not yet.

Mrs. Poole was the end of it—that he would gamble on—its beginning and its end. Mrs. Poole, who was so good and kind, and who could buy anything with her riches, up to and including the well-built body of a handsome young man. Well (Valcour's smile was very grim), she had his body. And her heart, which was a capacious rubber ball, and which, with grief, was falling, falling, falling, would hit the bottom of her small capacity and then bounce up again into the gravitationless strata of infatuations. . . . . Lunch, he told himself savagely (even if life didn't), must go on—and he went back along the wet quiet deck, and went below into the dining-saloon, and to his place at the table, and sat down.

"Everything's cold, sir," said the steward.

"Isn't it!" said Valcour.

HE took in the table. Captain Sohme was not there; Mrs. Poole was not there; the Misses Sidderby were not there; and the steward, from some distorted notion of respect, had removed the cutlery from Ted Poole's place. Valcour thought absently of lilies, and stared at the limp, damp typewritten menu, and said: "Tea—that could be hot, couldn't it?"

"Yes sir. It could."

"Some cool braised beef, chilled vegetables, and that will be all."

The steward smiled weakly. "People were so late in coming to lunch, sir, and everything has been so upset. Dinner will be quite hot, sir."

Mrs. Sanford, with eyes that were very thinly syruped indeed, stared down the table at him, and her hand mechanically carried soup in a spoon from a plate to her lips, which opened mechanically, sucked in the soup, closed again, and waited for more. Her husband beside her (Miss Sidderby's description of his "face like a horse" struck Valcour as singularly apt) kept time with his own spoonfuls of soup, with the difference that his lips did not suck it in; they received it simply as an opening through which things were dripped; they closed, and that was the end of it; there was nothing further to indicate that the soup had been swallowed at all. Stickney, Force and Wright were souping too—inanimately, lifelessly; and Mr. Dumarque, in his somewhat isolated seat, was quietly smiling above clasped hands, quite soupless, and quite obviously content.

Mr. Stickney, who was always hungry, finished with his soup first. "Well, Valcour," he said, and his voice was a gunshot in the stillness, "which of us is it to be this time?" His look was heavy with belligerence.

"There is some doubt as to the nature of the causes of Mr. Poole's death, Mr. Stickney," Valcour said. "Captain Sohme inclines to the belief that it was brought on by a heart-attack, caused by a dilated heart."

Mr. Dumarque, in the thick stillness, continued to smile enigmatically above his white clasped hands. "So soothing," he said.

Mr. Stickney picked him up. "Soothing?"

"Yes, Mr. Stickney—for us."

"I don't get you." Mr. Stickney liked his statements plain.

"It is soothing to know," said Mr. Dumarque with polite distinctness, "that when the next one of us is killed, his death will be the result of natural causes."

MRS. SANFORD'S spoon was checked in midair, and her lips, which had parted to suck in the soup, stayed open. Some drops of soup dribbled back into the plate. "You are a wicked man," she said.

"My dear, my dear!" Mr. Sanford relinquished his spoon and started right in to twitter.

"Mrs. Sanford's statement is quite correct, sir. I am, I trust, a happily wicked man."

"Nonsense, nonsense, my dear Mr. Dumarque. You must accept my apologies for Sue. She is very much upset—we are all of us upset." His nervous laughter glittered like light. "Why shouldn't we all be upset, what with death after death and one thing and another. And such a relief, my dear Valcour, to hear you say that this last one was from natural causes! And if you could only prove that the first one was too—you don't *know* how it will improve the ventilation in our cabin tonight to have the door open again—so stuffy—"

"Be still, Horace," said Mrs. Sanford, against hoisting her soup.

"No, no, now really, Sue dear—" Mr. Sanford sputtered out like a damped fuse.

"As to Mr. Gans' death, Mr. Sanford, Captain Sohme is in agreement with me that there should be—well, a semi-official investigation," Valcour said.

"What sort of an investigation is that?" said Mr. Stickney.

"Alibis, Mr. Stickney."

"Alibis? How can you have alibis on a ship?" Mr. Stickney appealed to the table at large. "Where else can you be when you're on a ship but there?"

Valcour said absently: "The matter is relative. There are as many different

places on a ship as there are in a city." He was staring curiously at Captain Sohme, who had just come into the dining saloon, and who was taking his place at the head of the table. "Only whereas in a city, distances are measured in miles, on shipboard they're measured in feet."

("No, no, steward," Captain Sohme was saying, "nothing but a pot of hot black tea —very strong, as strong as you can make it.")

"If you want to be academic about it," pursued Valcour, "you can take Mr. Gans' body as a center and draw a radius around it of, say, fifty feet. The alibis to be established must place everyone, at the moment of the crime, outside the circumference of that circle."

"With the exception, of course—" Mr. Dumarque said, and smiled.

Valcour smiled back at him, and finished the sentence: "Of the murderer."

"And apart from Miss Sidderby—" Dumarque said.

Mr. Sanford twittered at once: "Oh, but my dear Mr. Dumarque, you can't, you positively can't—that dear little lady—"

"Miss Sidderby," Valcour said, "will be questioned with the rest."

"Of us?" said Mr. Stickney.

"Of certain members of the crew, and ourselves."

"And who'll question you, Valcour?" Mr. Stickney wanted to know.

Valcour smiled. "My own alibi is pretty good. I happened to be playing bridge at the time of Mr. Gans' death, with Captain Sohme."

"Yes, yes, Valcour, that is true." Captain Sohme stared vaguely down the table's length. "I have just had a most distressing experience," he said. "That poor, poor little lady!"

"Which one?" said Mr. Stickney, who was getting sick of both poor-poor and dear-little ladies.

"Mrs. Poole. I have just come from talking with her in Miss Sidderby's cabin. I would gladly do what she wishes, but" —Captain Sohme's sigh was a mild blast— "she wishes for impossible things. Her will, yes; that I could get for her, but as for the rest—"

The dining-saloon was very still, and creaks were magnified by the stillness as the ship rose and fell in her steady head-on drive into the mild and long-swelled seas.

"Mrs. Poole wanted her will, Captain?"

"Yes, Valcour. I opened the safe at once and got it for her. I felt as if I were soothing a child (it is difficult to express it), but I hope that I will never live to pass through such an unhappy half-hour again. Would you believe me, but that poor little lady looks one hundred years older— Thank you, no, steward, I do not want another single thing except this tea."

"I wonder why she wanted her will." Mrs. Sanford's voice was a mist drifting through mists.

"She wanted it," Captain Sohme said, "so that it could be buried with the deceased. I am never through with being astonished at the queer straws which are clutched at as an anodyne for grief. It took me half an hour to persuade her that the burial would have to take place at sea. It was not pleasant, that half-hour. I could concede nothing, you will understand, beyond permission that the burial be delayed until tomorrow afternoon. She believes, in her distraction, that we may yet sight some ship. Some ship," he added vaguely, with a brief glance toward Mrs. Sanford, "that would have conveniences for keeping the deceased until a burial could be arranged for ashore. . . . . I will trouble you, please, Mr. Dumarque, for that sugar-bowl."

Mr. Dumarque reached a pale white hand out for the sugar. The bowl eluded him, and started slipping gently sideways across the table. The sudden roll was bewildering. "What a whopper!" said Wright; and Captain Sohme's eyes were sudden pinpoints.

It came again—another one; and unfinished soup spilled gently into Mr. Sanford's lap. "Mercy!" he said. "What's happened to the sea?"

Captain Sohme was standing. "It is nothing—nothing." His voice did its best to conceal his anxiety; his years of training rose up and stood by him steadily— that splendid code: the passengers, and there must be no panic. "The explanation is simple, gentlemen. It is just that we are riding in the trough of the waves, when we should be," he added, as he walked as calmly as possible toward the door, "taking them head on."

Chapter Seventeen

Lat. 35° 11' North
Long. 64° 28' West

THE chart-room was a vault enclosing tension when Valcour reached it, and no indecision or confusion was lingering upon Captain Sohme's face.

"At last, Valcour," he said, "I shall be justified to act."

Valcour looked from Captain Sohme to the two figures who, still dazed, were sitting on the chart-room's settee. The helmsman was pressing a wet towel to a welt on top of his head; and young Swithers, with blank-looking eyes, pressed a similar towel to his forehead at the point where it had struck a stanchion when he had fallen. Another man, Valcour knew, had taken the helmsman's place at the wheel; and the first officer was standing watch, in place of young Swithers, on the bridge.

"You have questioned them?" Valcour said.

"They have just come to, Valcour."

"What happened?"

"That I do not know. Mr. Swithers, here, I found on the deck at the starboard end of the bridge, and occupied with groaning. This seaman, and I believe his name is Peters," ("Yes sir," young Peters admitted, in shreds.) "I found on the deck by the wheel; and he too was groaning; and the wheel, it had been lashed."

The wheel, it had been lashed—Valcour pinned on the phrase. "That isn't customary, is it?" he said.

"To lash the wheel? Dear God, no!" Captain Sohme's face was blazing. "And when it comes to my attention the man who did it—"

"Why would anyone do it?"

"To hold the ship on her course, man. If the lashings had not come undone, it would have been longer yet before we knew that this monkey business had happened."

"The idea was to gain time, then." (For what?)

L-O-O-K closely

(New edition of Famous Fancy Cocktail Recipes ready)

Because of its snap and tang, Martini & Rossi Vermouth has been the soul of some fifty of the most popular cocktails and mixed drinks served throughout the world—starting with the famous "Martini"!

Send Coupon for Recipes and Bridge Pad (Contract and Auction)

It is easy to shake cocktails as expertly as European beverage chefs. All ingredients are reproduced today in non-alcoholic form but still retain their original flavor. All are obtainable at your food and beverage shop.

IMPORTED

Martini & Rossi Vermouth

W. A. Taylor & Co., 94 R Pine Street, New York City
Please send book, without charge, of new, revised, expanded Bridge Club Vermouth Recipes and Score Pad (Contract and Auction).

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
DEALER'S NAME_____

SCHOOL INFORMATION

The Redbook Magazine publishes the announcements of hundreds of fine schools each month. Read their announcements carefully and write to those which interest you. The list is so comprehensive there are sure to be several which fit your needs. If you do not find the school or type of school you are seeking we will be glad to help you. We furnish personalized information collected by visits to the schools. In writing please give full details as to age of boy or girl, previous education, the kind of school you wish, approximate location and what you plan to pay per year. Enclose stamped return envelope and address The Director, Department of Education.

REDBOOK MAGAZINE 230 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

"Yes, yes, Valcour—but why? Mr. Swithers, you are now maybe able to speak?"

Young Swithers was still foggy. "Yes sir," he said.

"Then you will please tell us what is the meaning of all this?"

"I got hit on the top of the head, sir."

"Dear man, that much we know—"

"Well, it's all I know, too." His head was a cage filled with sharp-clawed animals in panic.

"Have you any idea when it happened, Mr. Swithers?" Valcour said.

"Just after two bells."

VALCOUR looked at his watch. It was twenty minutes of two. "Say about five or ten minutes after one, Mr. Swithers?"

"Less than that." (Say anything you like, Swithers' manner implied, as he groaned and put his hands up to his head.)

"Then that was about forty minutes ago."

Captain Sohme gave a start which, due to his great size, was almost convulsive. "The safe!" he said.

Valcour looked at him curiously. "You forgot to close it?"

"Yes, yes, Valcour—and the time coincides, too. It was about forty minutes ago that I opened the safe to get Mrs. Poole's will. In my excitement about that dear little lady's misery, it is possible that I left its door open! Come—"

They left the chart-room and ran down the ladder to the boat-deck. The door to Captain Sohme's quarters was closed. He opened it, and they went inside. "You see?" he said.

Valcour stared at the open safe door. "Was there anything of value in it?"

Captain Sohme was feverishly pawing at the safe's contents. "The ship's money, Valcour—over two thousand dollars, man—it is gone. When the owners, they shall hear of this! Death, yes—that they can bear with appropriate sympathies and wreaths; that is but the loss of life. But gold—to lose gold!" His voice was harshly bitter.

"Yes, yes—for foreign ports we usually pay off and do our business in gold. It is what we always carry."

The fog was smothering Valcour in blankets. "This doesn't make sense, Captain," he said. He went over and closed the cabin door, and shot its bolt. ("Ruin—this is ruin," Captain Sohme was muttering.) "Listen to me please, Captain. There is no sense to this robbery at all."

"Sense, man? There is no sense to stealing gold?"

"Try to take it easy, Captain. Your gold must still be on the ship, mustn't it?"

"Ha!" The idea came as a drop of blessed relief. "You are right, Valcour, and we will search for it inch by inch."

"Will you sit down please, Captain, for a moment?"

Captain Sohme was on his way to the door. "We will commence this search at once."

"You don't want the gold thrown overboard, do you?"

The sentence was a brake, and Captain Sohme stopped just short of the door. "What do you mean, Valcour?"

"If you'll sit down for a moment—"

"This thief would steal to throw the gold overboard? We are again in insanities!"

"Precisely. Let me explain the thing to you as I see it."

"I pray you to be quick, Valcour."

"All right. Suppose that you yourself were this thief: You look in here; you see that the safe door is open; you find the gold and take it. Then what would you do?"

"Run like hell, man, and hide it," Captain Sohme said promptly.

Valcour shrugged. "Exactly."

"Well?"

"You wouldn't, after stealing the gold, mount the ladder outside here to the bridge, hit the officer on watch on the head, hit the helmsman on the head, and lash the wheel, would you?"

Captain Sohme sank heavily into a chair. "I would not," he said. "But this thief, perhaps he did those things first?"

"Why should he? If your purpose was to rob the safe, wouldn't you first make sure that this room was unoccupied, and wouldn't it be obvious to you then that the safe was open? Why pull all the rest of that stuff?"

"I do not care, Valcour. The important thing is the gold, and I want it."

"I think that you should care, Captain. There is a deeper significance in this matter than robbery. I advise that we question the helmsman at once. You said his name was Peters?"

CAPTAIN SOHME went to a speaking-tube that connected with the bridge. He blew into it expertly. "Peters," he said; "you will send him down here, please, at once, if he is finished with groaning about that bump." He went over to the door and unbolted it. He sat down. "In your mind, Valcour, you are connecting this incident with the deaths?"

"Yes, Captain. Toody is at the bottom of this, too."

"Toody?" (Was the man mad?) "What is this Toody?"

Valcour was conscious that his smile was more than just half inane. "Toody is a long story," he said. "I think it had better keep."

"It is a pet name, perhaps?"

"Yes, Captain." Valcour felt wretchedly giddy. "It's a little pet name for the murderer."

"You must not joke at such a moment, Valcour. I am distressed about that gold. . . . . Come in!"

The door opened, and Peters was in the room, with the wet towel arranged turbanwise on his head.

"What happened to you, Peters?" Captain Sohme said.

"Captain, I got hit on the top of the head."

Captain Sohme's great fingers clutched, for want of a substitute, the arms of his chair. "Do not drive me crazy, man," he said.

"But I did, Captain." Young Peters, who had a flair for the dramatic, ripped the towel from his head. "Look at the bump, sir!"

Captain Sohme, who felt cold to bumps, waved the approaching head away. "The details, man—the details!"

"Sir?"

"How did it happen? Who did it?"

"How should I know, sir?"

"How— Stop fixing that damn' thing in loops and listen to me when I am speaking. How can somebody hit you on the head and you do not know about it?"

"It's the God's truth, Captain! There I was at the wheel, and the next thing I knew, I wasn't—and I ought to go soak this head in water."

Captain Sohme was in complete agreement with this statement.

"WELL, Valcour?" he said, when they were alone again.

"I would like to see the manner in which the wheel was lashed, Captain. Shall we go up?"

They mounted to the bridge and went into the wheel-house. The line which had been used to lash the wheel had been removed. It lay in one corner on the floor. Valcour went over and picked it up. "What about these knots, Captain?" he said. "Are they O.K.?"

"O. K., Valcour?"

"Yes; were they made by a seaman?"

Captain Sohme stared hard at the knots. "They're grannies," he said.

"Sailors don't make grannies, do they?"

"Dear God, no."

"Do you mind if I cut this line?" Valcour took a penknife from his pocket.

"No. Why?"

"I want to save these knots." Valcour cut the knots from the line and put them in his pocket. "They're more likely to have been made by one of the passengers, wouldn't you say, than by one of the crew?"

They had left the wheel and were starting down again for the boat-deck. Captain Sohme stopped when halfway down the ladder. "Valcour," he said, "that is true, and I do not mind telling you that I have changed my mind. This business, it is coming out into the open. Two bumps on the head and the theft of gold are things that a man can understand. We will conduct that inquiry which you spoke about before lunch, and we will search the entire ship and every person on it for that gold. We are no longer going through fog, man. Our course is plain."

Valcour's smile was without humor. "On the contrary, Captain. Of all the strange things that have happened since the beginning of this case, nothing has served to make the business more obscure than has this present incident." They had reached the gray and misted boat-deck. The sea was a pewter plate beyond the rail. "I'm beginning to change places with you. You'll have me trying to persuade you about such things as 'forces' next."

"You may well laugh, Valcour." Now that definite things had happened, and that definite steps were to be taken, Captain Sohme felt quite human and sane again.

"I am not laughing, Captain." Valcour's face was very grave. "I tell you in all seriousness that the single detail of lashing that wheel has made me uneasy. Have you ever felt a sense of fear, when there didn't seem to be any reason for it?"

"Not since I have been a child, Valcour."

"Well," Valcour said, "I'm feeling it now."

A still more startling climax occurs in the next installment of this engrossing mystery—in our forthcoming May issue.

HIS SIDE OF IT

(*Continued from page 81*)

"I must get my patient ready for the night now," said Miss Kensitas, looking at her wrist-watch as Jerry still lingered.

"Good-by, dearest," Jerry said softly, "I'm going to miss you."

"You must go ahead and have a good time," Fanny advised him. "Don't moon about the house!"

As Jerome left, Fanny was asking Miss Kensitas teasingly which of her suitors she was going out with tonight. It occurred to him that Fanny would be alone in that room for hours. Of course her body must still be in pain. Or was it? She certainly seemed to be perfectly normal. At the desk he hesitated. Perhaps he ought to insist on a night nurse. Then it seemed foolish. After all, she was getting along extremely well, and it had been a normal birth, as the doctor said. Besides, she had said that she didn't want two nurses. Plenty of women probably didn't have nurses at all.

IT was not quite eight o'clock when Jerry left the hospital. He looked at his watch and was astonished at the length of the evening ahead of him. Of course he hadn't dined yet, and the club would be the place where he could be surest of getting good service. He'd go there and then on home, and perhaps stop in to inquire for Mr. Austin.

But that was not the way it worked out. In the club's handsome dining-room a few men were still smoking after-dinner cigars, and they hailed Jerry to come and join them. They were going up to Milt Carpenter's room after a few minutes, and Milt was boasting about some new French brandy he had. Jerry told the waiter to bring him what food was ready in the kitchen and had quite a good dinner—half a chicken, some fancy asparagus with better Hollandaise than he ever got at home, and some Gorgonzola cheese. For some obscure reason he felt as if he were being made much of after having been thrust to one side for a while. He told the other men all about his son, but they took the news easily and with the scant stock comments which he had been hearing all day. Then they all went to Carpenter's room to try the cognac.

Some of the men preferred to begin on the Bourbon whisky, which was also exceptionally good, none of the usual drug-store stuff that was served at mixed parties. A few hours of cards seemed the only possible subsequent procedure. A man who had to catch a train went away. Another one disappeared. It left four, just enough to take their coats off and make a good party.

It was a long time since Jerry had sat in on a game like that without considering going home. Once he did think of it, but after all, there was nothing to go home for. There was no reason why he couldn't spend the night, if anything was left of it, in Ted Jacobs' room, since Ted had gone and tossed him the key in departing. Fanny was all right; the kid was all right. There was a pleasant fiery glow around the thought of them at first. Then they grew a little vaguer, became part of the world outside that room which was gradually becoming more and more nebulous. The next deal was the really important thing.

In a gap for mixing drinks somebody said something about Stella Pratt, the girl who was in Bob Winton's office.

"Wasn't she your girl, Jerry?"

Jerry was profane in an uninsulted way.

"She had Jerry on her mind, all right. I heard that too. Better look out now, Jerry, while your wife is in the hospital!"

Somebody else told a cognate story about a supposedly respectable man. The story was especially funny because respectability was taken as a background and the other happenings etched upon it. They all laughed a great deal, and then were tensely sober again, sharply ejaculatory over the cards.

At two o'clock Jerry stood to win a good deal of money. At a quarter past three, because he'd bid the grand slam and lost it by a fluke, he was in pretty deep. At half-past four he'd pulled out triumphantly. He fell into Jacobs' bed about five o'clock, feeling completely victorious. He'd settled for only nine dollars, because he'd had the nerve to insist on playing those spades. They never could have made it in hearts, never in the world. . . . .

His last thought went back to Fanny and the boy, but it was a tumbling, staggering, untidy thought. He slept heavily and did not wake until he was called at nine-thirty. Somebody was trying to get him on the telephone.

WITH amazing speed he reconstructed the world and his immediate relation to it and went to the nearest telephone. There was none in Jacobs' room.

It was Lois' voice.

"Oh, Jerry, I've been trying to get you everywhere—at your house and at the office. Then it just occurred to me to try your club. Are you staying there while Fanny's ill?"

"Just for the night. What's up? Fanny's all right?"

His question was sharp with concern.

"Why, I guess so—though I heard that she didn't have a very good night when I was talking to her nurse a little while ago. She said that the hall nurse called the interne about four this morning, and he gave Fanny something to put her to sleep. Haven't you talked to them this morning?"

"Not yet," said Jerry.

Lois' faint "Oh," seemed to wait for explanation.

Jerry lied. "I couldn't get the hospital on the phone."

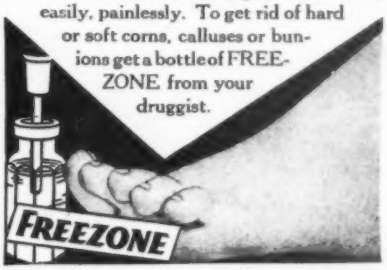
"I see," said Lois; "it is very hard sometimes." And he knew that the cool, sweet voice didn't believe him. "I hoped that you would come to dinner with us tonight, since you're a temporary bachelor. Not exactly bachelor, though, is it? Anyway, I thought you might be lonely."

He didn't want to go. His head wasn't clear, but he knew that much. He couldn't bear the thought of dinner with the Pollards. They were too smug. When Fanny was along, he didn't mind, but he couldn't go it alone.

"Terribly sorry, Lois. I've an engagement."

Sees Corn Fall Off While Bathing—*No Pain*

Imagine her surprise when that corn dropped right off while she was in the bathtub! FREEZONE succeeds where other methods fail. FIRST DROP STOPS PAIN INSTANTLY. Then corn loosens and falls right off, or lifts off, easily, painlessly. To get rid of hard or soft corns, calluses or bunions get a bottle of FREEZONE from your druggist.



NO MORE DISTRESS AFTER EATING

Indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas pains ended by doctor's prescription

WANT quick, sure relief from after-eating distress? Follow the advice of doctors — take Pepto-Bismol and get relief within 10 minutes.

Pepto-Bismol neutralizes trouble-causing *excess* acids. Soothes irritated membranes. Promotes good digestion. Aromatic. Pleasant to take. Ideal for youngsters. Prescribed by physicians for 25 years. Only 50c in the triangle bottle. If it fails to help you, money refunded.

Norwich

Pepto-Bismol

THE DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION

"Oh, are you dated up already? I'm so sorry. Tomorrow is my cook's night out, and we're going out ourselves on Friday. But I'll try again. How proud you must be of that beautiful boy of yours, Jerry!"

"I sure am."

"Take good care of Fanny. She's so apt to overdo. I wonder if she shouldn't have a night nurse, Jerry, as well as a day one? Those girls in training, who are on hall duty, are sometimes careless. Henry insisted that I have two nurses for the first few days. Of course it's fearfully expensive, but it's really worth it."

Every word rubbed Jerry the wrong way. He wasn't economizing on Fanny—and he was standing on tiles in his bare feet. Fanny hadn't wanted two nurses. He felt thoroughly in the wrong, most uncomfortable, and tempted to tell Lois to mind her own business.

"She seems to have come through all right," was what he said. "She was fit as a fiddle last night."

"That may only be the first burst of energy."

"It's up to Fanny to get another nurse if she wants one," he said rather abruptly.

But Lois was very gracious in her good-by, for all of that.

IT was true, he found at the hospital, that Fanny'd not had a very good night. But she was well enough to have that interne hanging around again. Jerry ignored him and sought out Dr. Weatherby, whom he found in the hall intent upon other cases. But Dr. Weatherby was quite unalarmed. He had seen Fanny's chart, looked in at her for a few minutes earlier, and advised in an absent-minded way that she be kept fairly quiet.

Fanny said: "It was rotten last night. Along toward morning there were fears all over the room. It was only because of my aching insides, of course. But I felt like a torn-up road."

"Why didn't you call some one?"

"I did. But the nurse on the hall had her hands full. She got around to me after a while, and Dr. Morrow rose nobly from bed and gave me something to put me to sleep."

"You can be awfully uncomfortable that first night," said the young doctor.

"And frightfully rude," added Fanny. "What was it I said to you?"

They laughed in a very friendly way.

"I think we'd better arrange for another nurse," said Jerome.

"No," said Fanny decisively. "Last night it might have been a good idea. But that's over, and I'm going to be all right now. It's just extravagance."

"Just the same—"

"I shall simply fire her," said Fanny. "You know it's absurd."

There he was. If he didn't, he was a brute; and yet he couldn't put anything over on Fanny that she didn't want. Of course last night was the time he should have insisted. He saw that now. Jerry felt very much in the way this morning. The nurse and Fanny and the interne seemed a closed corporation. Flowers kept arriving; the room was being put in order for the day, and the interne had brought in some book that Fanny was making a fuss over. Even the baby yelled when his father looked at him.

He was feeling somewhat ill-treated, as only lack of sleep and a sense of being somewhat in the wrong can make a person feel, and the progress of the morning did little to change his mood. After all the excitement of yesterday, there seemed to be a great let-down in events. In the course of the morning he tried to put over some business that didn't come off, and by lunch he was feeling physically and mentally haggard. He decided to take a couple of hours off in the afternoon for a swim in the Athletic Building tank and have a rub-down afterward.

NOT being eager for company, he went into a sandwich-shop for a bite of lunch, and was seated in one of the arm-chairs along the side of the room before he realized that Stella Pratt was just a little farther down the row, with a few vacant chairs between them. He moved over to sit beside her. It seemed rude not to; besides, she looked very pretty today.

"And how have you been?" she asked.

"That doesn't matter," he answered in the tone that a man always kept for girls like that. "I'm all right now."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I'm set up just from looking at you."

He remembered with a kind of cheap satisfaction that this girl was supposed to have fallen for him. Probably it was giving her quite a kick now to run into him like this. Nice little thing, he thought of her. Light-weight, of course, but she had a pretty face. And she had to work hard for her living too, he reminded himself, with some obscure desire to justify her even if he were driven into economic fields to do so.

"You're just handing me a line," she said. "Don't think I don't know!"

"I'm not doing anything of the sort," Jerry protested. "I tell you that you look like water in the desert to me."

"You don't know I'm alive."

"I don't?"

"Well, you never show much sign of it," she said. "Of course I'm not one of those girls who is always looking for things like that. I don't think a girl ought to. But—"

They were such dull little preliminaries. Each of them was feeling the other out, wondering just how far it was wise to go. The girl knew that her soft cheeks and her beautifully kept hands were what mattered, and not the patter she was running through about the way a nice girl regarded married men. And Jerry knew with importance that she was getting a little excitement out of his nearness. Well, for that matter, so was he. She was all right, as far as she went. He wondered how far she did go, right on top of that first thought. Funny, how all this kind of stuff was here for the making or taking all the time. Well, girls like this one had a tough break, in a way. They had to do their own hunting.

He was saying: "You remember that night we had all those dances together?"

"You don't mean to say that you remember it? I thought you'd never given it a second thought!" exclaimed Stella.

He hadn't given it more than a second thought—certainly not a third one. But he knew that wasn't the answer.

"Why should you think a thing like that?"

"I suppose you've forgotten that you took me home that night?" she asked.

He searched his mind hurriedly. A lot of them had gone home together in somebody's car. He remembered vaguely, through a blur of other parties, that things had grown a little rough toward the end of that one, especially in the back of the car. He'd taken Stella Pratt up a flight of steps in front of some dark house. He could distinctly remember that those steps had been viciously steep. What had happened at the top of them was not so clear, but no doubt he'd kissed her more or less. He'd had a few drinks.

"I certainly haven't," he said, considering that these memories were vivid enough to justify any denial.

"A girl's apt to remember things that a man forgets," she answered, and Jerry suddenly felt sorry for all women and inclined to be protective of the one beside him. When she looked at him like that, was she telling him to come on or stay off? He wasn't sure, and that made it provocative.

"A man remembers more than you think," he told her. "Of course a lot of us are pretty busy. Things crowd along."

"Especially when you have new babies."

"No," said Jerry, "that's about the most free time you have. You don't know how out of the picture a man feels at a time like this. Nothing he can do. An empty house, and around the hospital an outsider's just a fifth wheel. Just a father, you know, just the fellow who pays the bills."

She laughed. "I suppose that's right. Still, you must have lots of invitations. And a man can always amuse himself."

She kept reminding him that he was a man, and by the same token did not allow him to forget that she was a woman.

"I don't suppose you'd like to take pity on my loneliness and have dinner with me some night?"

HE hadn't really meant to say that. He didn't intend to let himself in for anything.

"Oh, you must have so many more interesting friends," she demurred, "society people and all that."

"No, I haven't. And I'd really like a chance to—you know—kind of talk over old times. That is, if everything goes along all right with my family, and I'm not needed or called out of town or anything. If we could find some evening when you're free."

It was just as well to have a few excuses ready. He wouldn't make it very definite. She got his point quickly—he could tell that too.

"I'd adore it," she said, "sometime."

Jerry didn't like to leave it there. She might think he was pure bluff. Maybe he'd hurt her feelings. She wasn't pushing herself, certainly.

"You wont forget, now," he urged.

"I sha'n't forget," she said with the slightest accent on the first word, and that put it up to him again.

"Just give me your telephone number," he said, "and you'll get a ring from me one of these days. We could have a nice little dinner and a good talk."

All open and above-board; that was what it was going to be, if it ever did come off. Fanny had told him to have a

good time. Irrelevantly he remembered Fanny smiling at that interne. Fanny certainly did what pleased her fancy.

Stella was telling him that her number was Cedar 4895. He wrote it down carefully.

"I suppose that line's busy all the time," he said. "It must be pretty hard to get that number."

"You'll know if you try. It might not be for you."

It was pleasant to be flattered like that; it was like something smooth to the touch. Jerome went down the street feeling that he was quite a fellow.

FANNY was better. The visits which Jerome made to the hospital had now become routine. He had seen her nurse the baby and the sight had thrown him into a wondering ecstasy. But Fanny did not want him around while she was nursing his son.

"You look so terribly mawkish, Jerry," she said. "I feel as if some one ought to play 'Hearts and Flowers' every time you look like that. Why don't you get yourself an accordion and play your own accompaniments?"

So he usually came at other times.

She was sitting up in bed after the fourth day, still rather pale but particularly beautiful, as everyone told her. There were always flowers about, for Fanny had so many friends. Hugh Bartlett had sent a great pot of Madonna lilies which Jerry had unwittingly admired until he found out whom they came from and what they were called. They lasted rather better than most of the flowers. And one afternoon when he dropped in at the hospital about five o'clock he found Owen Moore there with Jane Munro and Kate Dunlop. They had brought Fanny ices from Pierre's; and the room, in spite of the fact that Fanny was in bed, looked more like the scene of a party than an illness. Fanny was wearing a thin negligee of chiffon and coffee-colored lace that was one of Jerome's favorites, and it kept slipping off her shoulders.

"What's this? A party?" Jerry asked, trying to keep criticism out of his tone.

"A marvelous one!"

"Fanny should always entertain in bed. She's too divine-looking," said Kate.

"I think I'll try it," Fanny agreed; "it's so frightfully comfortable that your hospitality rises high."

"But you must have a wide, low, golden bed, with painted Cupids tossing bouquets at each other over your head," said Jane; "that's the way it's got to be done to be done well."

Owen was standing by the window, smoking a cigarette so that the fumes and smoke went outside.

"I suppose we'd better go along," he suggested, "now that Father's come home to his own."

"You don't know how you've set me up," said Fanny. "I've only had a pet interne to play with all day."

"How about your baby?"

"Oh, I can't play with him! He's labeled, 'Spectators will please not handle.' You know how fussy they are."

"I remember," said Kate; "they're simply terrible!"

"Well, good-by," said Jane.

"Good-by. Thanks a lot. Owen, you were an angel to bring the ices. Nobody else ever would have thought of it and I live on junket."

She held out a hand to him and it brought him close to her bedside, and that beautifully modeled, half-exposed shoulder. She took Owen's thin hand between both her palms.

"Remember what I told you."

"Absolutely," he promised.

They had an understanding which could be felt by anyone who heard them. It was only one of affection, perhaps, but to Jerry it seemed a kind of trespassing. When they had gone he was a little rough in his embrace of his wife. After all, he thought, if she was well enough to take on all the rest of these people, he need not be so careful or starve himself for a touch of her.

"Don't, please," she said, and slid down between the covers; "it's tiring."

"Sorry."

Miss Kensitas came in bustling, all agog with duties. The young interne put his head in the door as he passed.

"How are you tonight, Mrs. Lucas?" he asked.

"Come in," called Fanny. "I want to tell you something."

All the ease had gone out of the young doctor's manner, and as clearly as if it had been shouted to him Jerry guessed why. The interne was becoming stiff and on his guard now because he was too aware of Fanny. For a second Jerome felt sorry for the poor young fool and annoyed with his wife. She didn't mean a thing by it but she shouldn't tease men like that. They might be talking about books or hospital cases—but that boy didn't have his mind on anything in the world but Fanny. And he looked tired.

JERRY sat beside Fanny while she had her supper tray, as he often did. Miss Kensitas, after reporting proudly to him that the baby was steadily gaining and that Fanny was to be up in a wheeled chair in two more days, had left them together. Fanny ate her soup and fish and made a face at the soggy vegetables.

"That's enough," she said; "take the broken fragments of this feast away, will you, please?"

He moved the tray over to a table on the other side of the room and Fanny looked at the little porcelain clock by her bed.

"How much time there is to put in!" she exclaimed.

"Getting restless?"

"Once in a while."

"Especially," he said suddenly, as if the idea had been gnawing its way through, "when I come around."

"You are so ridiculous, Jerry. Or is it that you're cross?"

"Neither. But you don't seem so bored with Moore. Or when young Morrow sticks his head inside the door."

"I don't?" she repeated tantalizingly.

"No," he answered shortly, "you're all to the good then."

"They're amusing."

"I guess I'm the only man in the world who doesn't amuse you, Fanny. Or stimulate you."

"Oh, you go much too far," said Fanny lightly; "you're way up on the list, Jerry."

Send for booklet: "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene"

THIS free booklet will explain why the standard of feminine loveliness is higher today than ever before. It will explain just what the antiseptic age has meant in the direction of personal cleanliness and hygiene.

This little book announces the development at last of an antiseptic—a genuinely *powerful* antiseptic—which is non-caustic and *not a poison*. In the light of older beliefs this seems impossible. It is nevertheless true, and the name is *Zonite*.

The power of Zonite may be judged from the fact that it is more effective than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the body. And as for harmlessness, Zonite is safe in two ways: it is safe during actual use and it is safe if swallowed accidentally.

Send today for this informative booklet (free). Also buy Zonite at any drugstore in the U. S. A. or Canada. In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1.00. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION RB-04
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.
☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name.....
(*Please print name*)
Address.....
City.....State.....
(In Canada: 765 Dufferin St., Toronto)

High School Course in 2 Years

This simplified, complete High School Course—specially prepared for home study by leading professors—meets all requirements for entrance to college, business, and leading professions.

20 Other Courses

Over 200 noted Engineers, Business Men, and Educators helped prepare the special instruction which you need for success. No matter what your inclinations may be, you can't hope to succeed without specialized training. Let us give you the practical training you need.

American School
Drexel Ave. & 58th Street
Dept. H-450

Money Back When You Finish If Not Satisfied

AMERICAN SCHOOL, Dept. H-450
Drexel Avenue and 58th St., Chicago
Send me full information on the subject checked and how you will help me win success in that line.

....Architect	....Electrical Engineer
....Building Contractor	....General Education
....Automobile Engineer	....Lawyer
....Civil Engineer	....Mach. Shop Practice
....Structural Engineer	....Mechanical Engineer
....Business Manager	....Steam Engineer
....C. P. A. & Auditor	....Draftsman & Designer
....Bookkeeper	....High School Graduate

Name.....Age.....
St. and No.....
Town.....State.....

ENDS
CORNS
FOREVER

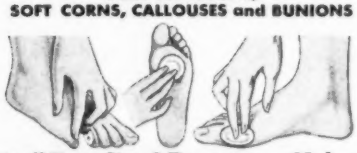
SAFE, SURE RELIEF

The minute you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, corn pain ends. But that isn't all. Once gone, corns need never come back if you apply Zino-pads where the shoe rubs or pinches. Their protective feature *removes the cause*—friction and pressure of shoes—and the soothing medication they contain is quickly healing.

Cutting your corns may lead to blood-poisoning, and harsh liquids and plasters expose the toes to acid burn.

Zino-pads are absolutely *safe*—so guaranteed. Thin, dainty, cushioning.

Sizes for CORNS, SOFT CORNS, CALLOUSES and BUNIONS



At all Drug, Shoe & Dept. stores—35c box.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

The Boarding Schools

announced in these pages are personally known to us through years of systematic school visiting. They are glad to send catalogues and answer letters from parents.

We advise immediate action if you wish to send your boy or girl to boarding school this autumn. The enrollment capacity of each school is fixed and only a few more registrations can be accepted.

If you experience any difficulty in finding a school which accords with your ideals or requirements, let us help you from our experience. We are college women who specialize in personalized school information. There is no charge to Red Book Magazine readers for this service which is maintained for your assistance. State clearly all the factors that will govern your choice of school: location, type, price; exact age of boy or girl, school grade, church affiliation. Address

The Director, Department of Education
RED BOOK MAGAZINE
230 Park Avenue, New York City

HE was silent, unresponsive to her teasing, and she locked her hands behind her head and contemplated his rather stormy face.

"You know that I care for you, Jerry. I'll take an oath before a notary public if you like. But after all there's no denying that different men mean different things to any woman—even to me. I'm devoted to Owen. He's the very color and fiber of decency and delicacy, in spite of his efforts to drink himself to death. And his mind is full of the most charming sketches of ideas, that he'll never finish. It saddens me. As for this Apollo of an interne, I suppose, if you want absolute frankness on that point, I may as well admit that as I get my shape back it's rather fun to try my erstwhile charms on somebody and see if they still work. Is it so shocking? Women like different men in different moods and for different reasons, Jerry. Some as husbands, some as friends. That's not infidelity. It's versatility. Why isn't that fair enough?"

"How about men?"

She shrugged against her pillows.

"I suppose they're just like women. Or worse. Of course they are! That's no secret. There are probably dozens of women who attract you just as there are lots of men who attract me. This full-possession idea has wrecked more homes than anything else, I believe. It's certainly unnatural. It's too absurd to suppose that, because a man and a woman live together, they have no emotions or feelings to give to other people or that they are never interested in anyone except each other."

She was more beautiful than she realized just then, and to hear her talk like that frightened Jerry.

"Well, you're the only woman in the world I'm interested in," he said, "and I wont have other men thinking that they have so much as a look-in."

"That's what I call emphasis. But don't be so violent, Jerry. This stuff tears easily. What is on your mind, anyway? Are you all disturbed because you see a man or two around while I'm in a night-gown?"

"Well," said Jerry, "men are men and women are women, you know."

Fanny sighed.

"I knew we'd get to that," she said. "Sometimes, Jerry, you do bore me so terribly!"

"Yes, you make that quite clear," he answered bitterly.

"Then why don't you do something about it?" she asked at random.

"What do you want me to do? Go out and hang around other women?"

"I don't care what you do," said Fanny, "just so you don't make all these tiresome scenes and go through all this heavy husband stuff every few minutes. Can't you understand, Jerry, that the possessive line is a little out of date? It went out, I think, with whiskers."

A THIN girl in the blue-and-white striped uniform of a nurse in training entered and took the tray away. Dr. Weatherby stopped in for a moment's greeting and then the return of Miss Kensitas destroyed all intimacy. Jerry picked several dead leaves off the Madonna lilies, remembered who had sent them and stopped. He talked to Miss Kensitas about the baby, but there seemed little to say that had not been said before.

The nurse seemed vaguely aware that the atmosphere of the bedroom was charged with strain. She went over to her patient, straightened her pillows and gave her a keen look. Then, in her over-bright way, she asked Jerry if he would care to come to the nursery and see the baby's weight-chart.

"Mrs. Lucas seems a little nervous," she said to Jerry when they were outside the door. "I think perhaps we'd just better keep her very quiet tonight."

"She had a room full of company all afternoon," said Jerry crossly. "I suppose it must have been too much for her."

"Oh, it's nothing to worry about. She'll be all right when she gets a long sleep."

Obviously she wanted him to go. So did Fanny.

He went back to the University Club instead of going home. He'd never liked that half of a house where they lived unless Fanny was in it, and lately the club had been much more cheerful. In one of his friends' rooms he had a couple of dry Martinis; they did not cheer him so much as they sharpened his irritations and restlessness. He wanted something active to do, somewhere to go, somebody to be decent to him instead of jumping on his neck. After all, he thought with a flare of cheap anger, he was the fellow who paid the bills. He ought to have a few rights. When Fanny went out and made a joke of him by begging money all over town for that soap ad, she spent it as she liked and never told him anything about it. Fanny went her own way. And now she was all for freedom and other men stuff. He began consciously to link things up in his mind, deliberately to let his thoughts have a free rein. If that was Fanny's idea, two could play at that game.

THERE are dark familiars in the world, lurking in the shadows of each man's consciousness, waiting for a summons. Perhaps they hear the wordless call the will makes before the mind hears it. One of them walked with Jerome that night. It stood beside him in the telephone-booth at the club. It reasoned boastfully, defiantly. Why not? His wife told him to go ahead and have a good time. What was he doing that he couldn't? It sat beside him later, joining in the cheap, specious talk that was only a veil for senses that were whetting themselves on one another. It drew the curtain across the entrance to the little alcove where Jerome and Stella Pratt had dinner. In there it grew hot, and Stella's cheeks flamed. The black satin of her dress marked her breasts at the line of provocation.

They had gin in ginger-ale—the easiest drink to get and sufficiently inflammatory. Stella was silly, prettier than he had thought at first, adept in little resistances. But it was not the gin, it was not Stella Pratt; it was Jerome's own dark familiar spirit that would not let him remember or admit that furtiveness or dishonor had no place in Fanny's philosophy. It had not been this cheap restaurant booth that she had meant by freedom, nor these flagrant touches of stranger by stranger.

No thoughts of Fanny went with him up those steep, unlit steps, where, as he well knew, other men had guided Stella Pratt. In decency he had left the thought of his wife behind, blotted it out. He was not in that hour Fanny's husband, nor the father of his own child. He was only a stubborn ugly impulse and defiance that was not going to be done out of even the coarse vulgarity of manhood, the part of it that Jerry shared with all the rabble and royalty of the world in their darkest hours.

"You're my girl."

"Want me to be, big boy?"

"Can't you tell yet?"

Grim familiars stalk men always, but when they take on the shape of pleasures their grasp can be most terrible.

BUT the surface of the days had not changed at all. The time was now close when Fanny would leave the hospital. Jerome went to see her regularly, twice a day. He did a few little commissions for her. He ate lunch as usual with casual friends, went to his office at regular hours. He was ashamed of the whole messy business. He despised Stella Pratt but let blame of her pass with a flick of pity while he despised himself. Then, just as he had decided that he was through with the whole episode and that a good deal of mental stamping on it would quite obliterate it, he would telephone Stella.

There were times when he almost wished he could have talked about it to Fanny. She had a way of looking so deliciously clean, so innocent, that she seemed to have the secret of creating such feelings. Her cool, incisive, unsentimental humor could be like a drink of water sometimes. Then again it was only a shield to keep him at a distance. He felt that, if she cared, she would be a little more tender. That was all he asked. But she was not tender. Once or twice he had a feeling that she saw right through him and knew what he was up to, but he told himself that was because he was self-conscious. And one day he came into her room just as Lois was coming away from it and imagined that he saw a trace of righteous coolness in his sister-in-law's manner. Probably she was still sore because he hadn't come to dinner, he decided.

Then things broke in a quick, cumulative way. It was on the very day on which he brought Fanny home from the hospital that he got the news of Mr. Austin's death.

It happened at three o'clock in the afternoon and he knew that he must go to the Austin home as soon as possible. He didn't tell Fanny at once, from a vague fear of exciting or depressing her. She was still an invalid, of course. Miss Kensitas was coming home with her for a few days and she was really only being transferred from one bed to another. But it seemed to Jerome that afternoon as if the future took on definite shape. He had a new sense of not being employed any longer, of having responsibility slide definitely down on his own shoulders.

That all worked into a pattern with taking Fanny and his son home. The responsibility for them too was shifted from the hospital to himself. The big rooms of the old house where they lived

Step INTO A BIG-PAY HOTEL JOB

Earn $2,500 to $10,000 a Year

In America's 3rd Largest Industry, comprised of Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants, Institutions, Schools, Hospitals, etc. Daily calling for Lewis Graduates. Over 70,000 positions as Manager, Assistant Manager, Steward, Housekeeper, Purchasing Agent and scores of other executive positions paying $2,500 to $10,000 a year open annually in hotels alone. Salaries up to $3 500 to start. Sue B. Kellar writes:—"My salary is twice what I received when I entered your Schools."

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN

We Put You in Touch With Positions

Without cost let us show you how big pay, fascinating work, quick advancement can be yours. Age is no obstacle—young and old have equal chance for success. O. O. Miller, 55, and but recently discharged from the hospital, qualified for a well-paid position, thru the Lewis Course. Common school education is all you need with amazing Lewis System of Training in Hotel Operation.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK

Previous Experience Unnecessary

Hundreds of Lewis Graduates winning success. Totally unacquainted with hotel work before taking the Lewis Course. Mrs. Viola Grogel is now Housekeeper of a large hotel. YOU can do as well. Low cost—easy terms—money back agreement. Write today for Free Book, "Your Big Opportunity," no obligation.

These Lewis Students "Made Good"

O. F. Stuart:—"I accepted the position of Manager. I know my course is going to bring me thru with colors flying."

Mrs. Vivienne Scott:—"Let me thank you for securing for me this Housekeeper's position. This is my first hotel job. I enjoy the work very much. Thanks to Lewis Training I have had my salary raised twice."

C. A. Jones:—"I was chosen Manager of this hotel. My success is due to the Lewis Schools."

Nannie Page Burrus:—"Thank you for your help in securing the position as Assistant Manager. I shall put forth every effort to be a credit to the Lewis Schools."

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Clifford Lewis, Pres.,
Hall CE-139, Washington, D. C.
The Original and Only School of Its Kind in the World

OPPORTUNITY COUPON

Lewis Hotel Training Schools,
Hall CE-139, Washington, D. C.
Send me the Free Book, "Your Big Opportunity," without obligation.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

10 For You—

Send the Coupon and get the facts

Would you like a money-making opportunity where you are entirely free from expense, from anyone attempting to tell you what to do or when to do it? Would you like to receive for yourself all the profits resulting from a little of your spare time devoted to seeing and making friends?

THE McCALL COMPANY,
Dept. 4T Dayton, Ohio.

Please tell me how, without obligation or expense, I can get $10 or more.

Name.....

Street and Number.....

City and State.....

Learn SIGN and SHOW-CARD WRITING

In Spare Time—Few hours weekly

Fascinating profession. No talent or experience required to learn the sign arts. Learn show cards, posters, bulletins, signs, advertising layouts and allied subjects. Our scientific methods show you how. Individual instruction makes it easy.

LEARN IN SHORT TIME

Modern studio. Latest improved methods. Classes arranged so students can learn in spare time. Fast-growing trade for competent, trained men. Oldest and foremost school. Many successful graduates. Get full information. Don't delay.

"Book of Facts" free. Write for it today

DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING
195 Stimson Ave. Est. 1899 Detroit, Mich.

LEARN Electricity

This NEW Practical Way

Patented new Unit-Board System brings full-sized Electrical equipment *right into your home!* Learn by doing at home under supervision of engineers of this great school. Write for Free book. Mention age.

Extension Division, School of Engineering
Department 121 Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Get Into ELECTRICITY My Amazingly Easy Way

NOT BY BOOKS, LESSONS or CORRESPONDENCE. You learn by doing on real electrical machinery **in the great Coyne shops** in 90 days. Learn to earn $60 to $200 a week. EARN WHILE LEARNING. Free employment service for life. You don't need advanced education or electrical experience. Radio and aviation electrical courses included at no extra cost.

COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, 500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 40-80, Chicago

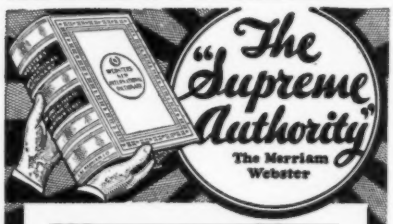
Get the Facts Coyne is your one great chance to get into electricity. Fill in and mail coupon today. I'll send you my big FREE book that tells you the whole story. It tells you how many **earn while learning.** It gives you real—proven beyond all doubt FACTS. Mail the coupon today.

Coyne Electrical School, H.C. Lewis, Pres.
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 40-10, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me FREE your big catalog and your special offer of extra courses and Railroad Fare.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

DIAMONDS WATCHES
CASH or CREDIT

SEND FOR CATALOG
2000 Illustrations
How to Order
State article desired—name of employer—kind of work you do—how long in position—age—married—where live—how long there. EVERYTHING IS CONFIDENTIAL. Send first payment, OR goods sent for your FREE Examination on request. Wear while you pay.

No. 914 Blue white Diamond, solid 18-K white gold $50. $1.25 a wk.
No. 917 Fiery blue white Diamond, solid 18-K white gold ring, $50. $1.25 a wk.
Buy Now!
No. 910 Blue white Diamond, square prong top ring of solid 18-K white gold. $100. $2.50 a wk.
No. 824
Elite Wedding Rings, solid platinum, only $19.50. In solid 18-k white gold, $8.00 or with 3 Diamonds, $16.75.
Wrist Watch No. 866 Solid 14-k white gold, 15-Jewels . . $15.00 $1.50 Down. $1.50 a Month
No. 897—Elgin "Legionaire," New Elgin for men—with white or green gold-filled case and raised figured dial $25.00 $2.50 Down. $2.50 a Month
Our References: Any Bank or Banker in U. S. A.
CREDIT TERMS: One-tenth down; balance weekly, semi-monthly or monthly at your convenience. Order Now!
LOFTIS BROS. & CO. Estb'd 1858
THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL CREDIT JEWELERS
Dept. M-241 108 North State Street, Chicago, Ill.
Stores in Leading Cities



WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY
"The Supreme Authority"
Universally accepted and used in courts, colleges, schools, business offices, and among government officials.
452,000 entries, including thousands of NEW WORDS, 32,000 geographical subjects, 12,000 biographical entries. Over 6,000 illustrations and 100 valuable tables.
Get The Best
See it at any bookstore, or send for new richly illustrated pamphlet containing sample pages of the New International, FREE, if you mention this magazine.
G. & C. MERRIAM COMPANY
Springfield, Mass.

Guide to Private Schools
A booklet listing 362 Boarding Schools, Boys', Girls', Co-educational, Special, with locations, prices, age limits, enrollments and a description of our Personal School Information Service for Parents will be sent FREE on request to
The Director, Department of Education
REDBOOK MAGAZINE
230 Park Avenue, New York City

lost their unfriendly look and changed into a home again. The maid was making something spicy in the kitchen and Jerome could smell it. After Fanny was settled in her bedroom, he went into the little adjoining one which he had thought of as a child's room from the first and stared at the small square crib in the corner, where his son lay. He had his family under his own roof now, and it gave him great pleasure. Things were up to him. He did not think anything unusual or lyric. But he made a few secret, commonplace resolutions, felt very happy and rather grave.

LATER in the afternoon he went back to the office. He worked rather late, for he wanted to be sure that every detail was in order. Stella Pratt called him up after half-past five, when she knew that the office force would be gone.

"Oh, hello," he said, and waited.

"Is that all there is to say?"

"I'm sorry, Stella. I'm frightfully busy. Mr. Austin died this afternoon."

"Oh, did he really?"

"Yes. I'll be pretty well tied up, you see—from now on."

"Oh," she said, in a voice without accent, and he felt rather rotten. Cheap as she was, she liked him. You couldn't hit anyone who liked you.

"I sha'n't forget your giving me such a good time," he said.

"Don't I see you any more?"

"Well, you see, I'm not going to be free."

"All right."

"Don't be sore, Stella. You know I think you're an awfully good kid."

"But you're pointing out the way to the nearest exit," she answered.

He hated agreeing with that, yet knew that he should.

"Oh, I'm just one of the crowd," he said, "as far as you're concerned. You can fill my vacant chair easily. Be good."

"And you'll forget all about me?"

"No. Of course not. I'll call you up some time."

In decency he felt that he had to say that much. But he did not mean it.

Chapter Nine

MRS. COBB, who had been Elsie Austin, no doubt had her own problems. They were distant ones. They did not belong, any more than her interest did, to this Midwestern city where she had come back to see her father die.

She sat now in a corner of Mr. Middleton's private office with an air of a person waiting for a belated train to start, her mind already concentrated on her destination.

Mr. Middleton, with a benign judicial air, presided behind his desk as if he were about to propose a toast, though he would have been forced to do it with legal papers or the bronze horse paper-weight which reared on still legs before him. The other person in the room, sitting beside the table and drawing circles on a piece of paper, was Jerome.

"Of course I know that you will perfectly understand Mrs. Cobb's point of view," said Mr. Middleton. "She plans to live abroad permanently. Her associations have all been formed there, and even at some slight loss she prefers to take the cash sum offered for the business and let this amalgamation proceed than to depend on an income which might vary from year to year, and to maintain an interest in a business which would be a responsibility."

"The business would, I believe, properly handled, mean an increasing income—an excellent investment," said Jerry.

"Yes," the lawyer agreed in that maddening way which meant no real compliance. "No doubt. But on the other hand the business and its success would depend on the way it was managed. Suppose, for example, Mr. Lucas, that you should decide to make a new connection."

"There could be an agreement as to that," remarked Jerry.

"Of course. That could be arranged. But you have also spoken of the fact that the Austin firm needs more capital if it is to compete."

"You'd soon get the money back in results."

"You make it very plausible. But why isn't this amalgamation just the thing, then? The Beamsley firm has unlimited capital at its disposal. It could proceed with any necessary development."

"That's entirely different. The Austin firm goes out of existence. It's just the local subsidiary of the Beamsley Company."

"Yes. And yet since Mrs. Cobb's interests are no longer localized you can see that such a condition, while regrettable as a sentiment, can have no great weight with her. She is anxious to get the estate fully settled. Many tiresome details have kept her in this country, although her interests—and—er—obligations—are elsewhere, for the past six months since Mr. Austin's death. This offer of the Beamsley company is very opportune for her."

NOW Mrs. Cobb rose. She had swift movements, each of them directed by a certain grace.

"Do you mind if I go?" she asked the lawyer. "It's all quite settled, isn't it?"

She crossed to Jerry, who stood to take her hand.

"Good-by. I do thank you frightfully for all you've done. It's all been much easier because of you. I'm sorry this will be the end of seeing you—unless you come abroad. I shall call up Mrs. Lucas to say good-by. Thank you again so much."

In those staccato words was little of what she meant, less of what was in her mind. Jerry thought, looking into her eyes, that she was in an agony about something. "She never will let it get a squeal out of her," he said to himself. "Troubles pass each other like this, like hers and mine, without touching." Then she was gone.

Mr. Middleton said: "Charming woman. Growing distinctly foreign. Still, I think I should prefer my daughters, if I had any, to marry at home and live in America. Our standards are, after all, the soundest in the world."

He knew what it was all about, thought Jerry and wondered where the husband, Cobb, was. Then he came back to his own problem, as Middleton talked on.

"I appreciate, of course, Lucas, that this amalgamation does make a difference

to you in one way. And yet, looked at practically, it works out to your advantage. The Beamsley people assured me that they've no intention of making any change in the local office. Mrs. Cobb was, I may say, relieved when I explained that to her. She has a most cordial feeling for you. The Beamsley company simply takes the organization over as it exists. And affiliation with a big firm like that is quite a chance for a young man."

JERRY was sure that Middleton knew better than that. He knew as well as anyone that there were three Beamsley boys, who'd come into the management one after another. He himself had played bridge with Tom Beamsley that time at the Racquet Club. Tom was a good fellow, but he was a mean one too in a way. Poor loser. He wouldn't be so easy to work for. And in any case it knocked all the ambition Jerome had built on for years into a cocked hat. It kept him a hired man. Middleton knew that.

"It's not the way I'd have preferred to see it work out," he said. "But of course I'm not in the saddle."

"Well, I think it's going to be all for the best," said the lawyer; and Jerry, to escape more reassurance, went his way.

It wasn't the money only. Being rated for life at seventy-five hundred with an occasional bonus was bad enough—when you lived to the tune of a thousand a year more than that and never seemed to catch up. But other men did better. They got on faster. They weren't all caught in a corner like this. He knew that he couldn't even go out and try his hand at something else, make a break for a better opening, because he wanted his salary in hand. It ought not to take so much money to live. But it did.

Fanny would have to know about this pretty soon. That stung. He wouldn't seem very big to Fanny. She thought he was kind of a fool anyhow. Even when she was easy with him, gave him a concession, let him love her, it wasn't because she admired him. It was because she was fond of him. He had so wanted to bring her something, to show her that he was a big fellow—and he was going home empty-handed tonight, a diminished one.

It annoyed him to find Dorothy Carey there for dinner and still further to find that she had been asked to celebrate a minor triumph of her own. The head of her department had left the city, and Dorothy had been moved into that place at an increased salary. She was a buyer now. Fanny told Jerome all about it with great enthusiasm but, seeing his scant though polite response, she chose to ignore him afterward and the dialogue went on entirely between his guest and his wife. They talked of advertising and of business like men, and Jerome did not want to hear of successful enterprise tonight.

The talk got on his nerves after dinner. He told Fanny that he thought he'd go down to the club for a game of bridge.

"Why don't you?" she agreed.

"I'll not take the car so that you can take Dorothy home."

"Thanks," said Fanny carelessly. . . . .

When he came back, he entered almost with stealth. The baby did not wake at night easily, but Jerome wanted to get to his own room without disturbing Fanny. But she had not gone to bed. She was downstairs still, at one end of the long room, sitting in a chair and apparently doing nothing at all. Suddenly Jerome felt something ominous in the air.

"Too tired to go to bed?" he asked.

"Where have you been?"

"At the club."

She sighed.

"How much do you lie to me, Jerry? And why?"

"What do you mean?"

"You weren't at the club—because I called up there to see if I could pick you up and take you home. They said you hadn't been there tonight."

He was about to tell her that he had been upstairs in one of the men's rooms, and then for some reason the lie froze in his throat.

"Well," he said at length, "then I wasn't there, was I?"

"Were you with that girl?"

"What girl?"

"The one you were with while I was at the hospital. The one that Lois made such a fuss over."

"Lois had better mind her own business," he said harshly.

Fanny said: "To be sure. But she wont. After all, I suppose she meant a kindness, just as I meant a kindness by not telling her some things that happened to come within my knowledge. We play it our own way. It's all we can do."

He started to go upstairs. It was the only thing he could think of as immediate action.

"Don't go," she said. "I sha'n't make much of a scene. But I've got to know a few things. You see I didn't believe it much when Lois told me. But I suppose it's just the way men are. You—everyone else. It's what women have to expect from men. What Dorothy got—and I get—"

"Why do you drag her in?" he asked angrily. "What do you have to live her life for? Just because she couldn't get along with her husband she wants the whole world to bust up."

"Oh, even you know better than that," said Fanny contemptuously.

"I know what I think, all right!"

THERE was a shadow back of him on the wall, his own shadow thrown into curves that looked gross and threatening. Fanny's eyes were on it.

"It's not that I'm jealous of the girl, you know," she said.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he said with the easy, age-old denial rising to his lips.

"Yes. You do. You just lie and cheat. Not only me, but her. Sneaking from one to the other of us—"

"Look out, Fanny. Don't go too far!"

"Tell me this," said Fanny, in a voice that was trying pathetically hard to be firm, as he knew even in the fury of his trapped humiliation. "Why do you need the two of us? What do you find in her? What do you get from her?"

"Perhaps," said Jerry, "I get a little comfort—which is certainly more than I get from you!"

The dénouement of Mrs. Banning's fascinating novel is of especial interest. Watch for it in the next, the May, issue.

Don't let SORE THROAT get the best of you...

FIVE minutes after you rub on Musterole your throat should begin to feel less sore! Continue the treatment ***once every hour for five hours*** and you'll be astonished at the relief you'll experience.

Working like the trained hands of a masseur, this famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other ingredients brings relief naturally. It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by doctors and nurses.

Keep Musterole handy—jars and tubes.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

SHORT STORY WRITING

Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. Write today.
THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 66 Springfield, Mass.

FOR YOU

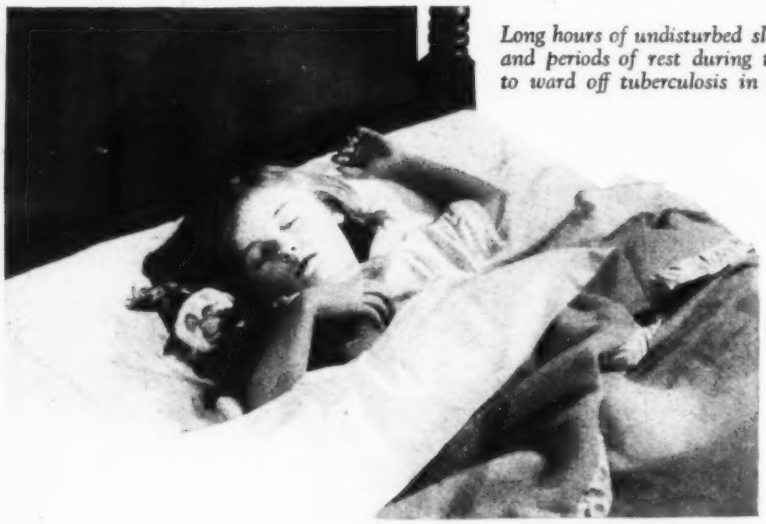
The coupon below will bring you complete information about a quick, easy, dignified way to secure an extra $5.00 or more, regularly. Send for this information today.

Dept. 4K, Redbook Magazine,
McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio.

Please tell me how I can have an extra $5.00 or more regularly.

Your Name.....
Local Address.....
City & State.....

Prevent in time



Long hours of undisturbed sleep at night and periods of rest during the day help to ward off tuberculosis in later years.

© 1930 Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

THE tuberculosis deathrate has been cut in half in the last twenty years largely by better living conditions among the working population and the successful treatment of active cases. Now medical science has an even more brilliant victory in its grasp—the checking of the disease in children before it develops.

Children who come in frequent contact with anyone who has active tuberculosis are in grave danger, though they may look the picture of health and have none of the familiar warning signs—underweight, a cough, fatigue and poor digestion.

A large number of deaths from tuberculosis occur between the ages of 25 and 45. Yet in most of these cases the disease began in childhood, though there may have been a re-infection at some later time.

Contrary to the old-time belief, heredity does not plant the germs. Close contact with the disease in active form is usually responsible. The disease may lie dormant for many years and then flare up and become active following physical or mental strain, too heavy or too prolonged.

But there is no need to guess whether or not a child who has been exposed has picked up the germs. Modern science can now discover whether any damage has been caused by them. No longer are doctors compelled to rely merely upon such tests as tapping the chest, listening to the breathing, examining the sputum. They can be reasonably sure of correct diagnoses by including X-ray and tuberculin tests. Results from tuberculin tests are especially significant in children.

All children should be kept away from people who have tuberculosis. They should have regular, thorough physical examinations. If tuberculosis is discovered, modern restorative methods should be applied immediately.

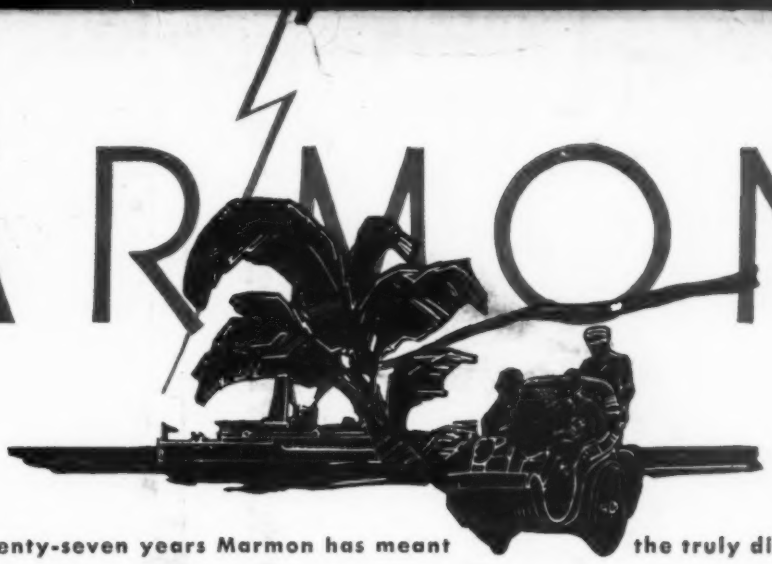
Every child, no matter how healthy or sturdy, needs plenty of sleep, plenty of proper food, plenty of sunshine and fresh air. But the child who has picked up the germs of tuberculosis and is beginning to react to them needs additional care and a scientific health-building program under wise medical direction.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, without charge, its booklet, "The Care and Prevention of Tuberculosis", to anyone who requests it. Ask for Booklet 430-R.

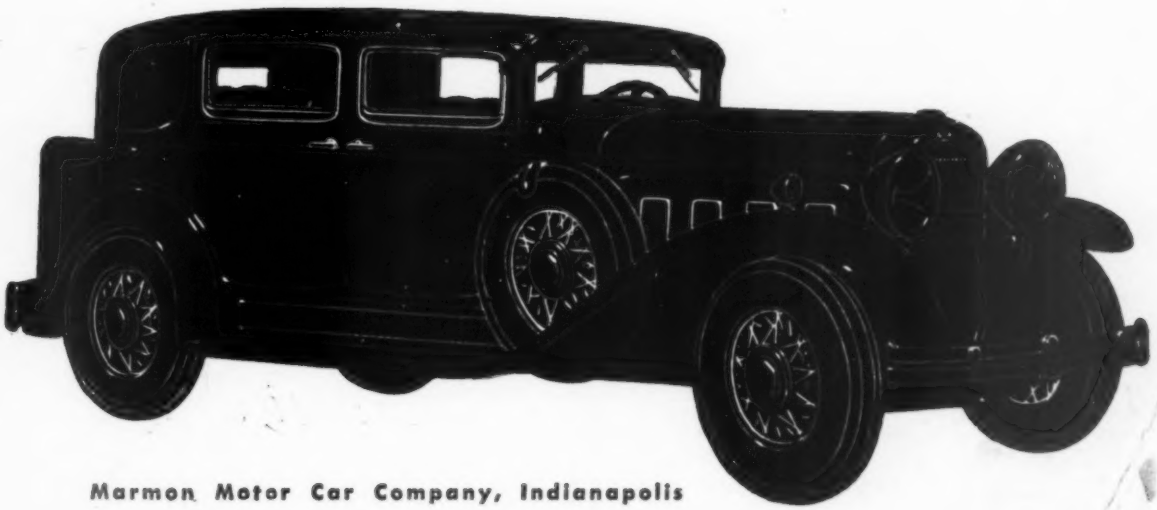
METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

MARMON



For more than twenty-seven years Marmon has meant the truly distinctive, the luxurious, the fine thing well done + + + Today Marmon means all that and more with an entirely new line of cars—each a straight-eight, each abundant in advanced engineering thought—each with that charm and unusualness which is so inseparably Marmon + + + New easy riding qualities and super comfort dimensions + + + With these cars Marmon covers the entire range of fine cars—the Big Eight—the "Eight-79"—the "Eight-69" and the Marmon-Roosevelt—a car for every possible motor car need.



Marmon Motor Car Company, Indianapolis

"FIRST A SHADOW then a sorrow"

"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE"
(*Thomas Campbell*, 1777-1844)

AVOID THAT FUTURE SHADOW

by refraining from over-indulgence, if you would maintain the modern figure of fashion

We do not represent that smoking **Lucky Strike** Cigarettes will bring modern figures or cause the reduction of flesh. We do declare that when tempted to do yourself too well, if you will "Reach for a **Lucky**" instead, you will thus avoid over-indulgence in things that cause excess weight and, by avoiding over-indulgence, maintain a modern, graceful form.

When Tempted
Reach for a
LUCKY
instead

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough.

©1938, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers